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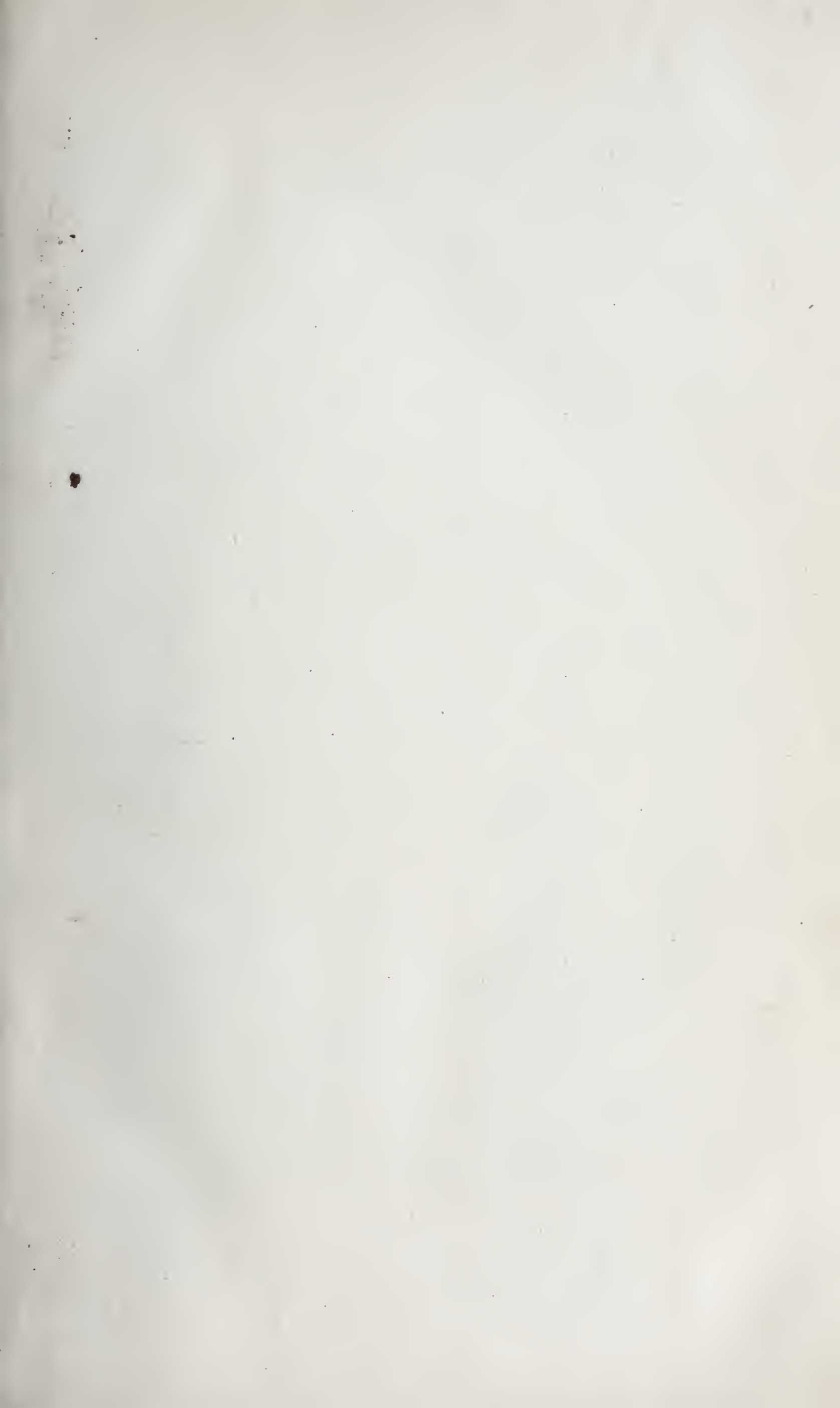


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LIFE,
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THE
GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
INTERESTS OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

JANUARY,

1865.

S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS, JANUARY, 1865.

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THE
GUARDIAN:

A
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR
YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D.D., Editor.

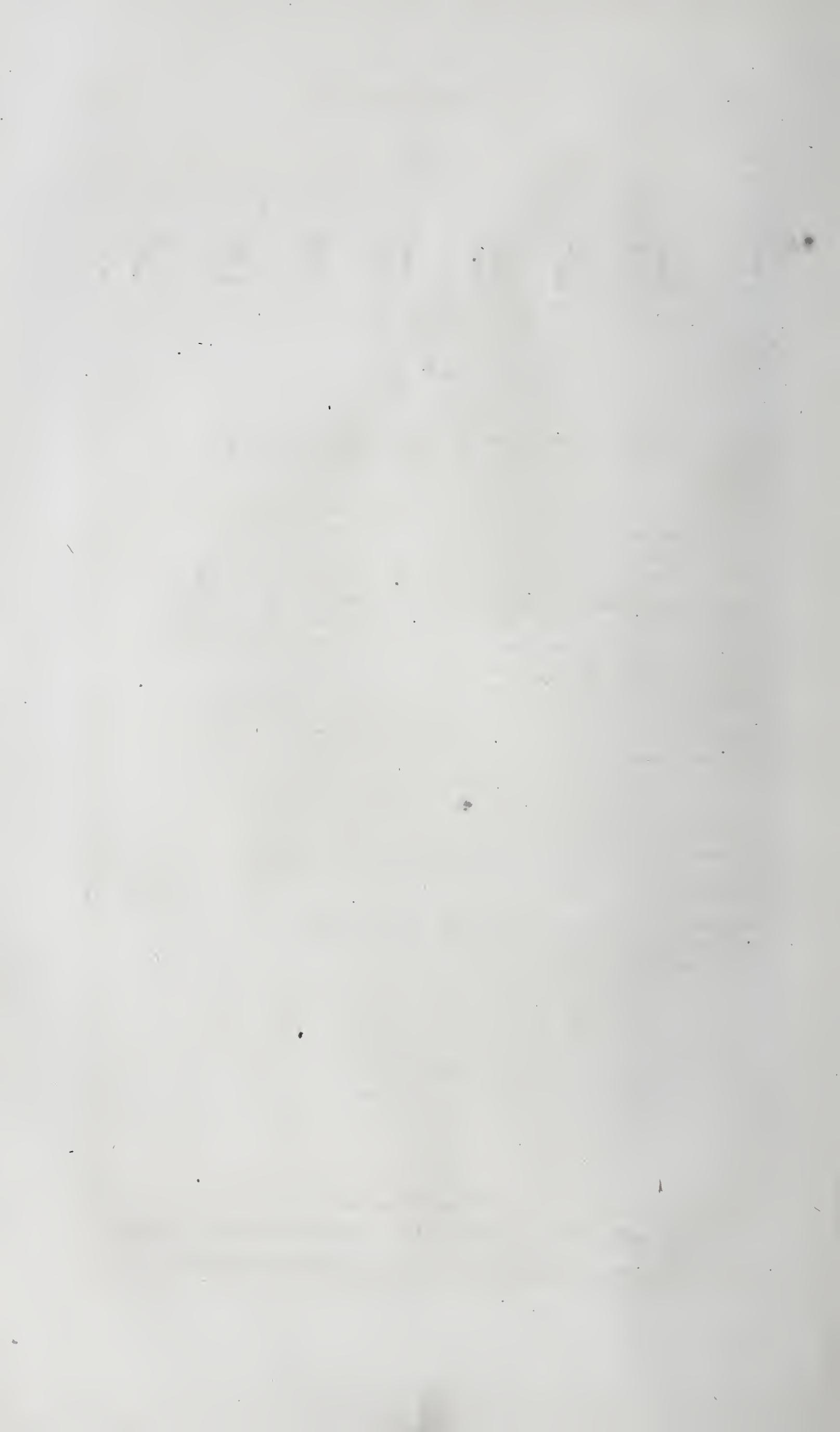
VOLUME XVI., 1865.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY S. R. FISHER & CO., 54 NORTH SIXTH STREET.

JAS. B. RODGERS, PRINTER, 52 & 54 NORTH SIXTH STREET.

1865.



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The Guardian.

VOL. XVI.—JANUARY, 1865.—No. 1.

EDITORIAL GREETING.

We greet our readers with the first number of volume SIXTEEN of the Guardian. Hoping that this number may meet them all in health and joy, we heartily wish them all a Happy New Year.

As we start upon a new year of time and a new volume of our Magazine, we hope our readers will allow us a few words with them. We wish to bespeak their interest in increasing the subscription list of the Guardian. As editor, we have no pecuniary interest in the work. The risks and profits all fall to the publishers. We can, therefore, without immodesty, ask what we have asked.

Since the Magazine is in the hands of the present publishers, its list of subscribers has considerably increased; and were it not for the extraordinary rise in the cost of paper and printing, it would now sustain itself comfortably. But, in addition to this disadvantage, the Guardian has sustained very serious loss by having been entirely burnt out at Chambersburg. It has, however, risen from its ashes, and proposes to go forward in faith, as it has always done. But an earnest effort on the part of its friends to increase its list of subscribers would be especially acceptable at this time.

Many judicious men have said, that the Guardian could not well be spared. We could furnish abundant proof, from public and private sources, that it has been an agency of much good. It has been blest to the bringing of persons into the Church; and it has been instrumental in bringing young men into the College and the Ministry. This we know. We have the evidence of it in letters written to us. How much else it has accomplished in families, and among the young, eternity may reveal.

We mention these things only to show, that the Guardian has not lived fifteen years in vain. IT WANTS TO LIVE LONGER! It also wishes to get into the hands of more young men and ladies, in the Church and out of it. Will the reader help it along?

Experience proves that it is not difficult to get up a list of subscribers in a neighborhood, village, and congregation. It is only necessary that some one attend to it. This cannot be done by either editor or publishers. They are bound to their posts of labor in the Church. We must depend upon the kind and disinterested co-operation of all who believe that the Guardian is fitted to do a good work among the young.

In making this earnest request, we do not forget that the Guardian was commenced in faith, and that a kind Providence has never suffered it to want friends. We once more commend it to the same Heavenly Father's care, as we start to travel into another year.

FIFTEEN YEARS!

EDITORIAL NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.

"Time passes away!" So we are wont to say. But some one has suggested that it would be more correct to say, "We ourselves are passing away." Time has the same steady, solemn flow which it had before the flood. Like a stream it flows on, but ever passes away. We may look upon it at any point, and it is the same stream. Only that which it bears upon its bosom passes down its current never to return.

Well, "time passes," or "we pass"—whichever you prefer. Something certainly is passing. Of this we are solemnly reminded by the new date, 1865, which it is necessary to place at the head of this first Number of the new Volume. When we issued the first number of the GUARDIAN, we wrote 1850. Like a dream when one waketh, so the time seems that since then has passed away.

Fifteen years is no small part of a human life. It moves forward a babe into the midst of blooming youth. It transfers a child into the period of full manhood or womanhood. It transfers the young into middle life. It makes those whom it finds in middle life at least slightly feel the creeping on of old age, and those who are regarded as the aged it lays quietly in the grave.

Fifteen years effect great and marked changes around us in the general flow and history of outward local affairs. It removes many landmarks that have been long familiar—quietly reconciles us to the absence of the old, and accustoms us to the presence of the new. In the cities or villages where we live, old buildings have disappeared and new ones have taken their place; and homes have been located where fifteen years ago there were commons or fields. In the country strips of wood long familiar have disappeared. In the orchard many of the old trees are dead and gone. Among the animals and fowls of the homestead the former pets and favorites have disappeared. Roads have been turned into new tracks; fences and lanes have been changed; and paths have been worn where there were none before. These and many more such-like changes have taken place. It may not be agreeable to the reader's taste to hear of them; but

it is one of our cherished fancies—especially on New-Year's night—to sit before the fire with our feet on the fender, our eyes closed to the present, busy in reproducing the world around us, or as it was *then* and *there* around us fifteen years ago.

We refer to these marked changes around us because they serve as prophecies of equally great and far more solemn changes in us. Who shall describe these to us? How can we be made clearly and fully conscious of them? Every heart, every home, every family has had in itself a history of changes which are, and must remain unwritten. They furnish the discipline of the spirit, and if rightly used leave us purer and happier than before. A serious review of them, on the part of each one for himself, must bring with it many practical and profitable lessons.

In so far as such changes are connected directly with the Church and its interests, they are only the more worthy of devout and solemn review. New congregations have been formed, pastors also have been formed and changed—there have been baptisms, confirmations, marriages and burials! What a history would a careful review of fifteen years make in any congregation or pastorate!

What a host of baptized infants has fifteen years placed into the ranks of catechumens, and brought around the altar of their first communion. How many of this class—and how many in advance of them as to years—have taken up the solemn and irrevocable vows and obligations of members of the Church of Jesus Christ. When we take into consideration the long course of catechetical instructions, the labors, anxieties and cares—the varied experiences of penitence and pardon, of hopes and fears—which precede and are bound up with such solemn admission into the Church, it cannot fail to furnish us with matter for profitable and solemn meditation. So, too, what reflections crowd in upon us when we begin to think of the results of such solemn professions, and attempt to follow the after-life and history of those who are the subjects of them.

Where are they all? What has been their manner of life? and what is their present state? These questions, of course, it is beyond our power definitely to answer. Some, in the providence of God and in consequence of the migrations which are constantly going on, have had their lot cast in places distant from the altar where they were confirmed. Of many of these the pastor continues to have knowledge, and by various means his communion with them has been kept up. They are active and consistent members of congregations into the bosoms of which they have been transferred. We still hear from them in their former home-congregations. They have still those amongst us who are bound to them in ties of kindred and Christian love, and our hearts are still refreshed by the knowledge of their continued and growing piety. There are still those worshipping amongst us, whose pious and friendly remembrance of them mingles with our solemn worship, and silent mention is made of them in the public and private prayers of many. Though separated in body, we still hold them near in the sacred fellowship of faith; and as for our own, we long and pray for their final and full consummation and bliss, with us at the coming, and in the Kingdom of our common Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Even now, do we say with all the solemnity and earnestness of a prayer: The Lord guide them by His counsel, and afterward receive them into glory!

Many are still with us. They go in and out, and find pasture. The

walls that witnessed to their vows still hear their praises. At the same altar at which they knelt in confirmation, they continue to renew their vows in the solemn sacrament of the Lord's body and blood. To such we may say: Be grateful for the mercies of the Lord, by which you have been enabled to be faithful to your vows. Continue to feed upon the fatness of the Lord's house, and to drink of the river of his pleasures. Regard an approved standing, and full communion with the Church of the living God as the highest position to be attained this side of heaven, and as the only means by which you may live in His fear and favor, die in His peace, rest in hope, and attain at last to the resurrection of the just, and the joys of His heavenly kingdom.

When we call to mind that even in the small congregation of twelve which our Saviour called around Himself, one denied, and another betrayed Him in the hour of His trial, we need not wonder if it should appear that, of those confirmed, some had fallen back into the world! The best wheat is not without chaff. The best tilled field has some tares. Among the purest coin some counterfeits appear. Our Saviour said: "It must needs be that offences come;" and what the apostle says of doctrinal fallings away, is as true in regard to errors of life: "For there must be heresies among you, that they which are approved may be made manifest among you." Let us pity the weak, and lift up our hearts in prayer for any who are fallen. How beautiful are the words of the holy Apostle: "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

It is pleasant and encouraging to call to mind that of those thus confirmed some have prepared, and others are preparing for the holy ministry. Some who were catechumens fifteen years ago are already serving prominent charges in the Church. Others are still holding under advisement the question of their call to the holy office.

But best and safest of all is the state and situation of those, who have finished their course and have entered into the joys of their Lord.

Thrice happy souls who've gone before,
To that inheritance divine;
They labor, sorrow, sigh no more,
But bright in endless glory shine.

How appropriately and touchingly do we revive the sacred memory of them in connection with every holy communion of the Lord's body and blood. Regarding them only as in a higher chamber in the same glorious temple and Father's house—our saintly communion with them unbroken, according to the hymn:

The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make,
All join in Christ, their living head,
And of His grace partake.

We rejoice before God in this blessed communion; and before we approach the altar, where they once joined with us, we devoutly say: "We give thanks unto Thee for Thy great grace and many gifts bestowed on those

who have thus gone before us in the way of salvation, and by whom we are now compassed about, in our Christian course, as a cloud of witnesses looking down upon us from the heavenly world. Enable us to follow their faith, that we may enter at death into their joy; and so abide with them in rest and peace, till both they and we shall reach our common consummation of redemption and bliss in the glorious resurrection of the last day."

What a glorious company of infant members has the Church received by the holy sacrament of Baptism in fifteen years! What a blessed harvest may be confidently awaited from such a glorious planting into Christ Jesus and the rich and fruitful soil of his Church! What grace and mercy is bestowed in such a number of covenant transactions! What blessings are connected with them in the nurture vowed and secured for the subjects of this covenant in the bosom of Christian families and of the Church!

Some will perhaps receive this grace of God "in vain." Parents may be unfaithful, and they themselves may resist and ignore the grace which constrains them, and thus count themselves unworthy of that eternal life, the warrant, offer, and means of which are all secured to them by the holy covenant. Yet, what a gracious advantage does the blessing of baptism afford! Fruit may fall off unripe from the best tree; yet we know that fruit nowhere does ripen except in union with the tree. There may be abortive growths in the best soil; and yet we know that growth is only possible where there has been a planting in the soil. So we know that planting into Christ Jesus and His Church is the only way by which souls are ripened for heaven, even though some so planted in the gracious soil, may through their own self-will, or the neglect of those to whom their tender years were committed, fail in their growth, and come short of the fruit of life eternal.

The holy Scriptures teach, and every watchful pastor knows, that there are in persons that have received the holy sacrament of baptism stronger and more wakeful religious instincts, a better redeemability, a nature or basis more susceptible to the call and approach of grace, than is found in the unbaptized. There is in them that to which St. John refers, when he says, "His seed remaineth in them"—the seed which will respond to the presence of the conditions of grace, as naturally and surely as the latent seed, unseen and silent in the bosom of the soil, will answer to the warm spring-sun beaming on it, and the genial south-wind playing over it.

The existence of such a disposition and susceptibility to grace in the heart of the baptized need not seem to us a strange and unaccountable thing, when we remember, what we are plainly taught, that the promise connected with baptism insures the communication of the Holy Ghost to those who receive the sacrament of baptism. It is distinctly said to those who are baptized, "Ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost"—and it is added that this promise is to us and to our children! (Acts ii. 38, 39.) If the Holy Ghost be thus given to those in covenant, and "dwells with them and shall be in them," in a way in which the world can neither receive nor know Him; (John 14, 16, 7,) we have abundant ground on which to explain the fact of a greater degree of redeemableness being found in the baptized than in the unbaptized.

We have frequently found in the case of the unbaptized, even when they have been exercised with strong inclinations toward religion, a strange, almost fatal inability to accept the vocation of grace—a feebleness to lay hold

upon the offers of the Gospel—a, to them, enigmatical indecision and powerlessness in committing and surrendering themselves to full and final obedience to the faith and call of the Gospel. That which they seek and would fain have and lay hold of, floats before them, near them, like an unsubstantial, intangible ghost—mocks and eludes forever their embrace, like the shadows of good that come and go in dreams, but which there is no power to appropriate and possess. A mysterious semi-transparent veil seems to be between them and the objects of faith, behind which they observe as obscure mist-images, what, like St. John, they would fain hear, and see, and with open face look upon, and with hands handle of the Word of Life. And still, after their best and most sincere endeavors “remaineth the same veil untaken away.” Not until “they shall turn to the Lord,” by obedience to the covenant of Baptism, “shall the veil be taken away.”

The manna of the Lord’s house is a “hidden manna” to the uninitiated. “Then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord.” (Hos. 6. 3.) “What man is he that feareth the Lord? him shall He teach in the way that he shall choose. His soul shall dwell at ease; and his seed shall inherit the earth. The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will show them his covenant.” (Ps. 25.) “All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant.”

The world has a blinding, bewitching power over those who halt on its soil. “O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you, that ye should not obey the truth!” The same apostle speaks of those from whom the Gospel is hid, “in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them.”

Obey the Gospel, is the word which rings unceasingly and without compromise into the ears of those who stand in the world. Obey the Gospel! What is the Gospel? and what is obedience to it? The Gospel is the news of salvation by Jesus Christ. What it is to obey the Gospel, the commission which Christ gave to His apostles clearly tells us: “And He said unto them; Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not, shall be damned.”

Obey the Gospel; accept His covenant; these are the words that sound, as the earnest voice of God, to halting, waiting souls through all ages of the Church. “Now, therefore, if ye will obey my voice *indeed*, and keep my covenant, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people.” (Ex. xiv. 5.) “Hath the Lord as great a delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken, than the fat of rams.” (1 Sam. xv. 25.)

With such assurances, as to the value of the baptismal covenant, we have the very best warrant for awaiting a rich harvest from the planting of so many into covenant with God, and into the grace of His glorious kingdom. What a treasure has the Church in her baptized children! But what solemn responsibilities, at the same time, are thus laid upon her families, to which these children belong, and in the bosom of which they are to receive their earliest, and, in many respects, most important nurture.

What a holy mission is that of the family! What a solemn charge are these house-plants. Here, to many, to the greatest number, are the issues

of life, for good or evil, for salvation or ruin. Most of those who become reprobate have received all the bias which determines them irreversibly to ruin before they have emerged from the circle and care of the family. No doubt the blame, which is often unjustly laid on the Church, when any of her baptized children wander and perish, properly belongs to the family.

When the child has been baptized at the altar, it is handed back again to the family, to be nursed for the Lord. True, the care of the Church continues. She sustains the parents; instructs, exhorts, warns, and directs the parents in their solemn duty; yet to a great extent the children are placed under the eye and in the care of the parents. To whom else should she confide this sacred trust? Where could there be a better warrant for their Christian nurture than that found in the mysteries of parental love? To those who have given them being, and who love them most, she confides them to be moulded during their tenderest years; and when they have arrived at a proper age she calls for them again, that those who bore them from the font of baptism on their arms may now lead them back by the hand to the catechetical class and the altar of confirmation.

What if they are not brought? What if they come not? Where then shall we begin our blame? Shall the Church bear it? or the pastor? or shall it not rather be visited upon the parents and the family? If wild vines are grown in the nurseries, how shall we expect them to bear sweet fruit when transplanted into the larger vineyard of the Church?

Fathers! Mothers! What a charge have we in these hundreds, yea thousands, of baptized children, whom the Church has given back for nurture into our hands! May they lie day and night on our hearts. Let us rejoice that they are included in its covenant and all its promises; that such as these were once included in His arms, and are still included in His tenderest love; and that He has said "of such is the kingdom of heaven." Be this our encouragement to include them in our faith and prayers; to instruct them by precept and example; and in all ways, and by the faithful use of all divinely ordained means, to lead them in the ways of the Church and true piety, that, through her blessed help and means, they may attain to the joys of the heavenly kingdom.

During these years death has not been idle in our congregations. What a mercy that we are still here ourselves! The pestilence has walked about us in darkness, and war has claimed its thousands. Besides, Death has made his regular annual drafts. From what dangers, seen and unseen, has the Lord delivered us! For our good, and for His glory, He has spared us. In each of our hearts be the sentiment and holy purpose:

That life which Thou hast made Thy care
Lord, I devote to Thee!

Many hundreds of times during these years have our pastors stood with bereaved and mourning groups around open graves, and said, "Earth to earth; ashes to ashes; dust to dust." Among these departed are representatives from all states and stages of life. Babes, many, taken in mercy, and not in wrath. The young, whose days passed early into the "yellow leaf." The middle-aged, removed in their strength, and from the midst of loved and dependent families. Aged pilgrims, on whose heads the almond blossoms flourished as a glory ripe for the grave and immortal life. These have all made their experiences of life. Their harvest is past. Their summer is ended. Their eternity is fixed.

But their memory and the solemn lesson of their death remain to us. Being dead, they still speak to us by their solemn silence, their absence; by the vacant places they have left in our families; by their remembered kindness and love; by our thoughts of them in their glorified state; by our hope of meeting and seeing them again; and by every earnest thought of our own departure to that world which has received them, which mingles with every lonely hour consecrated to their memory. They speak to us, though not in such words as mortals use, yet in a language which the heart can understand. Let us not be deaf to the solemn language of the dead; nor fail to heed the voice of warning which comes to us through the sealed lips of the silent, from that solemn world which has received them, and which awaits us.

Fifteen years past! Past beyond recall! Past forever! Their good and their evil, their duties and privileges, their joys and sorrows, their hopes and fears, all gone forever. Their record stands for eternity. For what has been well done we await the reward, not of merit, but of grace. What has failed and fallen short is atoned for by the same precious blood which has taken all our other sins away. True, with penitent hearts, and sorrowing, we remember our faults and follies; but believing and trusting in Christ alone, we hear Him say, "Be of good cheer: I have overcome the world."

Fifteen years to come! Well, why should we attempt to guess any thing in regard to them? Perhaps they will not come at all to us. Come they, let them come! "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Let them come. Their sorrows shall make us better. Their joys shall make us thankful. Their changes shall be as the changes from death to life, a progress upward. By changes the worm-like creeping chrysalis becomes a winged, soaring beauty. By changes the seed becomes a stalk, gets a flower, and bears fruit. By change the saints on earth are made the saints in heaven; and grace becomes glory.

Let them come. With darkness? Ay! In the darkest cloud stands the brightest bow. Above the darkest night rolls and shines the brightest heaven. And evermore does the light shine the darkness away. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. This will be true for fifteen years to come, and forever.

The seed must die before the corn appears
Out of the ground in blade and fruitful ears.
Low have those ears before the sickle lain,
Ere thou canst treasure up the golden grain.
The grain is crushed before the bread is made;
And the bread broke, ere life to man conveyed.
Oh! be content to die, to be laid low,
And to be crushed and to be broken so,
If thou upon God's table may'st be bread,
Life-giving food for souls an-hungered.

HONOR is to many minds a mere empty sound. There are also many who, in professing to have it largely, feel it really least. Profession is well enough when it is right profession; but, unless it is right profession, it is folly to call it a whit better than no profession.

SONG IN HONOR OF FREDERICK III.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

This beautiful song was sung at Simmern, at the Ter-Centenary Jubilee of the introduction of the Evangelical Confession, in Sponheim, held July 15th, 1857. The name of the author is not given. Of course the translation must fall short of the grand original.

I.

In the Ducal hall at Simmern
Grew a child, from princes sprung;
Decked for noble knightly contest,
Round him glittering armor hung.

II.

On his left faith's shield of firmness
All o'er-blazed with gospel light,
Quenching all the fiery arrows,
Of the dark, grim fiend of night.

III.

On his right, see! brightly, bravely,
Hangs the Spirit's mighty sword;
Which in every moral battle,
Wins the victory for the Lord.

IV.

On his head, Salvation's helmet,
Showing that, through darkest strife,
He should lead his cherished people,
On to holy peace and life.

V.

This is Frederick the Pious,
Prince, Elector on the Rhine;
In the Book of Life in Heaven,
Shall his name forever shine.

VI.

Ne'er was vassal for his sovereign
Half so true to duty's line,
As was to his God of Heaven,
This Elector on the Rhine.

LIFE PICTURES FROM CHURCH HISTORY. NO. 17.

PHILIPPINA GRAVERON.

FROM THE GERMAN OF P. HENRY.

BY L. H. S.

The ancient Church in Italy reveres the memory of Saint Catherine of Siena, Germany that of Elizabeth of Thuringia; France looks with admiration on the maiden of eighteen years—Joan of Arc—who, aroused by God's Holy Spirit, fought and battled in the name of Christ Jesus for her fatherland; but there have also lived, on Protestant soil, Christian women, whose lives show the power of the Spirit of God. Such a one was Philippina von Lüns, born on the Gase, in Perigueux (Gascony). We are now glancing at the year 1557, when the Reformation in France had its commencement, and the Gospel was there persecuted with fire and sword. We only know of the youth of this noble Christian woman, that she was married when young to a Monsieur de Graveron, and went to Paris with him, so that they could unite with the Church of the Lord which had been secretly established there. She was a pattern to all of holiness in living. Her husband bore the office of Church Elder in the congregation. The Huguenots assembled in their house, and their neighbors often heard the music of the Psalms during these meetings. This happy marriage was soon disturbed by death. When the spring of 1557 had come, an inflammatory fever carried the husband off during the month of May, and the widow, only twenty-three years of age, laid aside the garments of joy for those of grief. In accordance with the custom of the country, the latter were white in color, to indicate the joy of seeing the departed again in the bright mansions of peace. A love for another Bridegroom soon manifested itself in her bereaved heart. Often she may have prayed with the Shulamite in the hymn, "O take me hence! Let me die the death of the righteous, at Thy feet, in blessed penitence, that I may obtain the glorious reward."

One autumnal evening (it was September 4th of the same year) the Reformed had assembled, four hundred in number, and of all social positions, in a hall on the Rue de Jaques, back of the University. They had celebrated the Supper of the Lord, and the minister had preached to them on 1st Cor. xi. About twelve o'clock, as they were preparing to leave, a hideous cry was heard without, and an effort was made to break in the doors. Excited by the last battle at St. Quentin, they cried "the wickedness of the Huguenots is the cause of all our misfortunes." They had collected piles of stone together to attack those going away. "They are

murderers, thieves, enemies of the fatherland!" they cried; "they are Lutherans!" All seize their arms. The fury of the populace increases, and the fear and terror of those within the house. The Church Elders counsel quiet and discuss the question: Whether they should remain there until daylight, or endeavor to break through the mob? Some of the men draw their swords and offer to open the way for the others. This is done, and many escape. One of them, however, is so disfigured by stones that his face scarcely retains a human aspect. Many others, Philippina among them, are obliged to remain behind, and when the day breaks they are seized and led through the crowd, who attack them with violence. With torn clothes, covered with filth thrown at them, they are thrust into a hideous dungeon. Philippina suffered imprisonment for one year, during which she could often be heard singing such Psalms as "Turn Thee unto me, and have mercy upon me: for I am desolate and afflicted. The troubles of my heart are enlarged. O keep my soul and deliver me: let me not be ashamed; for I put my trust in Thee." (Ps. xxv.) "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?" (Ps. xlii.) She had most to suffer from the priests, who wished to lead her back again into the popish errors. But she came off conqueror in all their discussions. One day the corruptors came and asked, "Do you not believe that the Host is true God?" Then she answered, with cheerfulness, "Is it your *real* belief that such an oblation of the true body, which embraces Heaven and earth, is the same with the bread which is subject to destruction from mould, mice and worms?" Then she adduced, although with tears in her eyes, arguments on this subject, with such calmness that it was clear she was not affected by fear or by sufferings. Up to this time her sister had been permitted to see her; now she was subjected to solitary confinement, and she said: "Now I see clearly that my death draws near." Weeping, she begged "that they would allow her a Bible for her consolation." Her trial was quickly finished, for the Judges wished to obtain possession of her property. Calvin implored the German Princes with great earnestness to espouse the cause of his oppressed fellow-believers. The remonstrances of the princes came too late and were of no avail. At the trial of the martyr the following was brought forth: The neighbors, although they praised her goodness of heart and Christian loveliness, related many things about the meetings at her house, and testified that her husband, when dying, had no priest with him, that no one knew where he was buried, nor did any one know whether her child had been baptized. She was ordered to appear in the Hall of Judgment. The Judge asked: "Do you believe in the Roman mass?" She answered: "I will only believe that which is contained in the Old and New Testaments concerning the Sacraments that the Lord has instituted; and in these I do not find that the mass is from Him." Question: "Will you receive the Sacrament of the Host?" Answer: "I will only do that which Christ commands." Question: "How long since you have been at Confession?" Answer: "I do not know; but I confess daily to my God, as He has commanded; no other confession has been ordered by Christ, since He alone has power to forgive sins." Question: "What do you think of prayers addressed to the Virgin and the Saints?" Answer: "I know no other prayers than those which God has taught me; to Him we must address ourselves, and to no

others. I know well that the Saints in Paradise are blessed; but to pray to them, that will I not." Question: "What do you believe concerning images?" Answer: "I will not worship them." Question: "From whom did you learn this doctrine?" Answer: "I have perused the New Testament diligently." Question: "Do you eat meat alike on Friday and on Saturday?" Answer: "I should eat no meat on either of those days, if it should be an offence to the weak; the word of God does not denounce it, and one can eat meat if he eats with offerings of thankfulness." Hereupon it was remarked that the Church had made this prohibition, and that that which was not *per se* a sin might become so through a prohibition of the Church. "I believe," answered Philippina, with firmness and circumspection, "in no other commands or prohibitions than those Christ has given, and I have not read in the New Testament of any authority given to the Pope to impose commands." Hereupon it was again remarked "that the spiritual and secular powers are appointed of God to govern his people." Madame de Graveron answered, "She believed this of the secular power, but the Church, as she understood it, had no other power than that of Christ." Question: "Who is the man or woman that has taught you this?" Answer: "The text of the New Testament has been my only instructor." On another day she was interrogated as to the death of her husband—"whether she had buried him in the garden?" "No," she said, "he was taken to the hospital to be buried with the poor, (as will appear from the certificate,) but without superstitious ceremonies." Thereupon she was asked: "Is it lawful to have prayers for the salvation of the dead?" Answer: "*I believe that he who sleeps in the Lord, is purified by His blood, and needs no other purification*; according to the doctrine of the New Testament, prayers for the dead are unnecessary." Another question was asked: "Is it customary in the meetings which you have held, to extinguish the candles after the sermons?" Answer: "No, it has never been customary to do this." These questions and answers have been accurately quoted from the reported proceedings.

Let us now glance at the happy end of this lady, whom we greet as our sister in Christ, and will rejoice to meet hereafter in glory. On the 27th of September, of the year 1558, several blessed martyrs were condemned to death. An old man—Nicholas Clivet, and a young man Taurin Gravelle, both of them Church Elders, and taken on the night already mentioned, were condemned to die along with this woman. All three were put to the rack and then conducted to a chapel in the Hall of Justice, where they awaited the happy moment of their release. As was customary, priests visited them to make the condemned insecure and confused in their faith. Their labors were in vain. When they had shown themselves firm and decided even to the last, each one was placed on a cart to be carried to the place of execution. The old man, Clivet, who had been a schoolmaster in Provence, and there already had been burned in effigy, declared continually to his tempters "that he had maintained nothing other than God's truth, and could defend it by the authority of St. Augustine." The heroic woman, when a priest came to her with the desire that she should confess, answered: "I continually confess in my heart to my God, and am assured of the forgiveness of my sins. He alone can give me absolution." Some of the counsellors of the Court of Justice requested her to take a wooden cross in her hands, as it was customary

for the condemned to do, "because the Lord willed that all of us should bear our crosses." "O gentlemen," she answered, "you have indeed laid a cross on me, in that you have unrighteously condemned me, and have sent me to death for the good fight of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has never spoken of any external cross." Young Gravelle, a jurist and advocate of Paris, and although young yet a Church Elder on account of his commendable mode of life, had a joyous expression of countenance, with fresh color, and declared that his condemnation was all right. A friend asked him, "To what form of death hast thou been condemned by the Judge?" He replied, "That I shall die, I well know; *how* shall I die is a matter of indifference, for I well know that God will stand by me in every torment." When he was conducted out of the chapel he said, "Lord, my God, be Thou my defence!" When he learned that the Court of Justice decreed that his tongue should be cut off, he stretched it out to the executioner. "I beg you, pray to God for me," were his last words. When the young woman was ordered to show her tongue she did it joyfully, saying: "If I grieve not for my body, why should I for my tongue. No, nevermore!" When this punishment was inflicted, they were taken from the common hall. The firm perseverance of Gravelle was wonderfully beautiful to see; his continued sighs and glances were directed toward heaven, and they indicated the glow of his love. The old man, also, looked heavenwards, but seemed more sorrowful than the others; he was already bowed down by age, and was by nature pale and weakly; the young woman, however, excelled them all in strength, and her expression of countenance was not at all changed; as she sat upon the cart, her countenance shone with wondrous beauty. She had laid aside the garments of mourning on this day, and wore a velvet cap on her head decorated with the ornaments of a past age, to show her triumph and her joy to be united with her Bridegroom, Jesus Christ. Having arrived at the Place Maubert, they were all three burned—the two men alive, and the young woman strangled after they had burned her face and feet with torches. Her victory seems all the greater to us, when we consider that she was obliged to separate from her young child. A historian of that period remarks with truth, that the Holy Ghost showed his power that day in youth, old age, and in weak woman. He overcame the love of life in the young man, the frailty of age and the natural timidity of woman. "Oh, take me hence! When enemies surround me, grant that Thy victorious power may prevail,—Thou the King and I the soldier." The example of fidelity and heroic courage was not fruitless; this blood was, for truth, the seed of the Reformed Church in Paris, which established that glorious Confession of Faith during the following year, (1559,) which was afterwards (1561) publicly recognized in France.

We commonly look upon the celebrated personages in the Reformation period, that have a name in history. Queen Margaret of Navarre and her heroic daughter, Jeanne d'Albret, the mother of Henry IV., are well known; likewise Coligny, and many others; but this noble confessoress for Jesus Christ has been till now forgotten by us. Thus, on the sides of steep rocks many a beautiful Alpine plant blooms unseen by human eye; thus, much that is good and noble shines in quietness, known only by God and holy angels, but in another age all shall be revealed, and the unknown and the obscure will shine as the greatest. Therefore the Lord says, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

ALL FOR THE BEST.

BY THE EDITOR.

We are beginning a new year. We know not the changes that await us before its close. He only can enter upon a new voyage into the mysterious future who believes that every good man's life is "a plan of God," and humbly and firmly believes that he will carry it out.

That is a happy spirit which can see a wise design in every event of life, whether it be sad or joyful. "It comes from above," says the implicitly believing soul, whether it comes in the form of prosperity or adversity—whether it be a shower of blessings or a shower of tears.

"All things must work together for my salvation." If God makes all things subservient to the salvation of him who humbly believes, and so keeps him that not even a hair of his head can fall without the Father's notice, how can it be otherwise than that he shall be safely preserved unto everlasting life. It is a most precious doctrine, and full of the sweetest consolation, that the Christian becomes a kind of centre towards which all gracious influences flow. He is a king which all things serve and strengthen, and honor. He is a priest, to which all things bring sacrifices. Here it is we know that all things work together for good to them that love God. It must be so if God is a God of wisdom and of love.

We know it from observation. From our own experience. From the experiences of others. From the word of God, in which the conduct of God's providence, in reference to his people, is clearly delineated. We know it from his love. His people are to Him as the apple of his eye; He calls them "His portion," the "lot of His inheritance," "His jewels." For them He has instituted his Church; for them He conducts and directs the kingdom of grace and of providence; for them

"The whole realm of nature stands,
And stars their courses move."

Angels minister unto them. The fiery darts of Satan do but urge them more hastily out of this fearful land. Temptations strengthen their power to resist. Afflictions drive them to the Court of His protection, as the storm induces the brood to hide under the parental wing. Bereavements loosen their hold on the earth, and put them more consciously under the power of Heavenly attractions. In short "all things" to the good, "work for good." Every thing becomes to them means of gracious help. Every thing the pilgrim passes in the way whispers encouragements by his side, kindly beckons before him with a smile, or keeps him from looking back, or going back, by a frown. "All things are yours, whether Paul, or Apolles, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come—all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's."

What a legacy! "All are yours." The world of nature as well as the world of grace, is designed and adapted to promote his happiness and salvation. Singing birds, blooming flowers, and shining stars, are all the tokens of his Maker's presence, and the evidences of his love. The wicked feels not their power—knows not their language. Their scent is with them that fear God. These, with their lovely influences, are God's gifts to His children. They are His

Whose eye they fill with holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love,
That plann'd and built, and still upholds a world
So clothed with beauty.

The Christian walks forth into the joyous field of nature as its heir. It is the vast mansion of *his* father, reflecting from all sides His loving and peaceful smiles. Those who possess the world in a selfish sense, own it not. Their love of it, in endeavoring to appropriate it to themselves in the way of selfish gain, corrupts them. They would take it from God, forget that it is His; so He takes its real rise and its enjoyment from them. They turn it into dust—lifeless though glittering dust—and then worship it to their soul's deep injury. But the Christian looks at it as God's, loves it as His, and thus receives its benefit entire as his own inheritance,—“As having nothing, and yet possessing all things.” Thus, instead of gathering fragments of it as spoils, and bending over it with slavish devotion to dust, he walks in its midst in lordly dignity, and in real conscious and enlarged joy. In this sense it may be said of him who owns no acre, in the earthly sense of ownership,

His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His t'enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—“My Father made them all!”

Not only do all things work for good, but they work “*together*” for good. Single events sometimes seem to be against us; but they only seem so because we look at them in their single and separate character. If regarded in their connection with other events, they will plainly be seen to work for good. The system of God's providence, and his various dealings in reference to us, work into each other and through each other; so that to a superficial observer there may seem to be confusion and conflict. But all is glorious harmony when observed and understood as a whole. Just as in a piece of complex machinery, wheels, even side by side, may run in contrary directions, so as to present at the first glance the strangest confusion; yet when they are understood, in reference to the end for which they all work, there is the most astonishing harmony. So the scheme of Providence by which we are surrounded, and by which our lives are directed, though it seems to be full of contraries and contradictions, yet He who presides over it is making all work together, in the most beautiful harmony, for good unto all that love God.

Of the truth of this the Scriptures furnish almost any number, and

every variety of proofs and illustrations. How strangely did God's providence turn the history of Abraham's life, yet how clearly is his goodness and love seen in each turn of it! Of Jacob it is truly said, God "led him about;" he was not blown about, or driven about as a plaything of circumstances, but led; God's hand was on him for good, and He "kept him as the apple of His eye." How greatly was the good patriarch mistaken, when, looking on a few single isolated events, he said, "All these things are against me!" No, they were for him, as the issue showed. God was for him, and if God be for us, who can be against us? The same may be said of Joseph, Moses, Job, David, "and what shall I more say? for the time would fail me to tell" of all the rest who were led up and down, to and fro, back and forth in the earth, and endured a thousand seeming single evils, but all working together "that they might obtain a better resurrection. He who

"Tempers the wind to the shorn lamb"

will not forget to regulate His providences with the greatest tenderness in reference to those whom He calls "His peculiar treasure."

Of this comforting truth every Christian may also assure himself by careful meditation upon "all that way in which the Lord hath led him." At each turn of his life he may see God standing either tenderly to guide him, saying, "This is the way, walk in it;" or in merciful reproof to arrest him, as the angel, which stood with drawn sword before Baalam, saying, "Behold I went out to withstand thee, because thy way is perverse before me." Thus God, often with a seen, but oftener with unseen hand, directs the history of our life; and, if we suffer ourselves to be led of him, He will guide us by His counsel, and afterwards receive us into his glory.

Well then may we, in passing on in our crooked pilgrimage through the New Year, on which we now enter, trust in God, and joyfully sing,

In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by Thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings the favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on Thee.

THE CHURCH YEAR—ITS IMPORT AND DIVISIONS.

From the German of G. C. Dieffenbach.

BY U. H. H.

The Christian is the property of his God and Saviour. In Holy Baptism he is consecrated to the living Triune God, into whose name he is baptized, with body, soul and spirit. In “the washing of Regeneration” he is made the child of God.

God the Father has not only given him a natural life. He sent to him and to the entire race who have fallen away from Him into sin, His dear Son, “that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

God the Son, his Lord, has redeemed him, a poor, lost and condemned creature. “Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers; but with the precious blood of Christ.” 1 Pet. i. 18, 19—in order that he might be His property, living under Him in His kingdom, and serving Him in everlasting righteousness, holiness and happiness.

God the Holy Ghost has revealed his power in him already in His baptism, in calling him through the Gospel, and in continuing to call him from time to time; and if he obeys Him, He will enlighten him more and more with His graces, sanctifying and maintaining him in the true faith; obtaining for him and all His people, daily and abundantly, the forgiveness of sins, and finally giving to all believers in Christ, eternal life.

Thus has the Lord his God done for him. Hence he is the property which He has purchased for Himself. Behold thyself: thou art a poor unworthy creature—a little dust and earth, helpless and miserable, laden with sin, whilst your whole being and life are ruined and fallen. And now look away from thyself to thy God and Lord, who looked upon you in so great mercy that He saves you, out of His own free grace, exalting you to His kingdom and glory. Surely here we may well fall down into the dust before our merciful God, offering up ourselves and our whole life in thankfulness to Him through whom we are what we are, and who according to His mercy has chosen us as His children. Our whole life is a holy commemoration of the unspeakable grace of our God and Saviour, until we stand with angels and saints around His throne in those everlasting and heavenly joys which “eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man.”

The grace of God which we have thus experienced, others have also attained. The whole Church of Christ is the property of the Lord our God.

God the Father has promised His Son, and sent Him as our Redeemer, not for us only, but for all who believe in Him. The Son loved and gave Himself for the Church—Eph. v. 25. He purchased and founded His Church with His holy and precious blood. The Holy Spirit has called and gathered all Christendom, reigning in and over the Church with His enlightening, sanctifying and saving power.

For this reason the Church cannot and dare not omit to commemorate in a proper way these wonderful and merciful acts of the Triune God in the redemption of the world. Hence she is moved to offer up thanks and honors to a gracious and Triune God, whose mercy is so richly shed abroad within her, in prayers and hymns of praise, thus openly proclaiming His acts of love to a fallen humanity.

What the Church does, as the body of Jesus Christ—as His holy body—she does in holy order. Her entire life and cultus is a commemoration of the gracious manifestation of her God, in the same order as His acts in the redemption of the world appeared upon the stage of its history. Urged onward with prayers full of faith, and with soul-stirring hymns and songs of praise, the Church moves forward with holy joy from one glorious festival to another. During each annual cycle, the round of her festival and holydays attain completion and perfection. In this way there arises, corresponding with the year in the natural world, the holy year—the *Church Year*.

As the year in the natural world repeats and reveals anew the acts of God as Creator and Preserver, so the Church Year, in its annual return, reveals, in her holy festal days, God's acts in the redemption from sin of the world.

The *import* of the Church Year may then be summed up as follows:

It is a holy commemoration of the gracious manifestation and acts of the Triune God in the Redemption of the world, according to the order of these Divine acts themselves. This is the nature of the Church Year.

Threefold, in the world, is the government and activity of the Triune God for the accomplishment of its redemption.

God the Father, in the secret counsels of eternity, made provision for the salvation of fallen humanity. From the very beginning He revealed His holy designs, proclaiming them by the mouth of His holy Prophets, and preparing and training His people and the uncovenanted world for the advent of his Son, when the fulness of time had come. He permitted His only-begotten, whom He loved from eternity, to come into this poor world, as "the Son of man," making Him a Saviour for all people.

God the Son, who is one with the Father, in holy love and obedience, assumes the difficult office of Mediator. He lives in poverty and humility, teaching his covenanted people, and showing himself as their Prophet in signs and wonders. He humbles Himself in the full consciousness of His divine glory into the greatest suffering, and completes, as our eternal High Priest on the cross at Golgotha, His offering for the sins of the world. Finally, He comes forth victorious from death and the grave, as the King and Prince of life; revealing Himself to His followers in His Resurrection Glory; ascending to Heaven to sit down at the right hand of His Father upon the throne of His majesty.

God the Holy Ghost, promised by the Son, comes down upon the small community of the faithful after the Son has returned to the Father—

coming as another Comforter, in order that His own may not be orphans in the world. He begins His work on the day of Pentecost, and is active henceforth until the day of Judgment, calling, gathering, illuminating, and converting to the Lord—active in sanctifying both in faith and life, and finally in leading all believing to glorification.

According to this threefold and holy activity of the Triune God in the world's redemption, the Church Year is divided into the following three great festival cycles :

I. *The Cycle of Holy Christmas—The Festival Cycle of God the Father.* This cycle embraces in itself the commemoration of all the acts which God the Father has done in the world's redemption. This includes His promises and preparations for the coming of Christ, the sending of His Son, and the act of placing Him into the position of Redeemer of the world.

The cycle of Holy Christmas is again subdivided into three smaller divisions or parts:

a. The first part is called *Advent*. It is the time of preparation on the part of God, a time of waiting, expectation, and longing on the side of the world. It begins four weeks before Christmas day.

b. The second part is *the festival of Holy Christmas*. On this day we commemorate the actual coming into the flesh of Jesus Christ.

c. The third part is the *Epiphany*, coming on the sixth day of January. This festival commemorates the manifestation to the world of Christ as its Saviour.

II. The second great cycle is *the Easter Season, the cycle of God the Son*. This season commemorates all the facts in the life of Christ, which have a more direct and immediate bearing upon that which he did for the world's salvation in His Prophetical, Priestly and Kingly functions.

The Easter, like the Christmas season, is also subdivided into three parts :

a. The first part beginning with the Epiphany, and extending to Lent. During this time Christ appears as Prophet and Teacher.

b. The second part is the forty days of Lent, and is called *the Lenten Season*. During Lent Christ exercises His Priestly functions; we remember His fasting and temptation. In this part is included *Good Friday*, the day upon which He died.

c. The third part is *Easter Day*, the day of His triumphant Resurrection from the dead. Here Christ is King—victorious over all his and all our foes—the Prince of Life and Immortality.

III. The third and last great cycle in the Church Year, is *the Pentecostal Season*. It begins on the fiftieth day after the Resurrection, from which fact it derives its name. This season commemorates the outpouring and activity of the Holy Ghost in the Church in the work of Redemption. After a short time of waiting the outpouring of the Holy Ghost follows, and He immediately begins his activity in calling, gathering, illuminating, converting, sanctifying and glorifying the Church of Jesus Christ.

The Pentecostal Season is subdivided into three parts.

a. The first part, corresponding with the first part in the Christmas Season, is a time of waiting, preparation, and longing. It extends over a period of fifty days, counting from the Resurrection, or ten days from Ascension.

b. The second part is *the Day of Pentecost*. The day upon which the Holy Ghost is actually poured out, extending from Pentecost to Ascension.

c. The third part is *the Trinity Season*. This season begins with Trinity Sunday. It embraces the activity of the Holy Ghost as the Spirit proceeding from the Father and the Son. It ends with the first Sunday in Advent.

The Trinity Season is again subdivided as follows:

1. The activity of the Holy Ghost in *calling and gathering*, (1st to 5th Sunday after Trinity.)

2. The activity of the Holy Ghost in *illuminating*, (6th to 10th Sunday after Trinity.)

3. The activity of the Holy Ghost in *converting*, (11th to 14th Sunday after Trinity.)

4. The activity of the Holy Ghost in *sanctifying*, (15th to 23d Sunday after Trinity.)

5. The activity of the Holy Ghost in *perfecting*, (24th to 27th Sunday after Trinity.)

The Christmas cycle commemorates the quiet preparation of the plan of Redemption; the Easter cycle, its glorious execution; and the Pentecostal season, the appropriation of these acts of grace on the part of the Church.

Another remarkable fact, is the somewhat singular harmony between the seasons of the natural and the Church Year. "*The constitution of nature underlies and conditions the constitution of grace. Nature in this sense determines the idea of redemption.*" The Christmas season is for the natural world a time of quiet and mysterious preparation for the advent of a new life. The Easter season is the time when these quiet and mysterious preparations first begin to show themselves—the beginning of action in nature—that life which has been preparing in secret and silence, slowly showing itself, and continually unfolding and developing itself more richly and completely until the time of Christ's ascension. At the close of the Easter season, in May, nature clothes itself in carpets of green and flowers of many and beautiful hues.

The Pentecostal season is the time during which seeds ripen and complete themselves in fruit. Sprouting and growing is past. Silent life and action reign in the natural world. The fruits ripen slowly as Autumn nears. It is the season of perfection and fruits. Autumn causes no interruption, manifesting no new works, but from Summer all gradually extends itself over into Autumn, until the glorious harvest days are reached, when the fruits of the year are gathered into barns, and the chaff is separated from the solid wheat. Then comes the time of rest—the time of silent and mysterious preparation. Thus, according to ordained laws, the threefold development of the natural year flows onward and forward, until Time melts into Eternity. The promises of a higher Life are foreshadowed in the moving and living of the natural world. "Nature in this sense determines the idea of Redemption."

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHEFFER.

BY ELIA.

“What was and is more influential in Germany than religious thought?” This is the question of Leopold Ranke, one of our greatest historians. It is not depth and extent of knowledge, but inwardness and contemplativeness of heart, that has enabled us Germans to give to God the supremacy over our whole existence.

The all-ruling principle of piety belongs to the freshness, joyousness, and freedom of our national consciousness—piety, that heavenly consecration of earthly life and toil, the unity and union of the most diverse spheres under the highest of all conceptions. At no other Christian festival does this present itself so clearly, so lively, and, I should like to say, so plastically to our minds, as at Christmas: Christmas, which celebrates the advent of the purest love to our race, which has laid the basis of a family life such as was not known to ante-Christian antiquity, and could not be properly estimated by it. Christmas exhibits this fact not so much in its *ecclesiastical*, as in its *domestic* celebration. There is no other festival which beams with so full, so joyous, and so blessed rays into the quiet circle of family life, into the hearts of fathers and mothers, and, above all, into the world of the dear little children; there is no other festival which unfolds and reveals, in its customs, the might of religious thought, so simply and magnificently, as Christmas and its celebration.

No matter if, in the first place, it is the gifts and presents which fill the heart with joy and longing; still, inasmuch as these gifts pass with the children as gifts of the Christ-child, the proper centre and object of the festival is not forgotten. And when once the child has learned to recognize that earthly, paternal, and maternal love, which secretly and surprisingly prepares all these festival presents for it, it learns also to look up in thankful faith to the hand of its invisible Father, who prepared, for all, the first and greatest Christmas gift; to that love which gave all, and which finds only a faint copy and earthly emblem in the kindness of parents, friends, and relatives.

Just this religious thought is the power which elevates the festival of Christmas and its celebration above every other purely human festival with gifts and surprises. The distribution of Christmas gifts in the domestic circle, belongs to the most pleasant pictures and events of the life of the heart, to the most refreshing memories of the past, to the gentlest encouragements to love Him in return who first loved us. The pleasant centre of the celebration of Christmas in Germany, is the *Christmas Tree*, whose lights and gifts and fruits collect all around it in enchanting bliss. It is the Christmas tree in whose pleasant radiance we will now all gather and unite in cheerful and grateful joy.

"The Christmas tree"—its heathen origin, its Biblical back-ground, its symbolical meaning,—these are the three stand-points whence we have to direct our view to this Christian-Germanic symbol of our faith.

The Christmas tree has its history, and this history is a fragment of the history of the German people, and of the Christian Church in our beloved fatherland. It must not, therefore, surprise us that this history, like all others, is lost in the dim twilight of the myths.

The Christmas tree is genuinely German in its origin. Thence it happens that it is found among the Germans alone, and that, like a stranger, it has wandered from Germany to all other lands. German poetry, German feeling, and German piety have planted the Christmas tree, have cultivated it and decorated it with its peculiar splendor. The English have no burning, radiant Christmas tree. Scarcely a remnant of their old Saxon origin remains in their habit of adorning rooms, shops, and sacred places with branches of holly, in absence of the German fir tree. The holly is also popularly called Christ-thorn, because, according to tradition, the crown for the "Sacred Head now wounded" was woven of its branches. It is quite characteristic that, in England, where every thing is made of iron, efforts have lately been made to imitate the German fir tree in cast iron, and that gas is made to flow through the hollow branches of the "iron wood," which serves to illuminate the metal tree. This genuinely English imitation of German custom, is called "Improved German Christmas Trees."

The French became acquainted with the Christmas tree only in this century. They say that the Duchess of Orleans introduced it at Court, and so into the circles of the highest society, during the reign of the "citizen king," Louis Philippe. The custom of distributing gifts at this festival, is still unknown in France. It is customary to give and receive presents at New Year, just as among the Jewish families among us. The Slavic nations received the Christmas tree also from the Germans. In foreign countries it gleams in the palaces of the rich alone, who have learned to love it, by seeing it in German families or on journeys abroad.

But, in our fatherland, it beams from house to house, even in the lowliest cottages of the poor, and precisely here it has its most blessed home. German sailors, German emigrants, German missionaries have spread the German Christmas tree over all the earth. Beneath the equator, amid polar ice, in America, Africa, Australia, on the high seas, in the lonely block-house of the western pioneer, at the missionary station, in the brilliant saloon of the German merchant in the seaboard city, in the peaceful shop of the artisan, in the stirring camp of the soldier, in the Old and in the New world,—the Christmas tree is erected, lighted, and adorned. The Christmas tree stands, the highest honor and last usage with the numerous German emigrants; for, apart from the religious feelings, it awakens old and dear memories—memories of a beloved home, which, when forsaken, shines across the seas to them like a lost paradise.

How strange! the German who, in foreign lands, so willingly and docilely appropriates new customs, languages and views, holds fast his Christmas tree, with inward and unyielding love. It is just the contrast which he finds among distant strangers, which makes him cling to it, in the quiet, independent circle of his own family. The stranger seems not to be able

to understand it at all. They say—"The Freigemeindler,* in America, thrown together from every part of the globe and every stratum of society, consider the Christmas tree as a symbol of religious faith."

For a long time the Christmas tree passed as a sign of confessional distinction between Protestant North Germany and Roman Catholic South Germany. Happily this distinction is now obviated. German Christians of all creeds are now united beneath the bright lights of the Christmas tree. The Protestant Christmas tree and the Roman Catholic "krippe" (that is, a plastic representation of the story of Christ's birth, in the manger at Bethlehem,) stand alongside of each other, on the tables of Christians of Germany. The Christmas tree is an heirloom from the rich, poetically earnest, and still joyous inheritance of our old ancestors.

The tree, standing so firmly with its roots in the earth, pointing and growing up with its branches so boldly to the Father of all, in heaven, enjoyed the greatest respect among the Germans. The gigantic trees of the primeval forests and groves, all gray with moss, were considered as places holy to the gods, as temples, dwelling-places, and tribunals of the celestial powers. And has not Christian architecture, especially in that style which the Italians derisively call Gothic (barbarous,) endeavored to imitate the living forest temples of nature, in works of stone, colonnades of slender pillars which, bending together, shape themselves into an arched roof? So great was the respect paid to trees by Germans, that they represented the whole structure of the universe under the figure of a tree, whose roots were concealed deep under the earth, and whose top reached up to Walhalla, and there furnished subsistence for the she-goat, whose milk—the chief nourishment of the ancient Germans—afforded refreshment to the heroes who fell in battle. Yggdrasil was the name of this wonderful universe-tree, which, like Atlas of the Greeks, bore up the structure of the heavens, and which remained in mysterious remembrance when the light of Christianity had scattered the gloomy shades of the deification of nature.

The holy tree was sometimes an ash—the world-ash,—sometimes an oak, the tree of life, sacred to the god Thor; as, for instance, the Thunder Oak, at Geismar, which fell beneath the blows of St. Boniface, and from the wood of which the "Apostle of St. German" built the first chapel. Again, it was a linden, which still, perchance, stands in the village, under which the old do gather to council and easy converse, and the young to play and dance.

The legend of Wölsing tells of an oak. King Wölsing had a mighty palace built, in the middle of which stood an oak, whose roots were deep under the palace, and whose branches covered it with shade.† They called this tree the "children-tree,"‡ and the legend holds and teaches that the children came of this tree.

* Freigemeindler are such as have withdrawn from the orthodox churches, in order to worship God according to their own ideas, which are rationalistic to the last degree. They are principally from Germany.—Tr.

† Thence, perhaps, is the custom observed by masons and carpenters, who, when they have finished their work upon a house, form a procession, carrying a green tree, trimmed with ribbons, handkerchiefs, and other presents. This tree is finally placed on the highest point of the gable, or on the ridge-pole of the frame-work.

‡ Kinderstamm: whence the German terms, "abstammen," "stamvater," "volksstamm," "stamm baum," etc.

Besides the oak, the slender beech, with its pillared halls of branches meeting overhead, was held sacred by the Germans. They cut little sticks (stäbe) from the beech, and upon these wrote mysterious signs, "runen;" these they threw down upon the ground, then gathered them up, and made predictions from the accidental order of their arrangement. Our well-known words, *buch*, *buchstabe*, and *lesen*, have preserved the memory of this ancient religious practice down to this present hour. May not also the Christmas tree have originated in this old German conception? The objection could be urged, that the Christmas tree is a fir tree, not an ash nor oak, not a beech, nor linden. Why, then, was the fir tree chosen for this purpose?

This question admits of a two-fold answer.

In many places, especially in large cities, and in regions destitute of fir trees, small, green and highly ornamented pyramids are found, even to this day, on the table, instead of Christmas trees.

The pyramid reminds us at once of Egypt.. According to Creuzer, the palm was, in Egypt, the symbol of the annual cycle, because it puts forth new branches every month. This symbol of the year became also the sign of the great anti-Christian world-year, and in its wandering to the west, the fir tree came to take its place. This last order is, in our opinion, just the reverse. The pyramid, decorated with green and illuminated with light, is only a surrogate for the German fir tree; for the growth and form of the fir, in its triangular outlines, remind us so strikingly of the pyramid, that nothing could be more probable than such an exchange; and this would necessarily take place in localities where the fir is not found among the forest trees. Only in late years, since our means of communication have become so greatly increased, has it become possible to supply such districts with genuine, fresh Christmas trees.

Inasmuch as Christmas, in Germany, comes in the winter, the choice of the majestic, evergreen fir tree becomes a matter of course. Besides this, the fact is of account, that the old Germans celebrated the merry yule festival at the time of the winter solstice, and designated the 25th of December, "midranight," or "mutternacht" (mothernight,) as being the natal festival of the sun. On this occasion they marched in procession at night, with green and decorated branches of fir in their hands, out into the mysterious gloom of the forest, decorating and illuming, with torches, oaks, beeches, lindens, and, above all, the dark green fir trees.

Tacitus, the Roman historian, makes express mention of *Tanfana*,* as the name of a celebrated sacred place, destroyed by Cæsar's legions. In those ages it was customary in Sweden to place green trees, either firs or pines, before the houses.

Adam, of Bremen, also mentions an evergreen tree, which stood before the temple of Upsal, not far from a spring, at which human sacrifices were often made.

In Switzerland, the Christmas tree bears the name of *Bechteli*—the similar names of *Bechl* or *Weihnachtsbos*, then, are common in the country around Salzburg. The original form for both was *Berchtel*, and referred to the goddess of spring, Berchta (Bertha, Hertha,) in honor of whom they set up a fir tree during the Twelve Nights.

* Tacit. Annalium, I. 51. The name Tanfana has been explained by luci patronas. May it not be compounded of the German word "Tanne," and the Latin "fanum?"

In the Vosges, on the west side of the Rhine, the people ornament, at New Year, a young fir tree with ribbons, egg-shells, and dolls. They call this tree a *mai* (May) and it reminds us of the Whitsuntide or May festival in Germany, which also refers to the festival of the goddess Maia, whence the month of May and the white birch (*maie*) receive their names. They put the tree upon a pump, and the young maidens dance around it in the night. It remains there the whole ensuing year.

Is it not strange that even the Holy Scriptures, in Luther's popular translation, present to us the fir tree in its peculiar significance? No matter if the original does mean the cedar tree, the German people may think of the fir tree, which, standing on the highest part of the rock, and in gloomy magnificence reaching up to the clouds with its bold, pointed top, is, in the figurative language of the Old Testament prophets, the type of kings and princes, of the mighty and excellent of the earth, who overtop the rest of the people, the image of priests and prophets.

Most surprising is the prophecy of Hosea (xiv. 8,) which, in Luther's version, seems to point with a holy finger to the Christmas tree—"I am like a green fir tree," etc. Thus prophesies the Old Testament, and it finds its most ample fulfilment at the threshold of the New Covenant, and renews this fulfilment on the Christmas eve of every year, before the eyes of all.

CLEAVING TO CHRIST.

When a shipwrecked sailor, left to the mercy of the waves, has no help within reach or view but a spar or mast, how will he cling to it, how firmly will he clasp it! He will hold it as life itself. If a passing billow sweep him from it, with all his might he will make for it again, and grasp it faster than ever. To part is to perish; and so he clings—and how anxiously! So the awakened sinner feels. The ocean of wrath surrounds him—its billows and its waves go over him. Hell yawns beneath to engulf him. The vessel is an utter wreck. All its floating timbers are very rottenness. Oh, how he strains his eye searching for a mast, a plank, a spar! His eye rests on the only hope, the only rock in the wide ocean of wrath—the Rock of Ages, the Lord Jesus. He makes for the Saviour—he clasps Him—he cleaves to Him. Every terror of sin and of unworthiness that strives to loosen his hold, only makes him grasp with more terrible and death-like tenacity, for he knows that to part company is to perish. "I will not let Thee go."—*Rev. R. B. Nichol.*

ONE half of the world delights in uttering slander, and the other half in hearing it.

THE THREE MARYS.

BY S. K. P.

[SEE FRONTISPIECE.]

“Now there stood by the cross of Jesus, his mother, and his mother’s sister, Mary, the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene.” So runs the language of Scripture, simple and concise, but what a world of meaning it contains! Mary, the virgin; Mary, the wife; and Mary, the abandoned woman; the highest and the lowest; the most exalted and the most degraded, are linked together by the sensible and common-place woman, and all are grouped at the cross of Christ. What brought them here, these three types of woman? The virgin, the wife, and the lost one? We must seek the answer in their distinctive titles. Mary was the mother of Jesus. Sympathy for her Son drew her to witness a scene, that, else, could not have been borne by a mother’s eye. She knew her Son must die, and with a heroism belonging only to the martyrs, accompanied Him to the place of torture, to watch every sigh and count every groan; knowing that, though unable to reach Him by any actual interposition, she might yet, by the force of the soul’s sympathy, sustain and cheer her fainting child. Her looks are directed to Christ alone. She sees not the instruments of torture, the jeering soldiers, nor the insulting crowd. They are unnoticed in her intense sympathy with the Sufferer. She feels only His pain, and even as she supported Him in infancy, so would she now enfold Him in her arms, and, with infinite tenderness and pity, soothe this His dying agony.

Mary, the wife of Cleophas, has followed to minister to Him. Material aid is what she chiefly brings. Her love is the kind that shows itself, not so much in suffering with, as by ministering unto. She is the warm-hearted, sensible, and practical woman, and, if any thing she can give or do will relieve the Sufferer, she is ready to bestow it.

But what shall we say of Mary Magdalene—the impulsive and impetuous Mary—she who bathed His feet with her tears, and would have embraced Him in the garden? Like a lioness her young, she watches at the cross. Every stroke of the hammer thrills her frame, every nail penetrates her nerves, and every insult of the crowd sends the blood rushing through her veins. Scorn, and indignation and rage, are in the glances she throws upon His murderers, and the ruthless soldier trembles at the lightning eye of that once proud beauty; for he feels, if *she* had her will, the cross and the tormentors would be swallowed up, and the unresisting victim free to walk the earth at His good pleasure. Gratitude, and love and veneration, are mingled in the alternate look with which she regards the Saviour—He who protected her from the censure of the Pharisees, restored her to society, and sent life and hope into her soul. But, as her inability to help Him rushes on her mind, Mary Magdalene bows her head and

weeps; she feels that the heart that once broke for sin, must now break a second time for Him, the victim of sin.

So are grouped, by the Apostle John, the three Marys of undying fame. The trinity of Marys, we may call them; three in character, but one in love to Jesus, the God-man. All women are represented by them, and as the Virgin encompassed the Lord of heaven and earth, so is all woman-kind included in the world-embracing name of *Mary*.

ST. PETER'S VISIT TO EARTH.

From the German of GERLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

One day, Peter appeared before the Lord, and besought him for a brief leave of absence. He said he wished to make a visit down to earth to enjoy himself with his friends, as it was just then the Lent season.

The Lord said: "Eight days I give you—enjoy yourself as is customary for Christians on earth to do, and see that you return at the right time."

Thus Peter descended and came to his friends, by whom he was received in a very friendly manner. One conducted him to another, so that in the free enjoyment of good things, he nearly forgot his native heaven, and only thought of it again after a month had passed, when, one day, he felt badly from extravagant enjoyment. Then he returned to heaven. When he was asked, in a friendly way, why he had remained so long over the time, he answered the Lord: "We had a pleasant time—the fruits of the earth were cheap and good—every thing was so abundant, that the people danced and sang for joy. Yes, amid all the delight, I nearly forgot to return."

Then, said the Lord: "Tell me, Peter, were the people very thankful to me in their abundance and joy? Did they honor me because I opened my bountiful hand in blessings over them?"

Peter shook his head, and answered: "Truly, throughout the whole land, no one thought of Thee, except one aged woman whose house was burnt up—she cried so mightily to Thee, that all the people laughed at her."

Then the Lord directed Peter to resume his place at the gate, where he attended to his office of keeping it.

The next year the Lord gave him permission again to make a visit to the earth, and allowed him to remain a whole month. Peter was glad; and as he descended, he made up his mind to remain several months on the earth among his friends. But when he reached the earth, he found every thing quite different from what it had been before, and on the third day was glad to start back again.

Then the Lord asked him: "How is it, Peter, that this time you return so soon?"

Then Peter said: "Since I was on the earth the last time, every thing is changed. It is not so happy a place as it was the year before. There are

neither fruits nor vegetables—every thing is dried up—the people are nearly dying from hunger ; and with all this, pestilence, war, and all manner of tribulations prevail. The people no longer live in joyful extravagance, but sit silently in their houses, and spend their time in sighing and weeping. Therefore, I did not wish to tarry any longer—all was so changed and dreary.”

Then the Lord said: “Tell me, Peter, since the people are suffering such great and sore afflictions, is it still so that no one asks after me?”

And Peter said: “O no, Lord, all sigh and cry unto Thee. Young and old fall down in prayer and confession before Thee, beseeching Thee to forgive their sins, and to make them again partakers of Thy love and goodness. And, since they pray so heartily, I would myself intercede for them, That thou wouldst turn away Thine anger from them, and put an end to their sufferings.”

Then the Lord said: “Behold, Peter, when I open my bountiful hand and give the people peace and plenty—give them health and fruitful years—so that every thing is abundant and cheap, then they forget that from me cometh every good and perfect gift. They rush into all manner of sin ; array themselves on the side of Satan against me, and lead such profligate and thankless lives, that my gifts are all turned into injury to them, and their blessings they turn into curses. Hence it is necessary for me to shut my hand of blessing, and send them want and wo, tribulation and sorrow, and by these means bring them to reflection and repentance. Behold, Peter, and you will see that such a cross is true medicine to them ; and thus the sufferings of this life may be the means of leading them to prepare for a better life to come.”

EARNEST TIMES AND EARNEST YOUNG MEN.

BY THE EDITOR.

Years of observation have convinced us that want of prudent foresight is a prolific source of want and misery. When the Scriptures tell us to take no thought for to-morrow, it does not mean that we shall not act with some wise reference to the needs of to-morrow. It only does not wish us to think about the future with such consuming care as to unfit us for present duties. We are not to load the probable cares of the future on the present, but only to attend properly to present duties in the faith that no future wants shall destroy us.

This is something quite different from the careless kind of living in the present which has no eye for the future. The same Scriptures commend the wisdom of the ant, which lays up its stores in the summer in prudent anticipation of the needs of the winter. Yet, how many human beings are careless and even wasteful when plenty is around them, and act with no prudent reference whatever to more pressing seasons, which they may be sure are before them.

That this is a general folly at the present time, must be plain to all. Men whom the change in prices favor, whose peculiar business is unusually profitable, seem to be mad with extravagance. It does not seem to occur to them that a change may come over the spirit of their dream.

They that are wise, will be warned that just now is the time for cautious and economical living. Be not too self-complacent under the shadow of your gourd, which has so suddenly grown up over your head. It may wither as suddenly as it grew. If ever there was a time, it is now, when economy ought to be preached from the house-tops. Believe it, there are many articles, now triple the usual price, which you do not absolutely need, though you may have been long accustomed to have them. "You have money to buy them?" Very well; but you may need that money for necessities shortly.

We speak not a word for miserliness. No, not a word. We speak only of *useless* expenditures. We say the times demand frugality and economy. "The people are spending recklessly. The extravagance of the day is deplorable. With a war on our hands of such gigantic proportions as to tax all our resources, the people not only do not curtail their expenses, but they launch out in a campaign of extravagance unprecedented in our history. Never before were such sums squandered for the gew-gaws and fooleries which please the eye and flatter the vanity of the snob classes of our people. Jewelry in the most vulgar profusion dangles about the person, and clothing of the most extravagant character makes absurd the gawkey individuals who imagine they are adorned by it. In the table, in travelling, and in various other ways, is money also most recklessly squandered. This cannot continue. Its end must be wide-spread bankruptcy and great suffering. Will not the thoughtful and well-balanced part of the people set their faces against these extravagances?"

Young men! Accept a friendly word. You are surrounded by bad examples on every hand. There are hundreds of young men in our cities and larger towns, and even in the more quiet country regions, who spend all they earn, as fast as it becomes theirs. Their wages pass out of their purses, they know not how. But any reflecting observer can easily tell how. They have a kind of irresponsible feeling which induces them to live wholly in the present, and they care not to lay some foundation for future business life, and the probable needs of a family.

Every young man ought to intend, some day, to enter into business for himself. This is just as much a Christian duty as it is a dictate of common worldly prudence. Our fathers, when they were young, intended this much, and they prepared for it. We are not yet old, and yet we can remember the time when every young man was expected to have some nucleus with which to begin life for himself when he was ready to do so on his own account. This has been done; it can be done; it ought to be done. It can be done, too, without the least meanness or closeness, such as belongs to the spirit of a miser. It can be done by simply avoiding that foolish and useless extravagance into which so many young men of the present generation are thoughtlessly drawn. Every young man can do it, and be liberal towards the Church, the Sunday School, and objects of benevolence generally. Indeed, it is the very means which will enable him to be liberal towards all enterprises which look to the general interests of society and the Church of Christ.

We do not wish to make old men of young men. We wish to repress nothing of their lawful, youthful enjoyments. We only wish them, while they live cheerfully, also to live earnestly and for some purpose. We wish them to feel their responsibility for the talents and opportunities which God has graciously intrusted to them. We would impress on their minds the fact that they can do good in the world, and that to do this it is necessary, first of all, that they do good to themselves.

Instead of aiming to be a "fast young man," aim to be a *firm* young man. Lay your foundations well, and build thereon a life of usefulness and honor. If you have not yet, you may as well begin on New Year's day as at any other time.

◆ ◆ ◆

"NEARER TO LIFE'S WINTER, WIFE!"

Nearer to life's winter, wife!
 We are drawing nearer,
 Memories of our blessed Spring
 Growing dearer, dearer.

Through the Summer's heat we've toiled,
 Through the Autumn weather
 We have almost passed, sweet wife!
 Hand in hand together.

Time was, hearts were, well as feet,
 Lighter, I remember,
 April's locks of gold are turned
 Silver this November.

Flowers are fewer than at first,
 And the way grows drearer,
 For unto Life's Winter, wife!
 We are drawing nearer.

Nearer to life's end, sweet wife!
 We are drawing nearer;
 The last mile-stone on the way
 To our sight grows clearer.

Some, whose hands we held, grew faint,
 And lay down to slumber;
 Looking backward, we, to-day,
 All their graves may number.

Heights we've sought we've failed to climb,
 Fruits we've failed to gather;
 But what matter, since we've still
 Jesus and each other?

RECORD OF PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS.

The following is a list of the Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the United States, as well as those who were candidates for each office since the organization of the Government :

1789.—George Washington and John Adams, two terms, no opposition,

1797.—John Adams, opposed by Thomas Jefferson, who, having the next highest electoral vote, became Vice-President.

1801.—Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr ; beating John Adams and Charles C. Pinckney.

1805.—Thomas Jefferson and George Clinton ; beating Charles C. Pinckney and Rufus King.

1809.—James Madison and George Clinton ; beating Charles C. Pinckney.

1813.—James Madison and Elbridge Gerry ; beating DeWitt Clinton.

1817.—James Monroe and Daniel D. Tompkins ; beating Rufus King.

1821.—James Monroe and Daniel D. Tompkins ; beating John Quincy Adams.

1825.—John Quincy Adams and John C. Calhoun ; beating Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, and Mr. Crawford—there being four candidates for President, and Albert Gallatin for Vice-President.

1829.—Andrew Jackson and John C. Calhoun ; beating John Quincy Adams and Richard Rush.

1833.—Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren ; beating Henry Clay, John Floyd, and William Wirt for President ; and William Wilkins, John Sergeant, and Henry Lee for Vice President.

1837.—Martin Van Buren and Richard M. Johnson ; beating Wm. H. Harrison, Hugh L. White, and Daniel Webster for President, and John Tyler for Vice-President.

1841.—Wm. H. Harrison and John Tyler ; beating Martin Van Buren and Littleton W. Tazewell. Harrison died one month after his inauguration, and John Tyler became President for the remainder of the term.

1845.—James K. Polk and George M. Dallas ; beating Henry Clay and Theodore Frelinghuysen.

1849.—Zachary Taylor and Millard Fillmore ; beating Lewis Cass and Martin Van Buren for President, and William O. Butler, and Charles F. Adams for Vice-President. Taylor died July 9th, 1850, and Fillmore became President.

1853.—Franklin Pierce and William R. King ; beating Winfield Scott and W. A. Graham.

1857.—James Buchanan and John C. Breckinridge ; beating John C. Fremont and Millard Fillmore for President, and William L. Dayton and A. J. Donelson for Vice-President.

1860.—Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin ; beating John Bell, Stephen A. Douglass, and John C. Breckinridge for President ; and Edward Everett, Herschel V. Johnson, and Joseph Lane for Vice-President.

1864.—Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson ; beating George B. McClellan and George H. Pendleton.

CHILDHOOD'S SORROW.

Mothers often greatly err in undervaluing the little griefs and disappointments of childhood. The trifles which give them pain and trouble would be nothing to us; so we unreasonably exact of them the same indifference. Did you reflect how different the same scene looks at your own height, from that point your little child must view it? If not, you will realize it by stooping down beside him and taking in a view of the same landscape. So mothers should learn to place themselves at the child's mental stand-point in all their dealings with them.

A lady of great strength of mind and fine sensibilities once told a friend that she never suffered more acutely than once in childhood, when her mother carelessly swept into the fire some of the shining silk of the milk-weed plant. She had found it for the first time in some of her little walks, and was greatly delighted with her treasure, laying it out in parcels, thinking what enjoyment she would have over it with her little companions, assigning its various uses in her simple domestic economy. Her mother entered, and finding the litter on the carpet, hastily and coldly swept it all into the fire, despite the child's entreaties. The poor, grieved little thing fled away almost distracted, and for several days could scarcely bear to look in her mother's face. To her it was a real source of anguish, as for the millionaire to see all his choice possessions swept away by the devouring flame.

O mother! learn to reverence every tender, loving little thing in your child's nature. The world will harden it soon enough, without your hand aiding in the work. Enter feelingly into its little joys, and add to them the double pleasure of your approving smile. Sympathize with its little griefs, and comfort with cheering words of tender love the little sobbing bosom.

TWELVE WAYS BY WHICH PEOPLE GET SICK.

- 1st. Eating too fast, and swallowing food imperfectly masticated.
- 2d. Taking too much fluid during meals.
- 3d. Drinking poisonous whiskey and other intoxicating liquors.
- 4th. Keeping late hours at night, and sleeping too late in the morning.
- 5th. Wearing the clothes too tight to impede circulation.
- 6th. Wearing thin shoes.
- 7th. Neglecting to take sufficient exercise to keep the hands and feet warm.
- 8th. Neglecting to wash the body sufficiently to keep the pores of the skin open.
- 9th. Exchanging the warm clothing worn in a warm room during the day for the light costumes and exposures incident to evening parties.
- 10th. Starving the stomach to gratify a vain and foolish passion for dress.
- 11th. Keeping up a constant excitement by fretting the mind with borrowed troubles.
- 12th. Taking the meals at irregular intervals.

TO OUR PATRONS AND FRIENDS.

We send out the present number of the *GUARDIAN* considerably improved in appearance, as promised, and trust it will fully meet the expectations of our patrons and readers. The paper is much superior to that heretofore used. The matter, also, is highly interesting, and the embellishment appropriate and handsome. The present number, in real value, is worth the subscription price of the whole year. Our friends, we trust, will appreciate our efforts to serve them, and evince the fact by sending us a large addition to the list of our subscribers. A little effort on the part of each one among their friends will do wonders for us. Who will cheer us by their hearty favorable responses? We have made arrangements to furnish all new subscribers with the numbers from the commencement of the volume.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1865.

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN will enter upon its XVth volume, on the first of January next. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. It remains under the editorial management of its founder, Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN will be published by **S. R. Fisher & Co.**, Philadelphia, Pa. Though comparing well in its present form with any publication of the kind, improvements are always possible. The Publishers propose something in this direction in the forthcoming volume, if they meet with proper encouragement. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. Though paper has advanced more than one hundred per cent., they promise to use a superior quality; and shall do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—
“Life—Light—Love.”

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future, if permitted to take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the church who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

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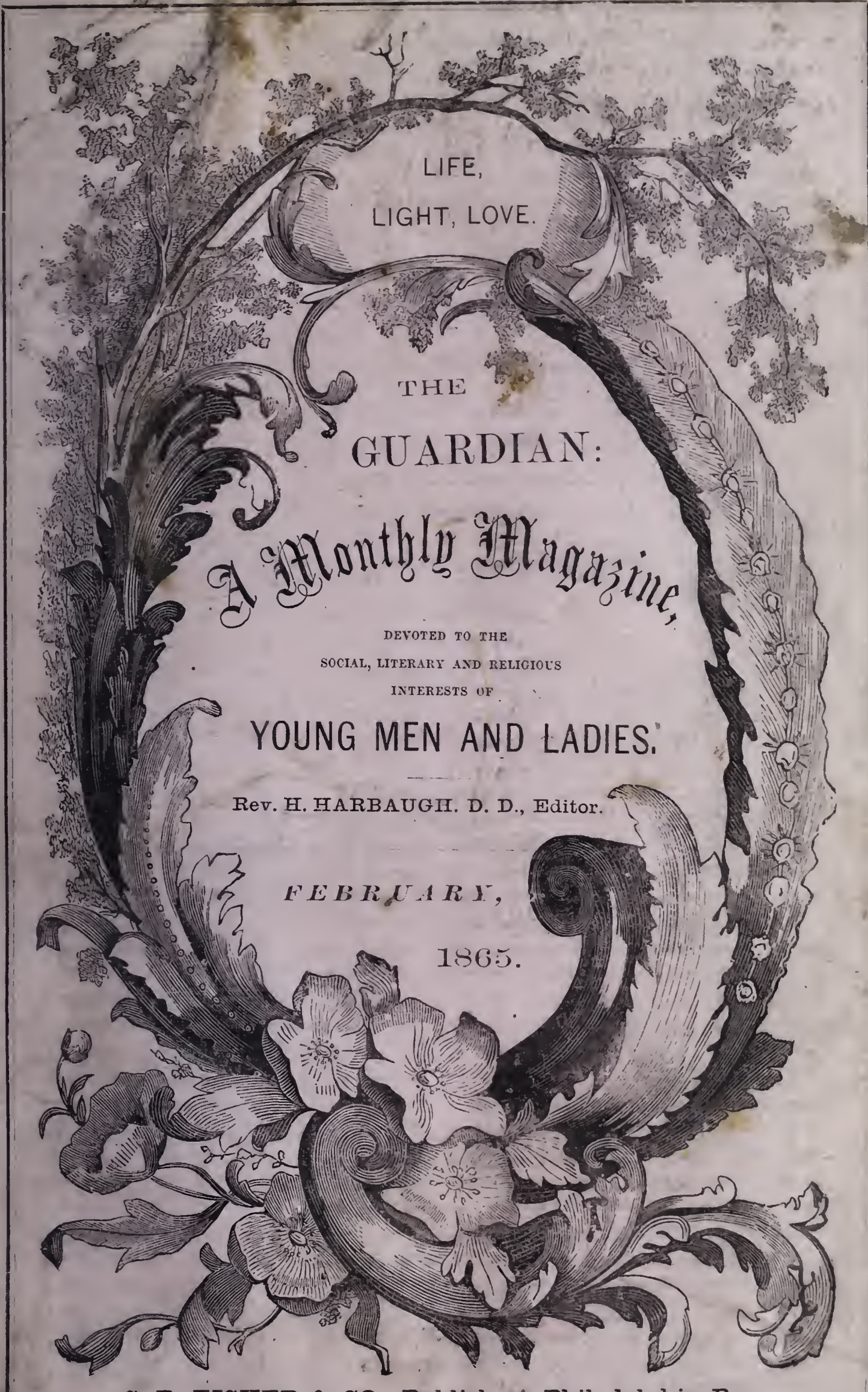
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LIFE,
LIGHT, LOVE.

THE
GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
INTERESTS OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

FEBRUARY,

1865.

S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.
J. B. RODGERS, PR.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XVI.—FEBRUARY, 1865.—No. 2.

PASTORS' SALARIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

We hope no one will be prejudiced against this article from the caption. Though much has been said on this subject, ALL has not been said. We shall at least attempt not to be prosy; but shall rather endeavor to interest the reader, and if possible make some good, if not some sharp points.

In this country, where Church and State stand separately, the salaries of pastors depend upon the good will of the people. Much has been said to the praise of the voluntary system, as it is called. It is said facts show that Christianity may safely intrust itself for support upon the free liberality of the people. It certainly may; but still it is possible that it may in this way be poorly supported. Yet still it is more in accordance with its spirit and taste to be poorly supported than to be sustained unwillingly and by force of law. We desire no change of system. It is contrary to the genius and spirit of Christianity to accept any other than a free and willing support.

But even Christians may abuse this freedom. Their views and their willingness may fall far short of what plain duty requires. It is said, that a certain congregation concluded in public assembly, after due discussion and deliberation, that to prescribe a fixed salary for the pastor militates against the spirit of free liberality—that for each member to subscribe and pay a certain sum is to make offerings to the Lord's cause unduly public—and that in future, each one should give according to the Scripture mode of not letting the left hand know what the right hand doeth. Accordingly the pastor was to receive, in a purely scriptural way, what the Christian spirit of each one would prompt him to give. This plan was accordingly tried for a year, and it is said that the pastor at least had every reason to believe at the end of the year, that not only had the left hand been

kept uninformed of what the right hand did, but that *both* hands had been kept strictly ignorant of any giving that had been done! The right hand, it seems, was so over-anxious to keep the left hand from trumpeting its liberal deeds, that, out of a pure desire to give scripturally, it felt itself obliged in self-defence not to give at all! It is to be supposed that the good pastor, who was blest with the care of such a scriptural people, had reason to think of the truth of the proverb: "What is every body's business is nobody's business."

It is beginning to be extensively felt that pastors are not provided for as they should be. Why should it not? The case is perfectly plain. No profession is so barely supported. Clerks, foremen, salesman, and first-rate mechanics, all—even in country towns, receive larger salaries than the majority of pastors. Yet in neither case has the same amount of capital or time been applied in the necessary preparation. If *one* man in his business operations can afford to pay a respectable salary, what should hinder the *many* who compose a Christian congregation from doing the same? It is more than a shame to them, if they fail to do it.

A certain thought has frequently been upon our mind, and we venture to express it. We verily believe, that the main reason why some congregations fail to prosper, is the injustice which they suffer their pastor to endure. What but leanness can they expect who stint their pastor, and suffer him to be tormented day by day with harassing cares for temporal subsistence? Can God bless those with mildness and mercy, who, can complacently see him vexed with worldly cares, whom He has sent to labor for their good? It is palpable wickedness, and every member of the Church, who does not protest against its continuance, is guilty. With this Achan in the camp unrighteously nursing the golden wedge, the hand of the Lord must lie heavily like a curse upon all. Will God hear the prayers of a people who have no ears to listen to the poverty-groans of a distressed pastor and pastor's family?

There are congregations in which men familiarly handle their thousands, and many members of which never think of curtailing a whit of their expenditures on luxuries and vanities, while the pastor's devoted wife—not from penuriousness, but from stern necessity—patiently and earnestly makes calculations of economy in regard to every dime that passes through her hands! Shame, we say! God will mark the sin!

One author has written a book on pastoral experiences called "Sunny Side," and another has given us "Shady Side;" but when we write on this subject, we shall call it "*Inside*;" and in it we shall give such a picture of the patient and unconscious, but true martyrdom, that is going on inside of many parsonages, as shall make your ears tingle. To us there is not a more touching reality than poverty in a parsonage! Poverty among the lowly is comparatively endurable, because it is not expected to be any thing else than poverty. But to impose it upon those, who by their education and position are expected to move in a different sphere, is cruel. To be doomed to live in a way which the means furnished will not warrant—to be expected to hide what cannot be hid—to be forced into a current of social life only to stand in palpable and painful contrast with it—this is the extreme of cruelty!

What justice, what principle of Christianity warrants a people to demand the services of an educated man for a pittance, out of which he can barely,

year after year, meet the most necessary expenses of his family—dooming him to an almost niggardly economy? What right thus to receive his labors during the best and most vigorous years of his life, when meanwhile his children are growing up to find him without the means of affording them a respectable education. Yet are not these the terms on which many congregations accept the labor and the lives of pastors? Is not the question nine times out of ten when the subject of fixing a salary comes up, “What can he live on?”—and the calculation is closely made, so that he may receive barely what will support him from year to year. That his furniture wears out and will some day need to be replenished—that his library needs increase—that his children are growing up and must be educated—these are items left wholly out of view when the calculation is made as to “What can he live on?”

Of late years it is becoming customary to make occasional gifts and donations to pastors. To this we have nothing to object. Yet we fear that this is in reality more a matter of *conscience* than of *kindness*. To our mind it seems to betray the feeling that the salary is not at its proper standard. In plain English it means this much: “We feel that our pastor is too scantily provided for by us. We feel that justice is not done him. We will make up what is lacking; but we will do it in a way which will make it look like a *gift* instead of doing it in a way which will make it look like *justice*.” Would it not be better to raise the pastor's salary to such a figure as justice demands, and then *add* the gifts as a further evidence of kindness and good will? We almost fear to say it, but we think it possible for a congregation to make their pastor poor by withholding what is due him before God and man, and then in addition making him *feel* his poverty under the holy guise of charity and kindness!

We are always glad to hear of pastors receiving gifts from their people. Let them be a thousand fold more than they are. But let not the anise, mint, and cummin cause Christians to forget the weightier matters of mercy and justice. Your pastor is your best friend; treat him as such. Let the parsonage be a place of cheerful freedom from earthly want and care. Let the leisure hours of its inmates be spent, not in painful financiering to make long enough what is hopelessly too short; but rather in pouring forth from grateful and contented hearts a perpetual benediction upon a kind-hearted, considerate, and generous people.

THE CONDITION OF RICHES.—How few rich men are or will be persuaded that the law of Christ permits them not to heap up riches forever, nor perpetually add house to house, and land to land, though by lawful means; but requires of them thus much charity at least, that ever, while they are providing for their wives and children, they should, out of the increase wherewith God hath blessed their industry, allot the poor a just and free proportion? And when they have provided for them in a convenient manner (such as they themselves shall judge sufficient and convenient in others), that then they should give over making purchase after purchase; but, with the surplusage of their revenue, beyond their expenses, procure, as much as lies in them, that no Christian remain miserably poor; few rich men, I fear, are or will be thus persuaded, and their daily actions show as much.—*Chillingworth*.

THE CHILDHOOD AND TRAINING OF CHRIST.

BY PHILIP SCHAFF.*

Christ passed through all the stages of human life, from infancy to manhood, and represented each in its ideal form, that he might redeem and sanctify them all, and be a perpetual model for imitation. He was the model infant, the model boy, the model youth, and the model man;—but the weakness, decline, and decrepitude of old age would be incompatible with his character and mission. He died and rose in the full bloom of early manhood, and lives in the hearts of his people in unfading freshness and unbroken vigor for ever.

Let us glance at the infancy and childhood of our Saviour. The history of the race commences with the beauty of innocent youth in the garden of Eden, “when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy,” in beholding Adam and Eve created in the image of their Maker, the crowning glory of all his wonderful works. So the second Adam, the Redeemer of the fallen race, the Restorer and Perfecter of man, comes first before us in the accounts of the gospels as a child, born, not in paradise, it is true, but among the dreary ruins of sin and death, from an humble virgin, in a lowly manger—yet pure and innocent, the subject of the praise of angels and the adoration of men. Even the announcement and expectation of his birth transforms his virgin mother, the bride of the humble carpenter, into an inspired prophetess and poetess, rejuvenates the aged parents of the Baptist in hopeful anticipation of the approaching salvation, and makes the unborn babe leap in Elizabeth’s womb—the babe who was to prepare the way for His coming. The immortal psalms of Elizabeth, Mary, and Zacharias combine the irresistible charms of poetry with truth, and are a worthy preparation for the actual appearance of the Christ-child, at the very threshold of the Gospel-salvation, when the highest poetry was to become a reality, and reality to surpass the sublimest ideal of poetry. And when the heavenly child was born, heaven and earth, the shepherds of Bethlehem, in the name of Israel, longing after salvation, and the wise men from the East, as the representatives of heathenism in its dark groping after the “unknown God,” unite in the worship of the infant King and Saviour.

Here we meet, at the very beginning of the earthly history of Christ, that singular combination of humility and grandeur, of simplicity and sublimity, of the human and divine, which characterizes it throughout, and distinguishes it from every other history. He appears in the world

* From a book, which will soon be issued, on the “Person of Christ, the Miracle of History, with a reply to Strauss and Renan.”

first as a child—as a poor child—in one of the smallest towns of a remote country, in one of the lowliest spots in that town, in a stable, in a manger, a helpless fugitive from the wrath of a cruel tyrant—thus presenting, at first sight, every stumbling-block to our faith; but, on the other hand, the appearance of the angel, the inspired hymns of Zacharias and Mary, the holy exultation of Elizabeth, Hannah, and Simeon, the prophecies of Scripture, the theological lore of the scribes of Jerusalem, even the dark, political suspicion of Herod, the star of Bethlehem, the journey of the magi from the distant East, the dim light of astrology and astronomy, the significant night-vision, and God's providence overruling every event,—form a glorious array of evidences to the divine origin of the Christ-child; and heaven and earth seem to move around him as their centre, which repels whatever is dark and evil, and, by the same power, attracts what is good and noble. What a contrast:—a child in the manger, yet bearing the salvation of the world; a child, hated and feared, yet longed for and loved; a child, poor and despised, yet honored and adored—beset by danger, yet marvellously preserved; a child, setting the stars in heaven, the city of Jerusalem, the shepherds of Judea and the sages of the East in motion—attracting the best elements of the world, and repelling the evil! This contrast, bringing together the most opposite, yet not contradictory things, is too deep, too sublime, too significant to be the invention of a few illiterate fishermen.

Yet, with all these marks of divinity upon him, the infant Saviour is not represented, either by Matthew or Luke, as an unnatural prodigy, anticipating the maturity of a later age, but as a truly human child, silently lying and smiling on the bosom of his Virgin mother, "*growing*" and "*waxing strong in spirit*," and therefore subject to the law of regular development; yet differing from all other children by his supernatural conception and perfect freedom from hereditary sin and guilt. He appears in the celestial beauty of unspotted innocence, a veritable flower of paradise. He was "*that Holy Thing*," according to the announcement of the angel Gabriel (Luke i. 35), admired and loved by all who approached him in a child-like spirit, but exciting the dark suspicion of the tyrant king who represented his future enemies and persecutors.

Who can measure the ennobling, purifying and cheering influence which proceeds from the contemplation of the Christ-child at each returning Christmas season, upon the hearts of the young and old, in every land and nation! The loss of the first estate is richly compensated by the undying innocence of paradise regained.

Of the boyhood of Jesus, we know only one fact, recorded by Luke; but it is in perfect keeping with the peculiar charm of his childhood, and foreshadows, at the same time, the glory of his public life, as one uninterrupted service of his heavenly Father. When twelve years old, we find him in the temple, in the midst of the Jewish doctors, not teaching and offending them, as in the apocryphal gospels, by any immodesty or forwardness, but hearing and asking questions, thus actually learning from them, and yet filling them with astonishment at his understanding and answers. There is nothing premature, forced or unbecoming his age, and yet a degree of wisdom and an intensity of interest in religion, which rises far above a purely human youth. "He increased," we are told, "in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man" (Luke ii. 52). He was subject to

his parents, and practised all the virtues of an obedient son; and yet he filled them with a sacred awe as they saw him absorbed in the things of his Father, and heard him utter words, which they were unable to understand at the time, but which Mary treasured up in her heart as a holy secret, convinced that they must have some deep meaning, answering to the mystery of his supernatural conception and birth.

Such an idea of a harmless and faultless heavenly childhood, of a growing, learning, and yet surprisingly wise boyhood, as it meets us in living reality at the portal of the Gospel history, never entered the imagination of a biographer, poet, or philosopher before. On the contrary, as has been justly observed in all the higher ranges of character, the excellence portrayed is never the simple unfolding of a harmonious and perfect beauty contained in the germ of childhood, but is a character formed by a process of rectification, in which many follies are mended and distempers removed, in which confidence is checked by defeat, passion moderated by reason, smartness sobered by experience. Commonly a certain pleasure is taken in showing how many the wayward sallies of the boy are, at length, reduced by discipline to the character of wisdom, justice and public heroism, so much admired. Besides, if any writer, of almost any age, will undertake to describe not merely a spotless, but a superhuman or celestial childhood, not having the reality before him, he must be somewhat more than human himself, if he do not pile together a mass of clumsy exaggerations, and draw and overdraw, till neither heaven nor earth can find any verisimilitude in the picture.

This unnatural exaggeration, into which the mythical fancy of man, in its endeavor to produce a superhuman childhood and boyhood, will inevitably fall, is strikingly exhibited in the myth of Hercules, who, while yet a suckling in the cradle, squeezed two monster serpents to death with his tender hands, and still more in the accounts of the apocryphal Gospels, on the wonderful performances of the infant Saviour. These apocryphal Gospels are related to the canonical Gospels as the counterfeit to the genuine coin, or as a revolting caricature to the inimitable original; but, by the very contrast, they tend, negatively, to corroborate the truth of the evangelical history. The strange contrast has been frequently urged, especially in the Strauss controversy, and used as an argument against the mythical theory. While the evangelists expressly reserve the performance of miracles to the age of maturity and public life, and preserve a significant silence concerning the parents of Jesus, the pseudo-evangelists fill the infancy and early years of the Saviour and his mother with the strangest prodigies, and make the active intercession of Mary very prominent throughout. According to their representation, even dumb idols, irrational objects, and senseless trees, bow in adoration before the infant Jesus, on his journey to Egypt; and after his return, when yet a boy of five or seven years, he changes balls of clay into flying birds, for the idle amusement of his playmates; strikes terror round about him, dries up a stream of water by a mere word, transforms his companions into goats, raises the dead to life, and performs all sorts of miraculous cures, through a magical influence which proceeds from the very water in which he was washed, the towels which he used, and the bed on which he slept. Here we have the falsehood and absurdity of *unnatural fiction*, while the New Testament presents us the truth and beauty of a *supernatural, yet most real history*, which shines out only in the brighter colors by the contrast of the mythical shadows.

With the exception of these few, but significant hints, the youth of Jesus and the preparation for his public ministry are enshrined in mysterious silence. But we know the outward condition and circumstances under which he grew up, and these furnish no explanation for the astounding results, without the admission of the supernatural and divine element in his life.

He grew up among a people seldom and only contemptuously named by the ancient classics, and subjected at the time to the yoke of a foreign oppressor; in a remote and conquered province of the Roman empire; in the darkest district of Palestine; in a little country town of proverbial insignificance; in poverty and manual labor; in the obscurity of a carpenter's shop; far away from universities, academies, libraries, and literary or polished society; without any help, as far as we know, except the parental care, the daily wonders of nature, the Old Testament scriptures, the weekly Sabbath services of the synagogues at Nazareth (Luke iv. 16), the annual festivals in the temple of Jerusalem (Luke ii. 42), and the secret intercourse of his soul with God, his heavenly Father. These are, indeed, the great educators of the mind and heart; the book of nature and the book of revelation are filled with richer and more important lessons, than all the works of human art and learning. But they were accessible alike to every Jew, and gave no advantage to Jesus over his humblest neighbor.

Hence the question of Nathaniel, "What good can come out of Nazareth?" Hence the natural surprise of the Jews, who knew all his human relations and antecedents. "How knoweth this man letters?" they asked, when they heard Jesus teach, "having never learned?" (John vii. 15.) And on another occasion, when he taught in the synagogue, "Whence has this man this wisdom and these mighty works? Is not this the carpenter's son? is not his mother Mary and his brethren (brothers) James and Joses and Simon and Judas? And his sisters, are they not all with us? Whence, then, hath this man all these things?" These questions are unavoidable and unanswerable, if Christ be regarded as a mere man. For each effect pre-supposes a corresponding cause.

The difficulty here presented can by no means be solved by a reference to the fact, that many, perhaps the majority of great men, especially in the Church, have risen by their own industry and perseverance from the lower walks of life, and from a severe contest with poverty and obstacles of every kind. The fact itself is readily conceded; but in every one of these cases, schools, or books, or patrons and friends, or peculiar events and influences, can be pointed out, as auxiliary aids in the development of intellectual or moral greatness. There is always some human or natural cause, or combination of causes, which accounts for the final result.

Luther, for instance, was, indeed, the son of poor peasants, and had a very hard youth; but he went to the schools of Mansfield, Magdeburg and Eisenach; to the University of Erfurt; passed through the ascetic discipline of convent life; lived in a university, surrounded by professors, students and libraries, and was innocently, as it were, made a reformer by extraordinary events and the irresistible current of his age.

Shakspeare is generally and justly regarded as the most remarkable and most wonderful example of a self-taught man, who, without the regular routine of school education, became the greatest dramatic poet not only of his age and country, but of all times. But the absurd idea, that the son of the Warwickshire yeoman, or butcher, or glover—we hardly know

which—was essentially an unlearned man, and jumped, with one bound, from the supposed, though poorly authenticated youthful folly of deer-stealing to the highest position in literature, has long since been abandoned by competent judges. It is certain that he spent several years in the free grammar school of Stratford-upon-Avon, where he probably acquired the “small Latin and less Greek,” which, however small in the eyes of so profound a classical scholar as Ben Jonson, was certainly large enough to make the fortune of any enterprising youth from New England. And whatever were the defects of his training, he must have made them up by intense private study of books, and the closest observation of man and things. For his dramas—the occasional chronological, historical and geographical mistakes notwithstanding, which are small matters at all events, and in most cases, as in “*Pericles*” and in “*Midsummer’s Night Dream*,” intentional or mere freaks of fancy—abound in the most accurate and comprehensive knowledge of human nature, under all its types and conditions, in the cold north and the sunny south, in the fifteenth century and at the time of Cæsar, under the influence of Christianity and of Judaism, together with a great variety of historical and other information which cannot be acquired without immense industry and the help of oral or printed instruction. Moreover, he lived in the city of London, united the offices of actor, manager, and writer, in the classic age of Elizabeth, in the company of genial and gifted friends, with free access to the highest ranks of blood, wealth and wit, and during the closing scenes of the greatest upheaving of the human mind which ever took place since the introduction of Christianity.

In the case of Christ no such natural explanation can be given. He can be ranked neither with the school-trained, nor with the self-trained or self-made men, if by the latter we understand, as we must, those who without the regular aid of *living* teachers, yet with the same educational *means*, such as books, the observation of men and things, and the intense application of their mental faculties, attained to vigor of intellect and wealth of scholarship, like Shakspeare, Jacob Boehm, Benjamin Franklin, and others. All the attempts to bring him into contact with Egyptian wisdom, or the Essenic Theosophy, or other sources of learning, are without a shadow of proof, and explain nothing after all. He never quotes from books except the Old Testament, he never refers to secular history, poetry, rhetoric, mathematics, astronomy, foreign languages, natural sciences, or any of those branches of knowledge which make up human learning and literature. He confined himself strictly to religion. But from that centre he shed light over the whole world of man and nature. In this department, unlike all other great men, even the prophets and the apostles, he was absolutely original and independent. He taught the world as one who had learned nothing from it and was under no obligations to it. He speaks from divine intuition as one who not only *knows* the truth, but *is* the truth, and with an authority, which commands absolute submission, or provokes rebellion, but can never be passed by with contempt or indifference. “His character and life were originated and sustained in spite of circumstances with which no earthly force could have contended, and therefore must have had their real foundation in a force which was preternatural and divine.”

At the same time it is easy to see, from the admission of Christ’s divinity,

that by this condescension he has raised humble origin, poverty, manual labor, and the lower orders of society, to a dignity and sacredness never known before, and has revolutionized the false standard of judging the value of men and things from their outward appearance, and of associating moral worth with social elevation, and moral degradation with low rank.

THE STARRY HEAVENS.

BY THE EDITOR.

To Kant the remark is attributed: "Two things overwhelm me when I attempt to contemplate them—the starry heavens above me and the moral law within me." The sublime grandeur of the moral law, however, is not so readily perceived by all men as is the "dread magnificence" of the astronomical heavens. Even without the aid of science, the glory of a starry night powerfully affects the contemplative mind. No marvel that, under its awe-inspiring influence, the ancient Chaldeans kissed their hands and worshipped.

Modern astronomical investigations have enabled mortal vision and mortal minds to penetrate farther into the fathomless mysteries of the heavens, than could ever have been dreamed of, without the reality. With even a deeper awe and wonder than that which possessed the mind of the Psalmist, may we say: "When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and stars, which Thou hast ordained: what is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him."

"In 1837 Professor Bessel, of Germany, commenced a series of astronomical measures for getting the exact distance of the fixed stars, a thing that had never been done. The instrument which he used in connection with a powerful telescope, in his experiments, was called the great Konigsburg heliometer. After three years' hard labor, he was so fortunate as to obtain a parallax, but so minute that he could hardly trust his reputation upon it. But after repeated trials and working out the result, he was fully satisfied that he could give the true distance to 61 Cygni. But who can comprehend this immense space? We can only convey an idea to the mind of this distance by the fact that light, which travels 12,000,000 of miles in a minute, requires not less than ten years to reach us. Just let any one try to take in the idea. One hour would give 720,000,000 of miles; one year, then—8700 hours—this gives 6,307,200,000,000, and this multiplied by ten, gives 63,072,000,000,000. This, according to Bessel, is the distance of the nearest fixed stars to the sun. All the astronomers confirm the correctness of Professor Bessel's calculations.

"But this distance, great as it is, is nothing to be compared to the distance of the Milky Way. Sir William Herschell says that the stars, or suns, that compose the Milky Way, are so very remote, that it requires light going at the rate of 12,000,000 miles in a minute, 120,000 years to

reach the earth. He says there are stars, or rather *nebulæ*, five hundred times more remote. Now make your calculation; 120,000 years reduced to minutes, and then multiply the sum by 12,000,000, and the product by 500. What an overwhelming idea! The mind sinks under such a thought; we cannot realize it; it is too vast even for comprehension."

How small a part of this vast universe is taken up by the planet on which we dwell, yea even by the solar system to which the earth belongs! "Our earth," says Kurtz, "must revolve eighteen million times around the sun before the sun itself and its entire system completes a single revolution, in that movement in which it is involved along with the other fixed stars, about the throne of cosmical powers, which lies in the centre of the system of the Milky way." According to Mädler one great year of the universe, therefore, comprehends eighteen millions of terrestrial years. How insignificant, in this respect, appears our earth; how paltry, compared with that sweep of time is the period during which our present earth and its inhabitants have existed! What are six thousand years compared with 18,000,000 of years! How long is it to continue till the great day, when heaven and earth shall be changed, and a new and never-ending period commenced? On this subject we are told that "to know the times or the seasons, the Father has put in his own power. Of that day and that hour knoweth no man; no, not the angels which are in heaven." (Mark xii. 32, 33; Acts i., 7.)

The Church has from the beginning had in its bosom students of prophecy, who have been diligent and professedly wise above all others, and who have not hesitated to fix times and seasons for the consummation of all things. But the steady advance of time has always exploded their theories. We propose no answer to such speculations. The Scriptures themselves furnish that, by informing us that they know nothing about it. But may not the grand scale on which astronomy shows the heavens to be constructed, suggest to us that the sublime designs of God, with this earth, are not likely to be consummated before the system, of which it is a part, has completed at least the first of its magnificent revolutions? Man's own schemes are soon wound up, and it becomes him to be always ready for his own consummation; but he must not be hasty by his own narrow cycle to measure the sublime sweep of God's ages.

In view of the comparative insignificance of the earth, amid the immensity of the divine works, some have stumbled at the idea that God should become incarnate on this small speck of the universe. The incarnation has been thought to be too great an event to be connected with our earth—making the earth, thus, the theatre of the greatest and highest conceivable manifestations of God.

To this it has been well replied, that we have no right thus to prescribe to the free wisdom and grace of God. What seems to us strange and unlikely may be to Him the highest wisdom and the sublimest reason. Is it not God's way to "make foolish the wisdom of this world?" We must not, it has been forcibly said, "measure His free grace by cubic miles, and His love by the size of the fixed stars."

Dr. Kurtz properly asks: "What if the earth alone, of all worlds, stood in *need* of such manifestation of deity?" Then, even reason and the un-biased sense of man's nature would approve of God's choosing to pass by all other worlds, however great, to select this. On this kind of wisdom is

the parable based: "What man of you having a hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders rejoicing. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost." (Luke xv. 4-6.)

Moreover, is it not the way of Christianity to exalt the humble? Should ever the earth be the lowest of God's world's—the one farthest removed from His glorious, peculiar, central habitation and throne, may He not here begin a manifestation of Himself, of His glory, wisdom and love, which in its complete fulfilment shall be transferred to His central heaven, there to be for all His intelligences not only the highest, but the eternal manifestation of His glory? Do we not know that what He begun in the obscure Virgin, and in a spot small among the thousands of Israel, has already become central for humanity, and for all the world, and for all history? In this view the representations of Scripture, to the effect that the perfected Church and kingdom of Christ shall at last be absorbed or caught up into what is called heaven, the imperial Salem of God's holy and universal kingdom, have true significance. What is potentially, and, therefore, truly great, may begin in obscurity—and there, generally, does actually begin—but it finds its way, by a necessity which it carries in itself, to higher position and place. We must remember also, that greatness in the world of spirit is not necessarily measured by greatness in the world of matter and space. It is the adaptation of the created for the divine, of matter for spirit, independent of its bulk or size, which constitutes its true greatness. Homer, "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," was greater than all Greece geographically.

In regard to the God-man himself, the Scriptures clearly teach, that having accomplished His work in the sphere of His humiliation, He has been exalted to the right hand of power, that *there* "He might gather together in one, all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and which are on earth, even in Him"—that He is now there head over all things to the Church, which is his body, and that this *body* is "the fullness of Him that filleth all in all." His fulness, by which He filleth all in all, is His Church and body; so that though the Church had its beginning on earth, and has here its base and history, it will be re-centred in that place to which the Head has been transferred and exalted. Should even the earth be destroyed and wholly pass away, it would still have been worthy of the honor which was conferred upon it by the Incarnation, as having been the means to so great an end. Let it perish; it perishes as the seed perishes in the earth when it has fulfilled its mission of furnishing the germ of a history so great that it continues for ever in heaven, taking in its development "all things that are in heaven, and in earth, and under the earth."

Should even the earth be comprehended in the final glorification which is to be wrought out in Christ, so that there be literally a new or renovated earth, as well as new heavens, it does not follow that the earth must necessarily be the centre of the universe, nor yet the centre of the eternal manifestation of Christ's incarnate glory. The earth may still for ever remain a spot of interest, and as such be preserved, and honored with renovation and glorification by the Son of man, even as Bethlehem remains such a cherished spot to the Church, even though the Church has long since out-grown the cradle of its infancy.

HOME SICKNESS.

FROM THE GERMAN IN NOVEMBER NUMBER, 1861.

BY THE EDITOR.

I know not what the reason is :
Where'er I dwell or roam,
I make a pilgrimage each year,
To my old childhood home.
Have nothing there to give or get—
No legacy, no gold—
Yet by some home-attracting power
I'm evermore controlled :
This is the way the home-sick do,
I often have been told.

As nearer to the spot I come
More sweetly am I drawn ;
And something in my heart begins
To urge me faster on.
Ere quite I've reached the last hill-top—
You'll smile at me, I ween !—
I stretch myself high as I can,
To catch the view serene—
The dear old stone house through the trees
With shutters painted green !

See ! how the kitchen chimney smokes !
That oft-times gave me joy ;
When, from the fields, that curling cloud
I witnessed as a boy !
And see ! the purple window panes,
They seem as red as blood.
I often wondered what did that,
But guess it, never could.
Ah ! many a thing a child knows not.
Did it, it were not good !

How do I love those poplar trees ;
What tall and stately things !
See ! on the top of one just now
A starling sits and sings.
He'll fall !—the twig bends with his weight !
He likes that danger best.
I see the red upon his wings,—
Dark shining is the rest.
I ween his little wife has built
On that same tree her nest.

O, I remember very well,
When those three poplar trees
Not thicker than my finger were,
And could be bent with ease.
My mother was at grandpa's house,
And trees like these had he:
She brought three scions home, and said,
"Boys, plant them there for me."
Can you believe—they grew so tall
And made the trees you see!

See! really I am near the house;
How short the distance seems!
There is no sense of time when one
Goes musing in his dreams.
There is the shop—the corn-crib, too—
The cider-press—just see!
The barn—the spring with drinking cup
Hung up against the tree.
The yard-fence—and the little gate
Just where it used to be.

All, all is still! They know not yet
That there's a stranger near;
I guess old Watch, the dog, is dead,
Or barking, he'd appear.
What fearful bellowings he made
Whene'er he heard the gate;
The travellers always feared him sore,
He bounced at such a rate;
But though the bark was woful loud,
The bite was never great!

All, all is still! The door is shut.
I muse with beating heart;
Hark! there's a little rattling now
Back in the kitchen part.
I'll not go in! I cannot yet;
I'm overcome, I fear!
The same old bench here on the porch.
I'll rest a little here.
Behind this grape-vine I can hide
The falling of a tear!

Two spots on this old friendly porch
I love, nor can forget,
Till dimly in the night of death
My life's last sun shall set!
When first I left my father's house.
One summer morning bright,
My mother at *that* railing wept
Till I was out of sight!
Now like a holy star that spot
Shines in this world's dull night.

Still, still I see her at that spot,
With handkerchief in hand;
Her cheeks are red—her eyes are wet—
There, there I see her stand!

'Twas there I gave her my good-bye,
There, did her blessing crave,
And oh, with what a mother's heart
She that sought blessing gave.
It was the last—ere I returned
She rested in her grave!

When now I call her form to mind,
Wherever I may be,
She still is standing at that rail
And weeping on for me!
She is in no familiar spot,
As oft in former years;
And never to my fancy she
As in her grave appears;
I see her only at that rail,
Bedewed with holy tears.

What draws my eye to yonder spot—
That bench against the wall?
What holy mem'ries cluster there,
My heart still knows them all!
How often sat my father there
On summer afternoon;
Hands meekly crossed upon his lap,
He looked so lost and lone,
As if he saw an empty world,
And hoped to leave it soon.

Doth a return of childhood's joys
Across his spirit gleam?
Or is his fancy busy now
With some loved youthful dream?
He raises now his eyes and looks
On yon hill's sacred crest;
Perhaps he sees the graveyard there
Where mother's sleep is blest,
And longs to slumber by her side,
In death's last peaceful rest.

All, all is still! I hesitate—
I fain would pass the door,
But fear the pain of missing all
This home contained of yore.
For, ah, it is not what it was
Though its inmates are kind;
What with our parents once we lose
We nevermore shall find;
Death goes before and reaps the sheaves;
We can but glean behind.

Such is the fate of earthly loves
Where all things die or change.
Yes, even in the homestead here,
I feel alone and strange.
O were it not for yon bright heaven,
With its unchanging rest,

How heavy would our burdens be,
Our life how sore distressed;
But hope illumes our pathway to
The regions of the blest.

That is a lovely Fatherland:
There I shall never roam;
No mother there with tearful eyes,
Shall see me leave that home.
No father there shall seek the grave
Where his beloved lies;
That is no vale of woes like this,
Where all we cherish dies;
The beautiful is permanent
In those unchanging skies.

There we shall find what here we lose,
And keep it evermore;
There we shall join our sainted dead,
Who are but gone before.
I'm fain, in lonely hours, to lift
The veil that let them through,
And wish it were God's holy will
To let me pass it too;
Yet patience! till my hour shall come,
To bid the world, Adieu!

THE ORPHAN'S DREAM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF AGNES FRANZ.

BY THE EDITOR.

The sultry day had gone, and with it its various scenes of active life. The birds no longer sailed through the air, and silence began to reign more and more in the groves.

A boy came along the road, weeping as he went, and complaining from the depths of his sorrowful heart: Whither shall I turn, poor orphan and homeless boy, that I am! Am I then so entirely alone in this wide world that I find no heart that cares for me, and no eye that shall cast a friendly glance toward me? Why did I not sink down at once with my mother into the grave; then I would not need to wander all day long alone, and seek from door to door in vain for bread. Alas! I am a quite forsaken child! No one will now watch over or provide for me!

Deeply saddened he sat down under a tree; for his feet were weary from walking in the hot dust, and his head sank upon a mossy stone which lay at his side.

Here at once a strange vision or dream took possession of him. The landscape lying before him in the quiet twilight seemed to contract itself

around him, so that a great part of it lay within reach of his easy vision. He looked down upon it as if he sat upon a high hill. Multitudes of beautiful forms glided before him, and it seemed to him as if he lay again in the tender arms of his mother, a quiet and happy child, nursed in the bosom of love.

There were gentle whispers among the little trees, and there was a soft sound, like the motion of little wings, around the flowers near to him. Then it was as if a soft hand had been laid upon his eyes, and it seemed to him as if one veil after another had been lifted from his vision.

A view seemed to open before him like the bright purple dawning of a new day. He saw thousands of bright shining forms move before him through the clouds and among the flowers on earth. All seemed light-winged, and moved about in sweet and mild activity. A brilliant triumphal procession came forth from the shining gate of heaven; and as the boy's eyes became clearer, he saw that they were angels friendly and beautiful to behold. They scattered roses over the heavens, and from the misty wells in the sky they dipped the refreshing dew and distilled it upon the groves and meadows.

And as a thousand hands were busy in beautifying the heavens, so, also, did life and activity begin in the blooming valleys of earth. Each flower had its angel. The tall lily looked confidently up to its guardian angel, who spread his hands over its tender petals; and the virgin rose bloomed under friendly angelic protection.

Even near the smallest flower stood a loving attending hand. The violet received its drop of dew, and the strawberry was watered with ambrosia. Soft and gentle hands directed the little worm in the moss to the cup of the violet, where it might refresh itself at the deep blue well. But now the boy also saw an angel near him, moving among the branches of the trees. He went up softly to the sleeping birds and scattered food into their nests. Then he went hastily to the caterpillar, who was not yet able to lift his wings out of the chrysalis, and tenderly carried him away, lay him upon the leaf of a rose, where the cooling dew refreshed him. Then the angel lifted his little wings and moved from one bud to another, performing little offices of love.

All around were seen manifestations of ministering and protecting love, and its breath diffused life and blessing over all above and beneath.

The boy turned his eye upward as if he would gratefully pray to the Father in heaven, and then there appeared to him an indescribably beautiful form, which bent itself toward him and smilingly said:

"How could you imagine yourself forsaken, since I am always at your side, and have from the beginning watched over you like a guardian angel? Do not all things stand under the protection of love? How canst thou weep and complain as if thou wert forsaken? Behold the lilies of the field, and the fowls of heaven! Who cares for them? Is it not eternal love that watches over them? Why then should man, the favorite of heaven, doubt and fear? O thou that art cast down in thy heart, only believe and trust. No grain of sand rolls uncounted into the ocean. All that lives and has being is numbered and recorded in the book of life. Lay then thy head confidently upon my bosom. I will surely lead you well and faithfully to the end of your life."

Then the orphan boy lifted his hands toward the heavenly friend, and

exclaimed: "I believe in Thee, O thou friendly Angel!" Then the veil again fell upon his eyes, and he saw no more the beautiful forms among the flowers, nor the animated cloud-images; but a beautiful faith had entered his heart, and a new hope stood like a mild moon over the night of his life, so that he feared no longer in the midst of darkness and sorrow.

When the boy awoke from his pleasant slumber the sun had already risen. Slowly he raised his eyes toward the young light. It was no longer the beautiful flowery grove and landscape which he had seen in his dreams, but before him lay the familiar scenes of the real world. No angel was to be seen; but instead he saw a venerable shepherd, who stood near him in affectionate silence.

"Will you go with me?" said the shepherd, with mild and sympathizing look.

"Father!" exclaimed the boy, unconsciously, and extended his arms towards him.

"Yes, I will be thy father when thou art forsaken," replied the friendly shepherd. "Follow me to my hut."

Confidingly the boy took the hand which was extended toward him, and went with him down into the valley. But his dream did not vanish from his heart. Faith in an all-ruling and everlasting love took firm root in his soul. He became strong in joyful hope, and every painful doubt gave way to a firm, deep, inward trust in his heavenly Father's all-providing care.

LIFE-PICTURES FROM CHURCH HISTORY, NO. 18.

JOHN VON STAUPITZ.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ULLMANN.

BY L. H. S.

With a large number of the great doctors of the Church, the Christian devoutness of pious mothers proved to be the life-germ from which all their thinking and activity were developed. Not a few, however, had a spiritual father in addition to, or in place of such a mother;—a man, often not a blood-relation, and brought into contact only by guidance from on high, who gave light and consolation to the struggling, contending, perhaps crushed and erring youthful soul, and pointed out the true path for its earthly and heavenly future. John von Staupitz was a spiritual father

of this sort to the youth, who afterwards became a reformer of the Church and a prophet of the German nation—to Luther. On this account his name should be ever held in blessed memory by the Evangelical Church.

He deserves such a position, not only on account of Luther, but on his own account. It is true that he did not come forth himself on the field of battle, although the struggle for the revival of the pure Gospel was going on during his life-time, but rather withdrew into the quietude of a contemplative life; therein, however, he remained true to his own peculiar nature and kept himself within the limits God had assigned him. Had he forced himself into a position for which he was not destined, he would have been untrue to himself. Even in the kingdom of God everything has its proper time, and every one his peculiar mission. Before the series of *events* could begin, which should call forth a new form of Christian faith and of society, seizing hold of the whole life of the German people and agitating the same, it was necessary that there should have been laid, first of all, in *minds* untroubled about the external corruptions of the Church, the *foundation* of a pure love for God and Christ, the foundation of a spirit of evangelical faith at least in those susceptible to it; for only from such a foundation would *true* activity for the Gospel proceed, and only thus could a large number of men be prepared, who, roused up by this activity and that which came after it, to a still more effective declaration of the necessity of repentance and faith, would form the nucleus of a new evangelical congregation.

This preliminary inner construction of a foundation was not a contention or struggle, but a quiet *planting* and *cultivation*, the principal feature of which consisted in the effort to inflame a pure love of God in the heart ready for any sacrifice, and to lead, through love for and imitation of the Saviour, to perfect union with God, and to real peace of soul: this alone was the proper way in the midst of the external dead doctrine of works which then reigned in the Church, to secure an inward living Christianity;—*that* was to be attained, which the song asks from God in these apt words, “Grant that the glow of Thy love may *destroy* our cold works!” The men who took this road exercised a great influence on the Reformers and their work, especially upon Luther. Many of them belonged to the best families of Germany, speaking and writing from the German mind in the German tongue,—they were known as *Mystics*. Among them, John von Staupitz took a prominent place on account of his simple, practical, evangelical spirit, and how much reason we have for venerating him very highly, considered alone as a man of Christian life, Christian experience and love, we shall see if we present, in the form of a brief account of his simple life, that which he has left behind in many writings as the significance of his inner life.

John von Staupitz sprang from an old noble family of Meissen, and on that account was favorably situated as regards civil life. His mind seems to have been directed from youth to a contemplative life. In order to be able to devote himself entirely to study and pious meditations, he entered the Augustinian Order. He obtained the cultivation of the times at several of the Universities and was admitted to the Doctorate of Theology at Tübingen. But he was not destined to be prominent and active on account of the acuteness of his intellect or the vastness of his learning: the power of his life lay in the fulness of his Christian religious inner life, and in the mild, serene character of his own personality. Unsatisfied by philosophy,

he turned to the Scriptures, and these guided him to life. He was well aware that knowledge alone does not make the theologian, but the whole disposition of the mind, and the application of knowledge in practice. He was a practical, living theologian, exhibiting in his person what Luther afterwards expressed in the renowned saying—"that prayer and meditation make the theologian." But Staupitz did not resign himself to a wholly contemplative *inner life*. He had at the same time a practical turn; his sound understanding, his many-sided culture and winning eloquence fitted him for association with men of every class; his family and his education, his attractive and dignified appearance, and his presence of mind, specially adapted him for association with the great. He enjoyed the distinguished confidence of his Electoral Prince, Frederick the Wise, and was frequently counselled with, and even employed successfully on embassies. He moved with ease in the upper circles, so that one day when one of the Saxon Dukes propounded him a catch-question at the table, he answered in such a manner that the Elector-Prince added, laughing, "Do you want to ask any more questions? Staupitz won't permit himself to be silenced." In fine—to use Luther's words about "his" Staupitz—"he was a great man, learned and gifted in the schools of the Church, but also pleasant and honored at Courts and by the great. He had a thorough understanding, an honest, upright, noble mind, not undignified and truckling." These characteristics, a deeply pious inner life on the one hand, and great knowledge of the world with an aptness for association with men of all kinds on the other—these seem to be very distant from each other; but in fact by the most intimate union of both on the foundation of an "upright, noble mind," Staupitz became chiefly what he was, and obtained the position in which we must recognize his peculiar mission at once. In this way he was fitted, as no other one was, for *first* implanting in Luther's soul the seeds of a deep spirit of faith and aiding in its development,—out of which afterwards grew his activity as a Reformer, and *afterwards*, when the time had come, to provoke him to work in the world, to draw forth his light from under the bushel of the Monastery walls, and to place it in the candlestick of the University, to accompany him on his first perilous path in the public, and to guard him with strong influence.

Staupitz soon obtained a distinguished position in his Order. In 1503 he was selected as General Vicar of the Chapter at Eschwege, in 1511 as Provincial of Thuringia and Saxony, in 1515 as General Vicar of the Augustinian Order throughout all Germany. He applied himself to the performance of his duties as Director of his Order with zeal, and interested himself in several of the brothers (especially Luther) with great love and intelligence. But on the whole he did not succeed by far in obtaining what he wished in the reformation of his community, and he was accustomed to say in his dejection,—“One must plough with horses when he has them; and he that has no horses, must plough with oxen.” A much more satisfactory sphere of operations, richer in results, was opened to him in the University of Wittenberg. This High School, whose influence has extended throughout all Europe, was founded in 1502. Frederick the Wise, took special counsel of Staupitz in its foundation, and he was made the first Dean of the Faculty of Theology, so that he had as a duty, that which was so much at his heart, the success of theological studies.

Here appears now first the connection between Staupitz and Luther in

its whole external significance. But this requires us to go back to its early history. Staupitz first learned to know Luther, as a younger brother in the Augustinian Monastery, during a visitation. Pressed by anguish of conscience, the young Luther had sought, through ecclesiastical and monastic books, during his Monastery-service, after some certain evidence of salvation, without being able to attain in this way true peace. Staupitz, who recognized the noble spirit in its cloudy covering, not only lightened his depressed condition, but gave his soul true heavenly food. He led the mind of the youth off from self-tormenting thoughts and fruitless speculations to the expiatory love of God in Christ, so that his mental struggles might prove a saving discipline from the Lord, in order to prepare him for greater things. He rebuked him for "making a sin out of every mole-hill," and taught him to hold to the living Christ, not as an image of the fancy, but as an actual, sin-forgiving Saviour. "You want," said Staupitz once to Luther, "to look upon yourself as a sinner through your fancy and imagination, and hence you only have a fancied and imaginary Saviour." At another time when Luther was frightened in view of the Sacrament, he said to him: "Your thoughts are not of Christ; for Christ does not terrify; He comforts." At the same time Staupitz showed Luther, that the works of the Law could not lead to peace, because they would produce in men "either presumption or despair;" and by thus directing Luther from the righteousness of works to the grace of God in Christ, he directed him in the way in which God would really use him for great results. Thus being elevated in his inner life, Luther continued his studies in the Scriptures and in the rich doctrines of the Church with joy, and with such results, that in 1508, when he desired to fill his corps of instructors at Wittenberg, Staupitz was able to call upon Luther—then for twenty-six years his friend—as a co-laborer. From this time forth these men entered into as intimate relations of friendship as the difference of age and position in life would allow.

It is well known that Luther soon became a very active teacher, so that Staupitz, in 1512, forced him to become Doctor of Theology; and at length, in 1517, by the controversy concerning indulgences, he kindled a fire, which extended throughout all Germany. Whether Luther received any *external* impulse to this his first public step towards the Reformation, is not certain; but there is no doubt that there was an internal impulse, especially on that side which is here so important, viz: the real nature of repentance. The most of the celebrated theses of Luther treated of repentance, and all proceed from the true signification of repentance. Without preaching repentance Luther would not have been Luther, and his work no reformation. But that his recognition of the nature of repentance was due to Staupitz, is established by his own testimony. Like a voice from Heaven, he says, Staupitz taught him that that repentance only is real, which takes its rise in a recognition of *the love and justice of God*, but that which is ordinarily shown as the end and completion of repentance, is rather its commencement. "These words of yours," Luther writes in a letter to Staupitz, "stick in me as the sharp arrows of a warrior; I begin to compare them with passages in the Scriptures concerning repentance, and see, all fit together most beautifully in the same meaning; so that, although heretofore there was no more bitter word in the Scriptures than repentance, now there is nothing sweeter and more pleasant to me."

So much is certain that Staupitz accompanied the first bold steps of his young friend with a fatherly interest. At this time he wrote Luther, "I am pleased that in the doctrine you preach you give God alone the honor,—ascribe every thing to God and not to man: it is clear that man cannot attribute too much honor and goodness to God." And in Augsburg, when Luther was called upon to defend himself before Cardinal Cajetan, Staupitz, who had accompanied him, said,—“Recollect, my brother, that thou hast undertaken this business in the name of Jesus Christ.” Nevertheless a time was to come when the paths of the two would separate. Staupitz would, in a mild and animating manner, urge on Luther, the young hero of the faith, and direct him in the right way; but he himself was not of heroic spirit. His whole character, essentially founded upon love, was marked by the predominance of the inner life, and he undoubtedly followed the sure voice of his own nature thus appointed by God, when he did not array himself alongside of Luther as a combatant, but lingered on the outside of the question which had been propounded by him as a forerunner. For him the Word of Christ was a word of peace, for Luther a word of the sword. On this account the bolder Luther stepped forward, the more modestly the peaceable Staupitz withdrew; and at last nothing was left him but to betake himself from the field of contest to a place of secure quiet. He went to Salzburg, where he had a patron in the Archbishop Lang, and was active along with him as Court preacher. Here he entered the Benedictine Order, was made in 1522 Abbot of the Monastery of St. Peter, and later, Vicarius and Suffragan of the Archbishop. Until the day of his death—December 28, 1524—Staupitz labored in the spirit we have already recognized in him. He could not keep pace with Luther, but he did not array himself against his work. He took Luther's writings to Salzburg, and in that country laid the foundation for the transmission of a freer and more meditative spirit, from which partly proceeded the later evangelical movements that resulted in the expatriation of the evangelically inclined Salzburgers, in 1732. The personal relations between Staupitz and Luther were not indeed dissolved; it is true, some estrangement and reproaches were not wanting, but they could not separate from one another. Staupitz invited the persecuted Luther to come to him at Salzburg; *they would live and die together*. Luther wrote to him before his decease those grand and beautiful words: “If I have ceased to be loving and dear to thee, yet shall it not be right for me to forget thee or to be unthankful to him, *through whom first the Light of the Gospel began to shine in my heart out of the darkness.*”

We have three of Staupitz's *productions* still extant, which may enable us to understand his tone of thought and his inner life. They were written about the commencement of the Reformation, and their titles are as follows: “The precious Love of God,” “The Holy Christian Faith,” “The Imitation of the voluntary Death of Christ.” The beginning and end of Staupitz's treatises are these words of a childlike faith: “Jesus, I am thine; save me!” His solution of his theology was comprised in these words, which embodied its beginning, middle and end. The living Christ was every thing to him; the central point of the Scriptures, the revelation of the divine love and saving power, the only type which includes all, the ground of salvation for every one, and the efficacy of the communion of all the saints, and the source of the true unity of the Church. Herein Stau-

pitz stands on the platform which was esteemed as vital by the noblest German mystics before his time,—the platform of *Love*—the love of God, mediating through Christ and enkindling true human love. But he was not content with this alone; he pressed with all his power the necessity of repentance and faith, and the *imitation of Christ* proceeding from the same, in opposition to all mere doctrine of law or works, and here is that which placed him so near the Reformation, and made him a most direct pioneer of the same.

God—these are briefly the thoughts of Staupitz—is the actual love, perfect in itself. This highest love must be loved for its own sake, and above all else. A man cannot do this through others, because it is a matter of experience. He cannot learn it through his natural understanding, nor even from the letter of the Holy Scriptures. The true Teacher of the divine love is the Spirit of the Heavenly Father and of Christ, from whom our hearts are penetrated with love. God himself, who is love, must dwell in our souls,—whence all power proceeds to execute all the commandments; whence, and not simply from external perusal of the Scriptures, springs the light of Christian faith; whence flow also true hope and sure trust, which are grounded, not on our works,—not even on our love towards God, but on that love of God which He works in us. The love of God is formed in our hearts through Christ, in whom the unspeakable love of the Father is revealed to us. He is the stone in which the kindling spark of love rests; but this does not leap forth unless it be struck forth from the solid steel by the Holy Spirit. But when this takes place, then the sparks are kindled in the hearts of the faithful; love springs from love, from the love of God to us, our reflected love to God. This love does not always remain of the same degree, and man must sometimes perceive the withdrawal of love through his own weakness, in order that he may magnify God, as the only Saviour; still it is a sure, abiding work, and where it is perfect there is conformity with God and His will, there is freedom from servile relations to himself and all other creatures, and it is brought to pass that man, forgetting his own life and his own profit, only seeks the honor and will of God, and is reconciled in spirit with God.

True evidence of the divine love is to be had through faith in Christ. Believe in Him as the Son of God, and doubt not, or at least heartily desire to believe in Him, and thou shalt be blessed. They who believe in Christ, dare be certain as to their prospects for salvation: they will be *justified and born again*, and have *forgiveness of sins*,—which end, neither *confession* nor *penance*, nor any human work, can secure,—*nothing but faith in Christ*. Faith in Christ leaves no man resting on himself, but draws him away from himself, and rests not until he is reconciled with God. It so unites all believers that they have but one heart and one soul in God, whence springs the unity of the Church. It unites believers with Christ also, in such a manner that they become one body with Him, of which He is the Head and they are the members, and through this union Christ Himself, being in our hearts, pours forth all spiritual gifts.

From this follows also, through faith, the *imitation of Christ*, first in loving, and then chiefly in suffering and dying. Death came into the world through sin, and has, along with sin, been spread abroad over all mankind. Christ has conquered sin and death, and has become a pattern of the true suffering and dying which overcome sin and death. “If thou

diest like Christ, then beyond all doubt thou diest blessed. He who will do this, let him learn to die from St. Peter and the other saints, or see how the pious end their lives. I wish to learn from Christ and no one else; He is a pattern, from God, to me, of how we should labor, suffer and die. It is He alone, whom all men can imitate,—in Him is prefigured for each and every one, good living, suffering and dying, so that no one can live, suffer or die, unless in conformity with the example of Christ, in whose death all other death has been swallowed up.”

These are the ground thoughts of our Staupitz, which we have expressed for the most part in his own words. Who cannot see now of what peculiar elements the Reformation of the German Church has been composed:—that Christ is set forth as the only ground of salvation and Mediator of the divine Grace living in Her midst. Justification and pardon of sins proceed from Him through faith—the true unity of the Church is founded on Him—and above all, in opposition to every thing that is human, the honor is given to God and Christ. It does not require a moment’s reflection to understand that the hidden seed of all this lay in Staupitz’s soul, and that he was the means of implanting and developing it in Luther’s soul. Luther carried out what Staupitz had prepared; and in the latter there was foreshadowed all that was unfolded in the fulness and power of life of the former.

But we may honor unduly even him who plants and him who waters; we should honor them only as tools in *His* hands, by whom, in whom, and for whom are all things. We must say, with the great apostle, who might have boasted that he had done more than all the rest: “So then neither is he that planteth any thing, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase.”

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.—ITS BIBLICAL BACK-GROUND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHIFFER.

BY ELIA.

Thus we come to the *Biblical Back-ground* of the Christmas tree. The name of “Adam and Eve” has stood at the 24th of December, in the Christian calendar, ever since the fourth century, at which time Christmas began to be celebrated in Western Europe. If we call to remembrance that on the evening of this day the Christmas tree is lighted up; if we look up at its gilded and shining fruits; at all the pleasant gifts with which it is beautified; if we take into account the fact that in former times it was a general custom, and it is not yet quite obsolete, to place figures of Adam and Eve under the tree, while an angel, with a flaming sword, surmounted it; there can be no doubt of the Christian reminiscence intended to be brought back. In the first and chief place, it is to remind

us of the tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil (Gen. 3), which once stood in paradise; then it reminds us of the sin of the human race, of the need and longing for redemption. It is to represent to our senses that salvation which is brought and offered to us through the birth of Christ. Paradise is no longer lost, it is regained. The approach to the tree is no longer forbidden, but allowed. All can and should now have the bliss of looking at its lovely apples, and of eating of them to satiety. The serpent lurks no longer, cunning and deceitful, beneath its branches. Man has to bear the tantalizing torments of an ungratified longing no longer; the pleasant tree and its goodly fruit flee the outstretched hand no longer—freely and joyfully may we now take and eat, may we now see and taste the kindness of the Lord (Ps. 34: 8). A star is now often placed on the top of the tree, in the place of the angel, in reference to that star which guided the wise men from the East on their way to the manger at Bethlehem. But according to the oldest sacred records (Gen. 2: 9), there stood *two* trees in the midst of the garden, the tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, and the *tree of Life*. The express object of the expulsion from paradise after the fall, was (Gen. 3: 22): “Lest he put forth his hand and take also of the tree of Life, and eat, and live forever.” In this lies a proof of the parental love of God. For eternal life on earth, with the poison of the serpent in the conscience, would be no blessing, but rather the greatest torment to our race. Only think of the legend of Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew.

This tree of life of the sacred Scriptures, with which the “tree of life” of the ancient Germans presagefully bears the same name, a name which, unconsciously, even in our days, if given to a certain tree of the cypress species, is represented by the Christmas tree. Its vegetable life is represented in the ever-green of the fir tree, its productive life in its brilliant fruits; its life, in the highest divine sense of the word, is explained by the gift of eternal life which Christ gives to His people. Thence it is also, that ancient ecclesiastical art represents Christ as the second Adam with the apple in his hand.

The new-born Saviour of the world has again opened up the way to this tree. By grace in Christ we can now approach and eat, and live forever. Christ himself is the Way to it, and to the genuine Eden of the New Covenant. Therefore the Christmas tree beams, on the night of his birth, with beautiful lights and precious fruits, the emblem of the tree of life primeval, and ever new, because eternal.

But are not those fruits new and strange, which the rootless, withered branch of the fir tree, on Christmas, bears? The Bible, as well as the truthful presentiment of the old German legend, gives us an answer to this question. Who is not acquainted with the story of the rod of Aaron, at first dead, and then covered with blossoms and fruits, which, laid rootless on the ground, received this new, miraculous life, in *one night*? Moses tells of this wonderful tree in the 17th chapter of Numbers. This rod was laid up in the ark of the Covenant in the Tabernacle, as a token of remembrance, and to the same purpose it stood on old Jewish coins. The German legend of the Middle Ages speaks of two quite similar stories, which also have grown up on a biblical subsoil.

There was once a German knight, his name was Tannhäuser—Richard Wagner has made him immortal by the beautiful opera called after him—

who led a merry, worldly life. No sin was too bad for him. In this way he spent his youth. When he became of a more sedate age a mighty fear fell upon him. He commenced to ask himself whether there still could be mercy for him with God. He could not satisfy himself. Then, in conformity with the belief of the times, he thought: You must go to Rome and ask the Pope. So, clothing himself in a worn-out smock frock, and with a withered white staff in hand, he travelled off, over the Alps, to Rome, amid many prayers and tears. Thus he arrived at Rome and gained admittance to the Pope, to whom he confessed all his sins, great and small, just as a penitent does. Then he added the question whether he had any right to expect mercy and pardon. When he ceased speaking, the Holy Father took the pilgrim's staff from his hand, and set it against the wall, adding: "There will be grace for you as soon as this dead staff commences to put forth leaves." The knight departed in deep sorrow. On the third day the Pope again entered the same room; the staff had put forth leaves and blossoms, to testify that there is grace and forgiveness with God for the greatest sinner when he repents.

The legend of the Emperor Barbarossa, who sleeps enchanted in the mountain of Kyffhäuser, is similar, but somewhat differently turned. When the emperor once awakens and comes out of the subterranean house in which he lives an enchanted life, when once the ravens cease to fly around the mountain, he will hang his shield upon a *dead tree*, which will immediately be clothed with verdure and this is the beginning of *better times*.

"Green is the golden tree of life." To become green is a sign of new, fresh life. Grun or grün (green) meant the same as *sinless* in the Middle Ages. Thus the eve before the day of Christ's death is called Green Thursday, (Eng. Maunday Thursday). This does not at all mean that on this day nature commences to clothe herself in vernal green (Ps. 23: 2), or that it is the day of bitter herbs (Ex. 12: 8; Num. 9: 11), which were eaten at the time of the Passover; but it denotes the day of the *green*—*dies viridium*, i. e. the day of those *delivered from sin* and *freed from punishment*. The saying of Jesus, in Luke 23: 31, belongs here: "for if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?" As the repentant, pardoned sinner commences a new life, a life which bears the fruits of the Spirit, the connexion is at once seen between the Mediæval "grun" and our "grün;" as also the connexion between the German legends and their biblical back-ground. And at the same time the contrast is explained, in which the green Christmas tree is to the other trees out of doors, which now all stand naked and leafless.

If the Christmas tree, richly and beautifully adorned with fruits, recalls paradise (delight) to mind; if the *green* tree recalls the verdure of Aaron's rod; then the burning Christmas tree represents the burning bush which Moses, the servant of God, and the future redeemer of his people, beheld on Mount Horeb. According to the Scriptures (Ex. 3: 2), "the Angel of the Lord appeared to him in a flame of fire, out of a burning bush: and he looked, and behold, the bush burned with fire and the bush was not consumed." When about to approach, a voice called out to him: "Draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from off thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." The Christmas tree burns, but is not consumed; in the light of the flames, which shine through the dark branches of the fir tree, a higher light, a heavenly fire beams upon us.

God himself, who is a light, and in whom is no darkness, Jesus Christ, the Light of the world, who came to earth to kindle a *fire*, the Holy Spirit of God, who on the day of Pentecost appeared in tongues of *fire*—in a word, the Divine Being himself is here revealed, and comes to a visible manifestation.

Such a presentiment had the myths of Heathenism, and the Jehovah-faith of the Jews, who considered the fire as a symbol of the Theophanes. Such a light, in a spiritual sense, shines down upon us from the burning Christmas tree, and no severe law, no cruel prohibition frightens us back, when we, like Moses, wish to “turn aside and see this great sight.” But the Good News from the mouth of the Christmas-angel calls, and invites us gently and kindly, to “come near, for the place whereon we stand is holy ground.”

Prophecy, as well as the sacred history of the Old Covenant, takes up the figure of the tree, and gives it an historical, but at the same time a visionary significance. According to the prophets, the historical Christ himself, the flower and noblest fruit of the tribes of Israel, and of the royal race of David, is to be considered as the new tree of Life for humanity, and the Christmas tree becomes, finally and immediately, an emblem of the person of Christ.

Just as the fir, decorated as Christmas tree, is the only green tree in the desolate and cold time of winter, thus Christ appears as the only green, living Branch and Stem in our otherwise cold and fruitless humanity, which slept the long winter-sleep of indifference and ignorance, or of self-sufficiency and self-deification, the sleep of sin and death. Thus do both the great prophets, Isaiah and Jeremiah, represent the expected Messiah: “And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a branch shall grow out of his roots” [Is. 11: 1]. “Behold the days shall come, saith the Lord, that I will raise unto David a righteous branch, and a king shall reign and prosper, and execute judgment and justice in the earth” [Jeremiah 23: 5]. This Branch, this sprout of the race David, grew up in the still secrecy of the Christmas eve, planted into the old dead stem of humanity, and now has become a glorious tree, which, mounting up, tall and free, like a fir tree, lifts its crest up to the heavens, spreads its leaves far abroad, and stands among men beneficent and magnificent, full of light-blossoms like the Christmas tree, and full of ripe and precious fruit. Only a joyous, child-like heart, only an open, thankfully receiving hand, is necessary to take and eat of this tree of faith and bliss.

In this spirit the Theologian, the seer of the New Covenant, prophesies, when through him the Spirit of the Churches, that is, the Holy Spirit of God, says: “*To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God.*” All that the Holy Scriptures offer for our purpose, is concentrated in these words, and conducted to the highest, holiest summit of glory. For, according to it, we must look aloft from the earthly Christmas tree, to the keeping of the feast there above, in the home of the blessed, where, surrounded by the solemn glories of Heaven, and re-echoing the triumphant psalms of the upper choirs, the Tree of Life is beheld and enjoyed, in everlasting peace.

GRACE APPREHENDING AND APPREHENDED.*

BY PROF. E. E. HIGBEE.

“ * * * But I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which I am apprehended of Christ Jesus.” Philippians iii. 12.

The Apostle here acknowledges that some mysterious power has taken hold of him, the full scope of which he is not himself as yet able to grasp. Its presence as coming down from Christ, and as operative under Him toward some end, is felt: and there is an awakened endeavour consciously to apprehend such end, and also a struggle to reach it, as “the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.” This power seems to be regarded as a vast overwhelming mystery—wider than all experience,—transcending the limits of all thought,—immeasurably beyond the whole order of nature,—and yet challenging the most earnest efforts of the Apostle to apprehend its power, and grasp the compass of its activity. The mystery in question is regarded not as something present merely, but as something active, moving all in its sphere, as apprehended and apprehending, onward out of sin and death into righteousness and glorification, out of this passing *seculum* into one imperishable and eternal.

Not only here, but elsewhere, and with striking uniformity, does St. Paul make this acknowledgment, both as regards himself and those whom he addresses. Throughout his epistles, he distinctly declares, not to a few, but to the whole Church, that they are in the very midst of heavenly powers; seated in heavenly places in Christ Jesus; crucified, buried, and risen with Him; called and justified and even glorified in Him. To the *Corinthians*, and while rebuking them for their divisions, and hence not to a special sainted few, but to all, he writes, “Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?” To the *Colossians*, and while earnestly exhorting them to mortify their members which are upon the earth, he writes, “for ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.” In fine, every where he urges obedience, and calls to the practice of Christian duties, and warns against sins, just because of some high privilege, and calling, and *positive condition of grace* back of all personal qualification, and yet by no means separate, but in some mysterious way at the very base of every possible process towards heaven. Whenever his

* This discourse was delivered by appointment before the Tercentenary Convention in Reading, Pa., Trinity Sunday evening, 1864. According to the request of many who heard it, the Author furnished it for the *Guardian*. The Aug. No. 1864, for which it had been set up, together with the Manuscript, was burnt in the Printing office in Chambersburg by the Rebels. The Author has kindly reproduced it for the *Guardian* at our request. Thus, so far as this excellent discourse is concerned, the Rebel rage has been frustrated. Would that many other valuables there destroyed could in like manner be restored!—ED. OF GUARDIAN.

mind turns to the condition into which in the Church those have been brought whom he addresses, and brought too primarily in some way entirely differing from the whole idea of merely moral influence, whether exerted by precept or example, then invariably comes the emphatic *therefore* of his exhortation, and without the least apparent difficulty about the logic that may be violated. *Ye are called; therefore* make your calling sure. *Ye are risen; therefore* set your affections upon things above. *Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God; therefore* mortify your members, and so on, in just the same order of thought, through every epistle, and to the whole Church indiscriminately, and to children even without a moment's hesitation, and without lowering at all the sublime tone of his admonition.

It may be said in this connection, that no statement, perhaps, could be more in accordance with the method of this Apostle's thought, than the one in the opening of our own catechism "*Ye belong to Christ:*" therefore come to know how great your sins and miseries are.

Surely, in St. Paul's view, something of no ordinary significance and force has taken hold of those to whom he thus speaks:—some mysterious, heavenly reality is made to surround both himself and them, to which his and their continuous and adoring efforts of apprehension should be directed.

What is this power? What is this mysterious, heavenly reality, reaching us, and yet so vastly above us; without us, and yet in some way so within us, that we are directed to it as at once apprehending us, and to be apprehended by us? To dismiss questions of this solemn import, is to do injustice to the word of God. Though a thousand difficulties, which seemed not to environ the Apostle, may perplex our minds, it is but a weak surrender of the supernatural, not to feel that we are challenged by such questions throughout the New Testament. We repeat then, what is this great apprehending mystery, to which the Apostle refers?

The only general answer which we are able to give is that it is grace—a supernatural order of life, reaching us, and apprehending us in a sacramental way:—having its source in an incarnate, suffering, and dying, but now risen and glorified Redeemer: having its fulness of application through the descent of the Holy Ghost, organically in the Holy Catholic Church: coming into contact with our fallen humanity potentially, to release it, in one baptism for the remission of sin: consciously apprehended, so far as apprehension be possible, by the divine gift of faith, through which its enlightening and enlivening energy is made to permeate our whole being, thus inwardly and really coming to a self-authentication in our wills and intellect (an energy, strengthened by a confirmation more than earthly, and nourished by more than manna,—by the sacramental flesh and blood of Christ); answering our acknowledged contrition amidst temptations and falls, with its comforting pardon; crowning our worship with its hallowed benedictions; sending us into the world with authority by its divine commission and gift of apostleship; covering every relation of life, from the nuptial altar to the opened grave; turning every where water into wine, and moving on amidst the ages, and vanishing powers of the world with ever-conquering march, until our risen and glorified humanity, body, soul, and spirit, shall reach the pearly gates, and join the sounding hallelujahs of heaven.

As sunlight fills the blue vault above, and yet bathes in liquid glory the

meadows and wild woods beneath, glowing in the clouds, and in the dew, shimmering on the water, and glinting on the moss, and moving with radiant pomp every where before the vision: so the great mystery of grace in Christ, awakening the ecstasy of the angelic hosts, unfolds its own increasing fulness in every relation of our life, to the vision of faith; an encompassing light and glory as from the Sun of righteousness, risen with healing in his wings.

The mystery of grace referred to, first apprehended humanity, when the Word became flesh and dwelt among us. The apprehension here, was not an influence, reaching individuals of the race numerically here and there; but it was of such character as to organically lay hold of human nature itself. In other words, in the person of Christ, by supernatural conception and real birth, humanity was recapitulated and redeemed. There is a common life of the race, over and above the individual, and in which the individual is comprehended—in which he lives and moves and has his being. Humanity is a whole, and not a mere aggregation of individuals—an organism, and not an abstract generality in way of logical conception. It has its generic head in Adam, and in Adam therefore fell. Sin lays hold of its order of life. But in Christ it is reheaded, if the term may be allowed, and in Him rises from the fall, and is glorified. Christ perfecting himself through suffering, conquering death, and carrying his victorious grace into Hades, rises again above all opposing forces—the whole law of sin and death, and leading captivity captive, and having all power in heaven and in earth, opens the way for the descending gift of the Holy Ghost (as breathed from Him thus exalted and glorified) and thus becomes the exhaustless source of the commission, “Go ye therefore and make disciples of all nations.” The redemptive grace of Christ’s person through the gift of the Holy Ghost, comes now to apply itself to men, apprehending them in a new order of life—in a new and supernatural kingdom—a life communion, no longer resting in the *first* and fallen Adam, but in the second and risen one, as its living head, and its vital plastic principle. This supernatural order is the Holy Catholic Church, and the Communion of saints. In this supernatural kingdom, the consciousness of which is alone made possible by faith, individuals are apprehended of Christ Jesus, through the Holy Ghost. To this mystery the Apostle refers beyond all question in the text. This apprehension, from the very nature of the case, is sacramental, and not in the order of nature as such. Flesh has no possibility of grasping the reality, though we may conceive that the mystery in question was integrally in the plan of creation from the start, and that man originally was to find here the proper completion of the whole order of the universe in its relation to God, and therefore of himself, yet there can be no grasping of the reality. The will cannot be operative here in the way of origination, and there can be no *congruous* or *condign* merit in any human activity. The earthly cannot of itself transcend its own limits. It cannot move beyond the base, on and in which it stands. The fall is of such overwhelming character also, as to leave the individual hopelessly lost in the general wreck, though travailing in pain with the whole creation, waiting for redemption. The word of God, with profound depth of meaning, after the command, Go ye therefore and make disciples, adds “by baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.”

There is a baptism for the remission of sin. There is, in other words, a sacramental apprehension of men, never lost sight of by the Apostle, wherein the kingdom of grace comes into contact with the order of their life. St. Paul says to the Galatians, "for as many of you as have been baptized into Christ, have put on Christ." To the Colossians,—“buried with Him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with Him.” * * * *

In such sacramental apprehension, vast issues are involved. Men are called and elected—risen with Christ—placed in the order of Grace, and pointed heavenward in a way quite beyond the reach of nature. The whole after process of sanctification and glorification in faith here finds its foundation. The resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting all the while rest upon this antecedent reality. Such we say is the order of St. Paul's faith: such also is the order of the Apostles' Creed.

Thus far we have only looked at the mystery of grace as apprehending us. The text, however, refers us to our apprehension of it also. This apprehension must be in the sphere of grace. Faith, not as abruptly related to man, but a gift of God finding lodgment in us, as originally allied to the heavenly world, brings home to our consciousness this reality of apprehending grace. Here it authenticates itself and really enters the will generating virtue, and covers the intellect, giving us knowledge not falsely so called. Thus in the apprehension of grace, neither the will nor the intellect, though following after, are blindly controlled by an overwhelming authority which is all the while foreign and apart with no inward relation.

* * * * In view of this, given in such brief and imperfect outline, the Apostle declares of himself, "I follow after, striving to apprehend—striving to bring fully into the sphere of consciousness *that for which*, namely the great mystery of grace in the direction and end of its activity—that for which I am apprehended of Christ Jesus."

We have said that the whole order of St. Paul's epistles are just of this character; and we may here add that there is an awful solemnity surrounding all his exhortations and rebukes from just this reason. He exclaims, "What! *know* ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own?" It is impossible, however, to regard these exhortations as even intelligible, without the accompanying truth, that it is quite possible to fail in a proper and continuous self-apprehension of this apprehending grace—to fail in following after and in making such election and high calling sure. This possibility seems always present to the Apostle's mind, filling him with such solemn pastoral anxiety. In our own catechism there is the same underlying conception, more or less clearly brought to our view. It may be impossible for us to bring it into harmony with those theories of predestination which mark the speculations of Ursinus (if his commentaries be true to the original lectures): and whether the full force of it were definitely before the mind, when placed in the catechism, may perhaps be questioned, and form a theme of legitimate controversy and earnest examination: but by no means can we question the fact that it was *felt*, nor are we called upon to set it aside in the interest of more private speculations. The catechumen, as already apprehended in the sphere of grace, is challenged at once to speak from it, "I belong to Christ," and just for this reason is challenged again to see to it that in such possession and comfort he live and die happily.

* * * * But time forbids us to pursue this theme further; and there is an application involved in the method of thought brought to view in the text, appropriate to this official close of our *Tercentenary Jubilee*, which claims attention.

We cannot keep too steadily before our minds, that in the onward developments of the Christian Church we are as individuals all the while consciously or unconsciously apprehended by its mystery. The general ever goes before to take us up into its compass of action, not, of course, as a blind and outwardly overruling authority, but as that, in which freely we come to live and move. Out of it we are slaves to self. In it we should and can be free and active. We should follow after not blindly, but to apprehend.

Nothing can be more evident to any one acquainted with the matter, than that in our own Church, especially for the past twenty years, there have been tendencies whose force has been of such apprehending character, as to have seized upon the leading minds of the whole body—tendencies on the one hand negative, as earnestly opposing the extensively prevalent rationalistic spiritualism of American Protestantism, and on the other hand positive, as bringing into clearer consciousness and hence into more active influence those truly catholic conceptions of the Church and sacramental grace, which bind us in harmony with the primitive Church and the fundamental creeds of Christendom. It is quite impossible to single out any individual as in the proper sense of the term, *originating* them. Rather must we recognize that, in the genius of our Church itself, a power more comprehensive and profound, has made itself so felt as to draw into its movement those who now stand so conspicuously forward in their apprehension of it. The whole idea of what is called *Mercersburg* theology, the whole profound liturgical agitation, the peculiar theological earnestness which marked the opening of this Jubilee at Philadelphia—all this is not accidental—not a matter of happy suggestion and fortunate concert merely: but rather the outward utterance of a truly great movement whose source is generically in the genius of the Church itself. Though such a movement from just this reason should generate conflict, earnest controversy, and even bitter persecution, making many waver, and feel doubtful of the issue: yet in the very midst of all this, it is not only apprehending us, but coming to move us to more or less powerful momentum in the whole sphere of American Protestantism.

It is quite unjust then, and equally unphilosophical to feel for a moment that such theological earnestness—such solemn graspings of speculative thought as we have engaged in, confine themselves to the sphere of intellect alone. They apprehend the will, lay hold of the whole practical energy of the Church. What we now see around us in this jubilee—the awakened interest in, and the enkindled love for our catechism, wreathing it with laurels, and marking our gratitude by a wide-spread and still spreading liberality, endowing our seats of learning, and quickening all the benevolent operations of our whole Church—these are the practical results—these are the legitimate fruits which after the toil, as they ripen, we gladly gather.

It is here then, in this inner movement, to which reference has been made, more than any where else, that we may, as a Church, discover after all the real mission in which we are called to labor. Shall we carry it on to its proper consummation in the years to come? Shall we strive to ap-

prehend it, and apprehending give it free course to manifest its power in our order of worship, in our discipline, in our thinking, and in the whole compass of our practical life? Gathered together here, as we are, to close officially this festival year, shall we close it as with a bar, or shall we close it, as the flower-bud closes, holding the germ as a base of continuous growth and reproduction?

Our theological earnestness should be perpetuated, gaining fresh impulse from the year gone by. There is a monument here more enduring than marble or brass, and no Church is more loudly called upon to rear it amidst the sandy waste around than are we. Concentrated resolution, nerved by an intelligent apprehension of the issues, should give to this inner thought mission of our Church every aid and every facility for conquest. The widespread and awakened liberality of our people, which has gathered its offerings and brought them here to be consecrated for God's glory, should be encouraged to repeat itself with a growing perseverance; and the offerings themselves should with intelligent prudence be made to go hand in hand in aiding to accomplish the peculiar mission which the genius of our Church now so forcibly presses upon us. Let us follow after, while looking thankfully to the past, and strive with earnest endeavor to apprehend that for which we are apprehended in the onward developments of the kingdom of Grace, confident that having kept the faith (not made it), and having finished our course, we may rest in the glorious hope of our crown, even if it be a martyr's crown.—Amen.

NEXT SABBATH.

It may never come. To some persons it will never come. If it should come to you, how do you anticipate spending it—for pleasure or for profit, in the service of self and the world, or in the service of God? Every man should have a purpose and fixed habits, not only through the week, but also on the Sabbath, which has its appropriate duties. How many wisely make their calculations for the week, and leave the Sabbath to chance! They have no plan about it. The first they economize well, the second, they thoughtlessly squander. Upon the one, may depend temporal interests, upon the other, his eternal condition. Then do not leave the matter to accident. Let not another Sabbath be wasted. If you are forty years old, almost six years of Sabbaths have gone, and the man of seventy has had ten. If all these were improved, what would be the result? The Jews termed the Sabbath the "day of light;" the Africans, "Ossaday, the day of silence;" the Creek Indians, "the praying day;" the early Christians, "queen of days;" all significant. It is the Lord's day, the day of rest. How will you spend the next?—*Morning Star*.

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Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
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Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN will enter upon its XVth volume, on the first of January next. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. It remains under the editorial management of its founder, Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which characterize the family magazine.

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MARCH.

1865.

S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.
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The Guardian.

VOL. XVI.—MARCH, 1865.—No. 3.

THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS—ITS SIGNIFICANCE AND GRACE.

BY REV. SAMUEL H. GIESY.

“And Jesus *increased* in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.”—
Luke ii. 52.

“Is there any mediatorial virtue in the childhood of Jesus?” This question, proposed to a ministerial brother, was very emphatically answered in the negative. “In what facts or features of His person and work did such saving merit reside?” Promptly the answer came: “In His passion and death on the cross.” “Then, you make, of course, little account of the Incarnation, and stand in plain opposition to the Scriptures, which make His power to save start in His supernatural conception and birth of the Virgin Mary. Starting there, His youth, even as His active manhood, must have carried with it atoning virtue and merit.” Let us see whether the point was not well put.

The broad negative given to the first question is in full keeping with our modern habit of theological thought, which sees little significance in anything but the words and works of Christ—the sufferings and death of Christ. So exclusively is pulpit instruction engaged with these topics, that currency, and, without intending it, perhaps, authority even has been given to the opinion, that all the virtue and merit of the great atonement are comprised in the above prominent facts.

This much is clear, the power of salvation is not linked to the *words*, but the *person* of Christ. Truth cannot save. Its office is only to make clear our need of salvation, and bring us to the Saviour. Hence the little anxiety which He manifested to give His teachings any permanent form. We have no full and formal statement of doctrine prepared by his own hand. The Evangelists, in their biographies of that wondrous Life, had

no such systematic and authoritative "Body of Divinity" to fall back upon as an infallible rule and guide. Not a single word did He write. Nor did another write at His dictation. As much as twenty years elapsed ere the first record was made, and any word of His, speaking as "never man spake," was committed to writing. Not all, only the substance of Christ's personal teaching was thus, by others, not by any effort of His own, preserved to all future ages. This fact now clearly indicates, that in the mind of Christ Himself, the power or principle of salvation was not, under the form merely of moral suasion and conviction, inherent in His teachings.

And, full as much do we come short of the truth, if we attempt to limit and localize the power of salvation to a *single* point in our Lord's earthly career. Such localization of His mediatorial virtue, by reason of such prominence, ignores, at least seemingly, the saving significance and efficacy of all that preceded and all that succeeded that one event. There is no question that the whole life of Christ looked forward to its bloody issue on Calvary. The Scriptures make full and strong account of that great necessity. By type, and figure, and in sanguinary reality, they say: "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things?" But by immediately following that interrogative affirmation with the words, "And to enter into His *glory*," do they not express this clearly, that His death on the cross is not to be regarded as gathering up in itself exclusively all His mediatorial virtue and merit? That the completion of His redemptive work required His personal return to the "glory which He had with the Father before the world was." Sadly, indeed, both for Him and us, would His redeeming work have ended, had His burial not been followed by His resurrection and ascension.

Now, as we dare not thus, by giving exclusive prominence to His passion and death, ignore, as it were, the necessity of His final triumph over death and the grave, so neither can we ignore the necessity of that moral and spiritual development—that *perfecting* of character growing out of actual contact with and the repulsion of evil, as it crowded upon our human life at all points, and through all ages, from earliest childhood to the crowning glory of manhood. Hence, the mediatorial merit of Christ we find linked to His person, as He meets successively the trials and temptations, the sufferings and sorrows, the strivings and struggles, the sins and sighings incident to every stage of human life. We find redeeming virtue in the obedience of His childhood—His patient subjection to His reputed parents. We regard His experiences and privations in this period, although in the sacred record not standing out boldly, like the salient points of a painting, yet, even as the light clouds and the tinted foliage, all the shaded and softened lines of beauty are necessary to the completeness of that projected landscape, as truly meritorious as His agony in the garden and His death on the cross. And this ought not to sound strange to any ear, at all events, familiar with the answer in the Heidelberg Catechism to the question: "What dost thou understand by the word *suffered*?" The same thought has ample support in *the ultimate appeal* for all truth touching the work of human redemption.

Vigorously has an English divine said: "In Christ the Divine and Human blended; Immutability joined itself to mutability. There was in Him the Divine which remained fixed; the Human, which was constantly developing. One uniform idea and purpose characterized His whole life,

with a Divine immutable unity throughout, but it was subject to the laws of human growth. For the soul of Christ was not cast down upon this world a perfect thing at once. Spotless?—Yes. Faultless?—Yes. Tempted in all points without sin?—Yes. But perfection is more than faultlessness. All Scripture coincides in telling us, that the ripe perfection of His manhood was reached step by step. There was a power and a life within Him which were to be developed, and which could only be developed, like all human strength and goodness, by toil of brain and heart. Life up-hill all the way; and every foot-print by which He climbed left behind for us, petrified upon the hard rock, and indurated into history forever, to show us when, and where, and how He toiled and won."

Though seldom a topic of pulpit ministration or religious literature, the childhood of Jesus, in its development and discipline, is full of significance and instruction.

There has always been a prurient curiosity to know something about the boyhood of great men. It is taken for granted, that persons who stirred the men of their age with their eloquence, or guided the destiny of empires, or achieved some military greatness, or rose to eminence in the sphere of letters, science, or mechanic arts, must already in boyhood have given some evidence of such precocity of intellect, or executive talent, or faculty to sway and command. And biographers generally minister to this appetite for the marvellous. Some remarkable incidents, happening in the formative period of their character whose life they are writing, are seized upon as strong prophecies of their after greatness. The biographers of Napoleon, with evident delight, thus relate, how, when a student at the Military Academy at Brienne, he directed one very severe winter, the building of snow fortifications, and then headed the storming party which, after several days of hard fighting, succeeded in capturing the works. Only recently it has been discovered that Lieut. Gen. Grant, when a child of but two years old, fired off a pistol, and was so much delighted with the operation as to want to repeat the experiment. The biographers of Sir Isaac Newton, the great mathematician and the discoverer of the laws of gravitation, relate how, when quite a small boy, he was found by one of his uncles beneath a hedge studying the propositions of Euclid. On the authority of the Rabbis, Josephus tells us of Moses, how, when the King of Egypt took the rescued infant from his daughter's arms, and playfully put the glittering crown on his head, he pettishly took it off and threw it down. And Josephus tells us of himself, with a large admixture of self-conceit, how, when a boy, no more than fourteen years of age, he was actually consulted on points of law by the high priests and principal men of Jerusalem.

The writers of the Apocryphal Gospels make sad work of the childhood of Jesus in attempting to make Him out a great prodigy. Miracles wholly incongruous with His high and holy character are ascribed to Him in infancy and youth. St. John expressly tells us, that "the beginning of miracles" was the transmutation of water into wine at the marriage at Cana of Galilee. But these Apocryphal Evangelists, ambitious of showing how His power of working miracles very early manifested itself, hesitated not to invent the most absurd stories. They tell us, how, on one occasion, in His anger He turned into kids children who refused to play with Him; how, on another, when a boy accidentally ran against Him and threw Him

over, He, in His quick revenge, said: "Fall thou also, and never rise again," and the child immediately expired.

The proverb is a current one: "The boy is father to the man." The proverb is founded in truth. It rests on indubitable facts. From such a childhood then as is attributed by these Apocryphal writers to Jesus, we should naturally expect such a boy to grow up a capricious, passionate, vindictive and revengeful person, a character vastly different from the "meek and lowly" Jesus of the true Gospels.

Even when those Apocryphal writers do not represent Him in similar acts, possessing a vindictiveness wholly incompatible with His gracious character and mission, their conception of Him evidently rises no higher than that of a sportive conjurer. They tell us, how, on one occasion, He and His companions having moulded birds out of clay, and, on clapping His hands, His fly away; how, on another, going into a dyer's establishment, and finding the dyer out, He threw all the garments in the place into a vat of one color, but, lo, when taken out, each was of the precise color ordered.

These absurd stories of the Apocryphal Evangelists, serve to impress us with the grandeur of the solemn stillness and reserve of the true Gospels, touching the period of His youth. In contrast, how sublime is this single, simple touch given of His childhood, in these words of St. Luke's account: "And Jesus *increased* in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." These words place Him before us as a true human child, growing up through childhood according to the laws of a true human development. He was a real child; not that human monstrosity, a man in a child's form and in child's years. He was not that extraordinary prodigy, out of the common course of nature, exciting the wonder and astonishment of all, which the Apocryphal Gospels represent Him to have been. By no act or word incongruous with that period, could He have obliterated the character of childhood. He could not have displayed the miraculous powers they ascribe to Him; otherwise it would not afterwards have been said: "Neither did His brethren believe in Him." Had He *then* manifested any such supernatural powers, His subsequent fame would have been no matter of surprise and wonder to His own towns people: "From whence hath *this* man these things? and what wisdom is this which is given unto Him, that even such mighty works are wrought by His hands? Is not this the *carpenter*; the son of Mary?" The "mighty works" of His perfect manhood surprised and astonished them, because, having known Him from His childhood, nothing of the kind had they seen in Him—nothing to awaken in their minds even the suspicion of the presence of such wondrous power. It must, therefore, be said of Christ in this early and formative period of His character, in the language of St. Paul: "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child."

All this shows that His childhood was real and natural. It shows that, like every human child, He grew up in a normal way, under the eye and tuition of His parents, under the discipline and training of a true home life; but unlike the merely human child, "without sin." In this respect only, He differed from the children of all previous and subsequent ages.

It is a beautiful and suggestive thought, that Jesus, the Eternal Son of God, had a "human and progressive childhood;" that He grew within

the sacred precincts and influences of a religious home. After all, it is there where the strongest and holiest characters are made. Men, like plants, are more vigorous for having grown for a season in the shade. They have had time to strike root; time to be "rooted and grounded" in the faith. The forcing, stimulating heat of any hot-bed arrangement spoils true character. It is under the gentle and genuine influences of a well-ordered home, where is slowly but surely ripened and matured that strength of character indispensable to true greatness.

The age and the country have lost much in the loss of homes. There is no want of talk about our American homes; but, alas! the sacred reality seems to have passed away. Under the artificial stimulus of the *fashionable* order of things, we have long since ceased to have boys and girls; they are young men and young ladies, with the vanity of the coxcomb, and the finesse of the flirt. Boyhood and girlhood, as a period of necessary and wholesome discipline, has been swept away as an antiquated and obsolete idea. How much is lost to the youth themselves because of the artificial and forced culture of mind and feelings, so largely in vogue at the present day! In education, the ornamental and the showy supersede the solid and useful. Fashionable airs take the place of good common sense, in social life. The airy nothingness of fluent conversation passes for the possession of fine colloquial powers. Genuine feeling is crushed beneath the superabundant rubbish of current sentimentalism. Home, as a place of filial subjection, and youth as a season of obedience and deference to others, have lost this original and sacred character, and the result you find cropping out in every species of precocious and self-asserting independence. We have too much school-mannerism, and too little solid, sensible, home-training.

Happy the child, who, under proper home-influences, awakens to the full consciousness of, and solid preparation for life's solemn responsibilities and duties. It was in the shade of such a pious home at Nazareth, where He acted, for a longer period than usual, the part of a grateful and obedient son, that Jesus came forth a matured and perfect Man.

Close attention to the words of the Evangelist will discover to us, that the early development and discipline of Jesus are spoken of under three particulars—physical growth, intellectual growth, moral and spiritual growth.

He "increased in stature." There does not, at first sight, seem to be any thing striking in this declaration. But we shall find it full of significance touching the fact and reality of our Lord's incarnation. Asserting the fact of His bodily growth, it determines two things—the realness of His humanity, and, in order to the redemption of our human life in its separate stages, the absolute necessity of His assuming our nature from the very beginning of our fallen life.

His physical growth shows He had a true human body. It was veritable flesh and blood, not an illusion; not the form and semblance only of a body, but a reality. It was no empty appearance, no show, no pantomime, no phantom, nothing apparitional, but an actual human body, subject to all the laws of physical growth. First the babe, then the boy, and then the man. Like as it is in the world of nature: "First the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear." Hence it is said, Jesus "*increased in stature.*" He advanced in age, and advancing in age, He gradually

grew in bodily proportions. With increasing years increasing size, and strength, and powers of endurance came. He was a babe in His mother's arms. At twelve years of age, He was large and strong enough to be found in the temple, conversing with the learned Rabbis.

But, besides defining the true humanity of Christ, the expression under consideration points out the necessity of His taking up our human life in its infantile beginning, in order to sanctify and redeem all stages of human existence. In this respect, and necessarily so, His human beginning differed widely from that of the first Adam. Adam and Eve were full-formed at once. They were made in the perfection of manhood, and the matured beauty of womanhood. In their case, there were no years of increasing stature; no successive stages of physical development and growth. But "forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood," Jesus became one with us in the cradle, as in the grave. To redeem our entire earthly life from the curse of sin and the thralldom of death, He started with the stream of our life in its fountain, where the placid waters seem to creep along, scarcely stirred by a single ripple, following it as it meanders over the sunny fields of childhood and early youth; following it on its appointed course as it sweeps along with a bolder and broader current, breasting the sorrows, bearing the duties, and braving the struggles incident to manly years, to pour at last the mighty gathering of its waters into "that unfathomed, boundless sea—the silent grave." Thus in all the stages of human existence, He was made "like unto His brethren." He was an infant for the sanctification of infancy; a child for the sanctification of childhood; a man for the sanctification and leadership of manhood, according to the sublime thought of Irenæus. He passed through the several stages of human life, up to the *flowering* period of manhood, bringing, with His fellowship of suffering and struggle, redemptive and mediatorial virtue to each and all.

But it is farther added, Jesus "*increased in wisdom.*" The intellect is no less an essential part of true humanity than a human body. And as such, it is subject to the same process of development and expansion as the body. Its growth keeps pace with the growth of the body, until that attains the fulness of its stature. But there the growth of the intellect does not stop. Fresh acquisitions of learning, and larger stores of information, will be witnessed to in greater intellectual ability, and wider range of thought. One Alpine height scaled, inspires and helps him to scale the loftier peaks beyond.

The normal process of mental development is gradual. Some time always elapses before the child comes to full self-consciousness. He speaks of himself, not in the first, but the third person. It is two or three years before he comes to know himself as an individual distinct and separate from others. This dawning of consciousness is followed by steady acquisitions, but only in the common and ordinary way—by habits of inquiry, educational training, and collision with other minds. All acquisition of knowledge is marked by studious and persevering application. No natural brilliancy can supersede the necessity of plodding study. Wisdom is not intuitive, but acquired. Perseverance is rewarded by the largest acquisition. The sluggard falls behind. The faithful student sweeps onward. He gets more strength of intellect, wider stretch of mental vision, clearer apprehension of things, and a larger fund of knowledge by close and more tho-

rough attention to the resources of information. In the true human child the increase in wisdom follows the increase in stature, but ends not with that. A thoughtful man is always learning.

We are not derogating any from the divine character of Christ in affirming, that His increase in wisdom followed these natural and ordinary laws of mental development. The self-imposed limitation of His omniscience involved just such a necessity. The *preternaturalness* of His character did not remove the necessities inhering in His *naturalness*. His Divinity did not make Him an unnatural prodigy. He was a true human child in the sphere of learning, as in the sphere of every other sinless feature of our nature. No miraculous agency superseded the necessity, even in His case, of acquiring knowledge in the usual method. Speaking humanly, His increase in wisdom was made after the ordinary method of mental improvement—an inquiring habit and contact with written and spoken thought. We find evidence of both these in the only incident of His boyhood that is recorded—His being found in the temple by His reputed parents, *hearing* the doctors of the law, and *asking* them questions. He was, then, both an attentive *listener*, and an eliciting *inquirer*. And, when reproached by His parents for the uneasiness His absence from them had occasioned, He makes the reply: “Why did ye seek me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father’s business?” In this answer, we discover only the *dawning* consciousness of the relation He sustained to the Father.

Nor is the subsequent surprise of the Jews, who knew the privations and want of educational facilities of His youth, at His remarkable display of wisdom: “How knoweth *this* man letters, having never learned?” any serious objection to this theory of the progressive nature of His mental development. While contending for a true natural and normal development, we should do great injustice to the fact and presence of Deity within Him, if we should ascribe this increase in wisdom only to outward suggestions and impressions. Without doubt such educators, like the steel and the flint eliciting the spark, had their effect. But we cannot doubt, that there was inward and divine tuition. We cannot tell how the Divine Mind operated upon the human mind of Jesus. Yet the subsequent facts of His life—the wisdom of His teachings—would warrant the belief of such divine operation and tuition—influences *from above*, as well as culture *from without*. But now, while this extraordinary improvement manifested by Jesus, “was promoted by that divine nature with which His human nature was united, yet it was promoted in a manner which did not interfere with the plan, according to which His physical and intellectual abilities were, like those of other men, gradually to increase.” Speaking of this mental development, Ellicott says, His “wisdom waxed momentarily more full, more deep, more broad, until, like some mighty river seeking the sea, it merged insensibly into the omniscience of His limitless Godhead.”

This fact, now, ought not to shake, but rather confirm and strengthen our confidence and faith in His full mediatorial character and merits. For, persuaded by the strongest evidences of His Divine nature, we see His Human nature, both on his physical and intellectual sides, developing itself in a perfectly free and normal way; and thus convincing us fully, if any thing can, that He was a perfect child, a perfect boy, a perfect man, hallowing these several stages of human life and development by Himself passing through them.

It is still farther added, "He increased in favor with God and man." There is intimated in these words, that development of the finer moral sensibilities and spiritual qualities, which rendered Him an object of increasing satisfaction to God and man.

This brief hint gives us to understand, that those silent years of His secluded childhood and ripening manhood were not without their effect in His moral character and growth. Moral development pre-supposes the presence, and opposition, and triumph over evil. Moral discipline can only hold in actual conflict with, struggle against, and the steady resistance of, all sin from without or from within. There can be no doubt, that, *all* the years of His earthly life, Jesus was meeting sin from without. The fact crops out very unmistakably in that thrice-repeated assault by Satan upon our Lord's moral integrity in the wilderness. Those temptations were no shams—not the mockery of a fight with the Devil—no incidents happening by the way for scenic display. They were those terrible trials of our Lord's purpose, which left Him *stronger** because of the evil repelled, and better prepared for the final conflict with, and triumph over Apollyon. It is true of us, "fresh strength is got by every mastery of self." It could not have been less true of our Saviour, fresh strength was gained by every victory over sin pressing steadily upon Him from without. Did not His meeting and repelling sin in this way enter into the *perfection* of His character by *suffering*, of which such direct mention is made in the epistle to the Hebrews? The life of Christ, antecedent to His entrance upon His public ministry, was not in vain as regarded His own character and work. It was meritorious and atoning in bracing Him up for His final and more terrible conflict with the Prince of Darkness. "It constituted part of that satisfaction to Divine justice He came to yield; it was part of His humiliation and suffering, and, therefore, a part of that everlasting righteousness He brought in." The resistance of sin in His youth, being as much a moral necessity as the resistance of sin in His manhood, makes the actualized holiness of the earlier periods of His life as truly mediatorial as His passion and death on the cross.

There is a deep meaning, we apprehend, in these words of Christ, "The Prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me,"—a declaration which may be taken as an "intimation of the actual approach to the Second Adam of that Old Serpent"—an intimation taking in the whole of His earthly life, looking backward to the dawn of moral consciousness, and forward to its victorious close. We cannot think, that, even in those secluded years, which the Scriptures pass over with solemn reserve, there ever was a period, which was not marked by the temptations peculiar to childhood and youth. We cannot but think, that He met the same temptations to waywardness, wilfulness, and disobedience, yet always without sin. The Apostle expressly tells us, that He was "*tempted in all points* like as we are." Then was He tempted like children are, as well as like men are. Then the same temptations precisely met Him, as meet other youth of the same age. Even as His life, after His entrance upon His public work, was not passed in a purity and serenity of atmosphere never stirred by the foul breath of pollution, so we cannot think, that even His childhood and youth were unmarked by the temptations peculiar to those periods, and

* Luke iv. 14.

the buoyancy of spirits belonging to them. The Old Serpent left his slimy trail in the house at Nazareth, and in the carpenter's shop of that quiet village, where Jesus wrought in humble and dutiful submission to His reputed father, as well as in the wilderness directly after His formal inauguration to His mediatorial work proper. The temptations peculiar to youth must have pressed upon Him just as really as did those fiercer assaults of Satan in the wilderness. This follows necessarily from the fact, that His assumption of human nature "brought His life into a real struggle with all the sinful elements of that nature," yet without actual sin. "Though He were a Son, yet *learned He obedience* by the things which He *suffered*."

Just as in the merely human child, temptations, encountered and overcome, confirm and strengthen moral character; just as every mastery over self imparts fresh strength for fresh contests; just as every wrong disposition and temper corrected makes the next victory more easy and sure, even so by our Lord's encounters with evil from without, and its uniform overthrow, was developed that *human* moral perfection, which increasingly rendered Him an object of Divine complacency and delight.

This statement of the case brings out the process of redemption as linked inseparably to the *person* of Christ. We see Him gathering up in His own life the moral conflicts and struggles with Satan pressing on us in the several stages of human existence. We see Him lifting up in His own person, in infancy, in childhood, in boyhood, in the moral perfection of manhood, our own fallen nature, and in His glorification making room and provision for the full glorification of infants, children, youth, and full-grown men. These antecedent struggles and sufferings would, indeed, have had no redemptive virtue and merit but for His passion and death on the cross, in which they are at last all gathered up and complemented, even as His passion and death would have been without mediatorial and atoning efficacy but for His resurrection and ascension, in which the glorious finish is put to the whole gracious scheme of redemption.

It follows now from all that has been said, that the childhood of Christ is not without special significance and grace. Its merits meet the demerits of our sinful childhood. The holiness and obedience of His youth cover, in the sight of God, the unholiness and disobedience of our youth. And thus it is, the saving power of His life touches and meets the needs of our life at all points—the Saviour of infants, the Saviour of children, the Saviour of youth, and the Saviour of them, who, in a kind providence, reach the full measure and crowning age of human life. From the cradle to the cross, His life was sacrificial and mediatorial—one continuous work of atoning grace.

And this view, instead of depreciating and lowering the Saviour in our estimation, tends certainly and greatly to elevate our conceptions of His character and work,—tends, too, to fill us with that love to Him, which should inflame our hearts, in view of all He has done and suffered,—tends, too, to strengthen our confidence in Him as *the complete Saviour*.

LIFE-PICTURES FROM CHURCH HISTORY, NO. 19.

JEAN CHASTELLAIN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF A. FOURNIER.

BY L. H. S.

During the first year after the publication of Luther's writings, they had been introduced, by means of an active commercial intercourse, and the fairs, beyond the Rhine, to Lorraine and Alsace, even to Lyons, and other manufacturing towns of France, where they were eagerly seized, secretly multiplied, and soon even translated into the respective vernaculars. They were considered, by the Romanists and Papists, as containing an epitome of all heresies. The educated laymen consumed them, as the forbidden fruit of the spirit of the times. In the quiet cells of the monastic brothers, before even the influence of Zwingli and Calvin could open a path for itself, they wound up many a mind to the knowledge of evangelical truth, and won many confessors of the new doctrine, which was, indeed, only the old doctrine, concerning the misery and the salvation of the sinful children of men;—and these, on the prevalent corruption of the Church and the Priesthood, were led into many an internal and external contest, followed in cases, by no means rare in the School of the Cross, with horrible consequences, and bloody scenes. After the news of Luther's heroic courage at Worms had been generally disseminated, the all-absorbing excitement became still greater. In the city of Metz, in Lorraine, every person had taken sides for or against, on this Lutheran question. Not a day passed, not a meeting of priests and the laity, without contention and strife over the same, and preaching, indeed, was publicly carried on, in the same way. One could hear, from the pulpit, the bitterest censures on the doctrines of the Church, and the manner of living of the priests, and the people streamed, in flocks, to hear such preachers.

One of the most pious and courageous, of these witnesses for truth, was Jean Chastellain (Johannes Castellanus), a monk of the Order of St. Augustine, a well-educated man, of large, portly appearance, and, on account of his affability, of great popularity; who, being furnished, to an extraordinary degree, with ability, as a popular speaker, saw all hearts and minds turned towards him. He appears to have attained the truth for himself, not so much through Luther's writings, as from independent investigation in the same direction. In 1523, he delivered the Advent sermons, at Vic, a little town in Lorraine, not far from Metz. During Lent, of the next year, 1524, he made his appearance in the latter place. In the impressive

sermons that he delivered, with great eloquence, and to constantly increasing numbers, in the Church of the Augustinian Monastery, at that place, regardless of consequences, he rebuked the sins and vices of the prelates and priests, and, especially, the mendicant friars. But, the more he became established in the favor of the nobility and the people, the more furiously the hatred, and thirst for revenge on him, burned with the priesthood. Towards the end of the year 1523, Duke Antonius, of Lorraine, issued an edict, forbidding any one to possess any of Luther's writings, and ordering that any priest, proclaiming Lutheran doctrines, either openly or secretly, should be immediately seized, bound, and delivered to the Inquisition. In fact, on the strength of this edict, Chastellain was summoned to the Episcopal palace, where several abbots and prelates—among others, the Abbot of St. Antonius, of Viennois, and also the High Steward of the Cardinal John, of Lorraine, and Martin Pinguet, Governor of the neighboring town of Goritz—awaited him. They overwhelmed him with reproaches, on account of various asserted calumnious expressions, and heretical assertions, which had been employed in his sermons, and they called him a Lutheran apostate. He uttered, even at this time, similar reproaches; his bold answers only made his enemies more determined against him. As was natural, he did not suffer himself to be put out, as to his style of preaching. On repeated occasions, he declared, publicly, that no fear of man, no peril of death, could induce him to conceal the truth; then he added, whoever, whether priest or layman, had any fault to find with his addresses, should come to him, and he would convince and satisfy him; and if not, he would undergo the punishment. On the next Whitsunday, he was to preach, according to the custom then, at noon, in the open street, before the church of the Holy Ghost. Secretly, an order was sent to the preacher, to prevent this at any price, and, instead of Chastellain, rather to allow a certain Jacobin monk to speak. But a man of great wealth, living in the city, obtained early information of this order. He had an announcement made by a bailiff, when the people had collected, before the Church, that a Jacobin should not dare to comply with the command. So the sermon was dispensed with. This occurrence created a powerful sensation in the city. The hatred of his enemies could not longer be satisfied with half measures.

An effort was now made, to entice Chastellain out of the city. Another Augustinian monk, named Bonnestraine, was bribed with thirty dollars. This one was to carry him the false information, that the Provincial of his Order wished to speak to him, and was expecting him, in the neighborhood of a place, which he designated. Chastellain fell into the trap, and went with Bonnestraine, and a novice, on the journey. As he passed through Goritz, information was communicated to Martin Pinguet, the Governor. He sent men in quest of him. Chastellain concealed himself in the forest of Chamblé. Here he was discovered, taken, and carried back to Goritz. This occurred on Ascension Day, May 5, 1524. Two days after, they removed him to Nomeny, in order to keep him in safe custody, in the castle at that place. The magistracy of Metz, who prized and loved him, began to take an interest in his case. They had sent soldiers out to release him, already, on Ascension Day. These sought throughout the night for him, in vain. On the following day, Friday, they arrested fifteen or sixteen citizens of Goritz, at the very gates of the city, and kept

them as hostages for some time. They were, however, set free, after the Abbot of St. Antonius had come to Metz, and promised to do all he possibly could, to save Chastellain. It is probable, he did not intend to keep his promise. Then the anger of the people raged against him and Martin Pinguet. The people were, with difficulty, restrained from tearing down their houses, and had they been in Metz, violent hands would have been laid on them. About this time, the celebrated Franciscan monk, Franz Lambert, of Avignon, a zealous adherent of Luther, was staying a few days in Metz, on his return from Wittenberg, where he contracted an intimate friendship with Chastellain. Lambert wrote letter after letter, from Strasburg, to the magistrates, and to Duke Antonius, of Lorraine, to intercede for his friend. He promised to come himself to Metz, if they would promise him safe escort, and to dispute with all the priests and monks. If the disputants preferred coming to Strasburg, he promised them safe escort. If they could convince him of error, then he should be burned, along with his books. If he convinced them, nothing was to be done. But if they sentenced Chastellain and his companions to death, he would publicly declare them as martyrs. All was fruitless. The inquisitor, Nicholas Salvin, a Dominican, showed himself very active in the business. Many witnesses were summoned. Chastellain, with his simple, honest, true-hearted nature, could not succeed. After nine months of cruel imprisonment, judgment was pronounced against him; he was to be publicly exposed, in the town of Vic, and stripped of his clerical robes, then delivered up to the secular judge, and burned at the stake. To execute this sentence, he was brought from Nomeny to Vic. And shortly afterwards, on Thursday, January 12, 1525, he suffered a martyr's death.

At eight o'clock in the morning, he was exposed in the pillory—an immense crowd of people surrounding him. Then he was taken back to prison, where he remained until noon. When they came for him, they found him in his shirt, and barefooted. He wished to go thus to his death; "for," he said, "our Lord Jesus Christ has suffered much more for us." But they would not suffer this. He was obliged to put on an old gray jacket, and a miserable German hat. The malefactor's bell was tolled. Chastellain, the pious preacher, the mighty, popular orator, was carried, in this style, through the town, to the place of execution. The reporter says: "As a lamb brought to the slaughter; so he opened not his mouth." From time to time, he exclaimed: "Lord, help me!" The hearts of the bystanders were full of grief: all wept, from sympathy with him. At the stake, he began to pray in the Latin and Romanic languages, and to repeat, with great devotion, some of the psalms. Then he raised his eyes towards heaven, and protested aloud, that it had been, for a long time, his most ardent desire, that it might be brought to pass, that he should suffer for the faith, as a witness of the truth. He asked pardon of the bystanders, if he had preached any thing that was offensive, or not edifying. "But," he added, "I have preached nothing that St. Augustine and St. Ambrose have not already preached, before my time. If I have preached false doctrine, then have they also preached false doctrine. I have been called a Lutheran, a believer in Luther. But I will take it with me on my death, and entrance into paradise, that I have never seen Luther. I have borrowed nothing from him, or his doctrine. In this statement I will die." These, and other words, increased the weeping and

sobbing. They then led him to the stake, where it was intended he should sit on a cross-piece. He requested them to suffer him to stand, it would be much too good for him to sit, the Saviour had suffered much more for him. He assisted the executioner, in placing him in a proper position. He suffered all with a joyous heart, and patient resignation. At last he raised his folded hands, and repeated, with a loud voice: "The name of Jesus is my salvation!" Then he gave up the ghost, and departed.

Consternation, indignation, and deep sorrow, were spread abroad throughout Vic, Metz, and the neighboring places, where they had been so frequently edified, with Chastellain's excellent sermons. When the Abbot of St. Antonius came, on the following day, to Metz, he was treated with great contempt by the people. His windows were broken in at night. On Saturday, he wished to attend mass in the principal church. They received him with abusive words. Some called him Pilate, others Annas or Caiaphas. His life was in jeopardy. He was obliged to leave by a side door. Even in his house, he could not remain in safety. Crowds of people collected before it, making a great noise. Bread, and other food, were thrown to them, from the windows. But all was of no account. They wished to tear the Abbot to pieces. At last he escaped, with great trouble, and went to the Duke, at Pont De Mousson. The rage of the populace was then turned against the house of the Governor of Goritz. This was entirely cleared out, and destroyed, even to the walls, all the furniture and utensils being broken up. Several prominent men endeavored to calm the people, but without success. They directed their way, from this house, to the prison, where a second witness to the truth, was held in bonds. The keys were demanded, and Vedastus, of Lille, a friend and companion of Chastellain, was, indeed, set free, being plucked, as it were, from the flames of death, which were awaiting him.

NON-CHURCH-GOER'S EXCUSES.—Overslept myself; could not dress in time; too windy; too dusty; too wet; too damp; too sunny; too cloudy; don't feel disposed; no other time to myself; look over my drawers; put my papers to rights; letters to write to friends; mean to take a ride; tied to business six days in a week; no fresh air but on Sunday; can't breathe in church—always so full; feel a little feverish; feel a little chilly; feel very lazy; expect company to dinner; got a headache; intend nursing myself to-day; new bonnet not come home; tore my muslin dress going down stairs; got a new novel, must be returned on Monday morning; wasn't shaved in time; don't like the liturgy, always praying for the same thing; don't like extemporary prayers; don't like an organ, 'tis too noisy; don't like singing without music, it makes me nervous; the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak; dislike an extemporary sermon, it is too frothy; can't bear written sermon, too prosy; nobody to-day but our own minister, can't always listen to the same preacher; don't like strangers; can't keep awake when I'm at church, fell asleep last time I was there, don't mean to risk it again; mean to inquire of sensible persons about the propriety of going to such a place as church, and shall publish the result.

THE LITTLE CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

We have the pleasure of giving the reader a few more specimens from the literature of the little Evening prayer. They have been kindly sent us by Rev. M. Sheeleigh. One of the poems, as will be seen, is from his own pen, and is written in monosyllables. This peculiarity is in imitation of the little prayer itself, which, with the exception of a single word, is monosyllabic.

XII.

LITTLE NELLIE.

A father came home from his business at early evening, and took his little girl upon his knee. After a few dove-like caresses, she crept to his bosom and fell asleep. He carried her himself to her chamber, and said, "Nellie would not like to go to bed and not say her prayers?" Half opening her lazy blue eyes, she dreamily articulated,

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord——"

then adding, in a sweet murmur, "He knows the rest," she sank on her pillow, in his watchful care who "giveth his beloved sleep."

XIII.

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

BY REV. M. SHEELEIGH.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Well known, like words oft said and sung,
And yet not known whence it has sprung,
This pray'r has moved the heart and tongue,
For long, long years, of old and young.

Who is there that was led our plain, full tongue
To know and speak, when round the head were sung
The strains which lull to sleep the babe's soft eyes;
Learned not from lips most dear to lisp and prize
Those sweet old words of pray'r our hearts shall keep,
Keep and love—"Now I lay me down to sleep?"

Oh, who of all the hearts could think to tell,
That knew these lines, and used them long and well,
Each eve, from those bright days that cheer the child
To days far on through scenes both stern and mild,
When age bears down, and men, for their last sleep
Call out—"I pray the Lord my soul to keep?"

How oft that pray'r calls up to youth and age
Dear home, loved forms, sweet hours, and God's blest page,
Brings back once more a time when all was bright,
When Heav'n was to the eyes all but in sight,
And mind was wont in deep, calm thought to take
The words—"If I should die before I wake!"

Blest words, so framed that they might suit each tongue;
Well joined, for high and low, for old and young;
Fit words to use each night, when bent the knee;
And fit the line, if this the last should be,
Of all the pray'rs we pray ere we shall wake
In heav'n,—“I pray the Lord my soul to take!”

XIV.

“NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.”

“Now I lay me down to sleep!”
First beside my mother kneeling;
Through the hushed-up silence deep,
Hear the double whisper stealing—
“If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.”

“Now I lay me down to sleep!”
And the angels o'er me bending,
Sent by God my soul to keep,
Through the purple night descending,
Wide-arched wings above me spread
Heavenly shelter round my head.

“Now I lay me down to sleep!”
No wild dream could break that slumber—
I had prayed for God to keep—
Blessed visions without number,
Glory caught from Heavenly things,
Showered from those bright angel wings.

“Now I lay me down to sleep!”
Had I died before the waking,
I had never learned to keep
Memories of a life's heart-breaking!
From the future and the past,
God has caught me up at last.

“Now I lay me down to sleep!”
Ah! the angels cease their keeping
Watch above the haunted dreams,
When the prayerless man is sleeping—
Where such feverish visions burn,
Back the sorrowing watchers turn.

“Now I lay me down to sleep!”
O, my God! when I am dying,
Hear me pray that old-time prayer,
On my haunted death-bed lying;
From the old dreams let me wake—
“I pray the Lord my soul to take!”

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

BY L. H. S.

No practical duty of religion seems to have been more enjoined, by the Saviour, than that, of bringing consolation to those, who are suffering under the burden of disease or affliction. He went about doing good to sufferers, suffered, ay, wept with them,—shared their burdens with a sympathizing soul, and ministered unto their wants. Moreover, He taught us, that, inasmuch as this same kind of ministration of sympathy was rendered, by any one, to the least of His brethren, it was done to him. St. James sums up all pure religion as consisting, before God, and the Father, in visiting "the fatherless and the widows in their affliction," and in keeping ourselves "unspotted from the world."

Now, ministrations to the afflicted, may not always be offered from a simple desire to do good, but from a morbid anxiety to affect such a spirit. This is seen in those, who make a pharasaic boast of what they are doing, and who try to impress the sufferers, with the amount of self-sacrificing spirit which they possess. And this is sometimes seen, even in the mode in which consolation and assistance are offered. Such persons are not included in the Saviour's blessing, upon those who do good *because* he commands it.

Shakspeare speaks truth, when he says:

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.

* * * * *

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God Himself.

* —in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy!
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

A beautiful little incident occurred after the bloody battle of Antietam, which deserves to be put on record, as showing, in how simple a manner, the sweet ministrations of kindness may be made effective. A young lady, whose whole life, since the beginning of the war, has been devoted to the bedsides of our soldiers, and whose gentle manner has endeared her to the soldiers' hearts, as an angel of mercy, was engaged in alleviating, as far as possible, the sufferings of a large number of wounded men, who had been collected in a barn, then used as a temporary hospital. Quietly and gently, she moved from one to another, wetting the bandage of one, placing pillows and cushions under the wounded limb of a second, saying a cheering word to a third, and doing, to all, some little act of kindness,—such as the loved ones at home would feel it a precious privilege to do, had they been present.

One poor fellow, whose arm had been amputated, was lying in a corner, The feeling of loneliness, and absence from dear ones, was crushing him, and, in his weariness at all things around him, he cried out—"Oh! that I could hear my sister sing!" The young lady began, in a low tone of voice, to sing a little ballad. As the sweet, plaintive tones, gradually pierced the air of the barn—filled, as it was, with the oppressive odor of suppurating wounds, and ill-restrained groans—all other sounds subsided, and each soldier listened, with almost breathless attention. Gradually, her tones became fuller and louder, and never had a prima donna such a delighted auditory. When the little ballad was ended, a dead silence prevailed for a few seconds. Then those, with hands, began to clap them together in delight. But the poor fellow, for whom the lady had been singing, had only one hand. Nothing intimidated at this, and wishing to join in the expression of thanks, which his fellow soldiers were giving, he pounded on the floor, with his only hand, crying,—“Oh, miss, you see I *can't* clap, but I *must* pound.” No singer ever received a higher reward, than did this Christian sister of mercy, from the poor, wounded boy.

It is not by the *great* things which we do for the unfortunate, that the measure and value of our work can be estimated. It is not by the much talking, or even the much doing, that we render most acceptable consolation to the afflicted: We should cultivate sympathizing souls, that shall ever beat in unison, with the claims of our suffering fellow-mortals, and *this*, because of love for Christ, and our brethren. *Then* the instincts of the Christian soul will show us, how to be most useful in the sick chamber,—how best to pour oil into the wounds, and to give wine to the depressed, and the afflicted. Let us know, more and more, the meaning of that pure religion, which visits the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and we shall find less difficulty, in keeping ourselves “unspotted from the world.”

INFLUENCE.—A man cannot sin without having the influence, and, in some sense, the punishment of his sin fall upon others. Thus a man cannot indulge in the use of strong drink without having the sad consequences rest fearfully upon many helpless and innocent dependents. The bitter crime and treason of a few, have brought indescribable and innumerable disasters upon all the inhabitants of a great and once prosperous nation. Under the moral government of God, the results of moral actions are not limited to the agents of those actions. They descend to the third and fourth generations. They spread and spread, and when a wrong act is committed, there is no such thing as determining where its influence will stop. Wicked men do not often stop and think what trains they are starting, and what consequences will follow their rash and fool-hardy conduct. Drop a bottle in the sea, and you do not know to what shore the unseen currents of the deep will drift it. Utter the feeblest word, and you cannot tell over what hearts it may breathe, and into what forms it will crystalize, and live forever.

THE ALGUM TREE.

HEB. ALMUGGIM AND ALGUMMIM.

BY I. K. L.

Of all the trees of the Bible, none has occasioned so great a diversity of opinion, among writers on the Natural History of the Holy Land, as the Algum tree, or, as it is called, by a transposition of letters, the Almug tree.* It is utterly impossible, to harmonize the many conflicting views, that have been advanced by travellers, naturalists, and archæologists. Ancient authors, already, are divided, and, as we come down to our own time, the breach, instead of narrowing, really widens; and no notion is so absurd, that it has not been made to weigh in favor of one or another hypothesis.

As to the origin of the name, various views are current, and men are at a loss to determine, whether it be of Hebrew, Arabic, or Indian origin; and as to the tree itself, they are in equal, or much greater doubt. One writer says, perhaps the Algum may be the Shittim, often mentioned in Scripture, and a description of which, will, hereafter, be given. The Jewish Rabbins translate it *coral*; others render it brazilwood or pine. Josephus affirms, that it was a kind of pine. An old English writer, Dr. Dee, who examined twelve different kinds of trees, to identify the Algum, coincides with Josephus, in favor of the Pine or Fir. The Acacia, the Thyine, Aloe, Ebony, Cedar, Box, Rose of Jerusalem, Indian reeds, and many others, have their zealous advocates. Some suppose it to have been the Cypress, which is still used for harpsichords, and other musical instruments; while others conjecture, that the term Algummim denotes the Red Sandalwood of the East. This last view is favored by Gesenius and Kitto. Even the standard versions of the Bible, of different portions of Christendom, do not fully coincide, in rendering this word into their several languages.

To show the reader at a glance, both the original Hebrew, and its several translations, within our reach, Greek, Latin, German, French and English, in the three passages of Scripture, in which alone it occurs, we have collated them here:

	1 Kings 10: 11, 12.	2 Chron. 2: 8.	2 Chron. 9: 10, 11.
<i>Hebrew.</i>	Almuggim.	Algummim.	Algummim.
<i>Septuagint.</i>	Ευλα πελέκητα.	Πευκινα.	Ευλα πευκινα.
<i>Vulgate.</i>	Ligna thyina.	Ligna thyina.	Ligna thyinis.
<i>German.</i>	Ebenholtz.	Ebenholz.	Ebenholz.
<i>French.</i>	Bois d'Almugghim.	Bois d'Algummim.	Bois d'Algummim.
<i>English.</i>	Almug trees.	Algum trees.	Algum trees.

*Scribitur uno loco Almuggim et alio Algummim; sed nomen verum est Algummim. Such transpositions are not unusual in the Hebrew language.

We see, from this comparison, that the Septuagint translated *Almuggim*, wrought wood, in 1 Kings, 10: 11, 12. This translation it does, however, not adhere to, in the parallel passage, in 2 Chron. 2: 8, where it goes a step further, and points out the particular kind of wood, it understands by *Almug*, namely, fir-wood.* The Latin Vulgate renders it into *Ligna thyina*, which it consistently maintains throughout. The German text, with like consistency, advocates *Ebenholz*, but afterwards (Ezek. 27: 15), interprets a different Hebrew term, by the same German word. The French and English translators, to avoid error,—*ne aberrarent*—allowed the original Hebrew word to stand, untranslated, in their versions. Wandering amid this Babel of conflicting opinions, and listening to the claims, warmly set forth, of scores of trees, we have calmly weighed the arguments in favor of, and against them, and arrived at the conclusion, that the *Algum* of the Bible, is either the Red Sandalwood of the East, or, *which is more probable*, the Thyine tree, mentioned in Revelation. Before passing to the second of these, we, briefly, notice the first.

The Red Sandal tree is a native of the East Indies, particularly of the Isle of Ceylon, but is also found, in various parts of Africa. It is the *Pterocarpus Santalinus* of botanists, and must not be confounded with the Yellow Sandal-wood, which, throughout the Orient, is so highly esteemed for its fragrance, and for musical instruments, fans, boxes, cabinets, &c. It is a lofty tree, and produces wood of a red color,† on which account, doubtless, the Rabbins translate *Almuggim*, *coral*. Its leaves are oblong, smooth-edged, and very green; its flowers cup-shaped, of a dark blue color, and growing in bunches. Its fruit is of the size of a cherry, first green, then black, insipid, and falls easily. Its exterior wood is white, but the harder, central wood, is of a bright red color, and is susceptible of being nicely polished. It is this central wood, the heart of the tree, that is chiefly valuable, both for ornament in architecture, and for its coloring matter. The Bible, however, furnishes no reason, for believing that it was brought from India or Africa, for any use that might be made of it, in the way of dyeing. And, as this is the principal, if not the only use made of it in modern times, which may have been the case also, in antiquity, and, as it is not noted, either for fragrance or durability, we can not concur with those writers, who represent this as the *Algum* of the Bible.

If we allow the translations of *Algummim*, above given, to have any weight in the identification of this tree, we may learn several important facts. The Vulgate is certain, that this tree is none other than that, which produced the thyine wood, spoken of in Revelation 18: 12, where it appears as an article of merchandise; and the seventy-two interpreters (280 B. C.), thought to convey to the minds of Bible readers a proper conception of its character and properties, by likening it to fir-wood—wood that is easily wrought. From these, and the other versions above quoted, we gather that the *Algum* tree must possess susceptibility of polish, beauty of color, incorruptibility, fragrance, and the quality of being easily wrought. From the uses to which it was put by King Solomon, we infer that it possessed the further quality of refracting sound. The *Thuja*, or, as it is also

* That it cannot be the Fir, is evident from the fact, that in this passage, 2 Chron. 2: 8, the Fir immediately precedes the *Algum*, and has a distinct name of its own.

† Arbor rubri coloris.

called, the *Callitris quadrivalvis*, possess all these properties, and answers well the known uses of the Algum tree. It is an aromatic, coniferous, evergreen tree, allied to the Pine, and resembling, in some respects the Cypress and Cedar.* It is a native of Africa.† This, or a certain part of this, is, we doubt not, the country which the Scripture calls Ophir. From this the Algum trees were brought. Winer, and other writers, are of the opinion, that Ophir was situated in the southern part of Arabia, and that, consequently, the articles which King Solomon imported were obtained there, or at least collected there from other countries, with which the Arabians may have had commercial intercourse. Whether the “gold and precious stones,” which his ships brought back, were found in Africa, the land of the Algum tree, it is not for us to determine. The discovery, however, of gold and silver mines in Southern Africa, which appear to have been anciently and extensively worked, renders such a view very probable. Certain it is, that most, if not all the articles of merchandise, with which Solomon’s ships were freighted, namely, peacocks, apes, spices, ivory, and ebony, are found in Africa.

In this tropical climate the Algum tree grows to a height of from sixty to eighty feet. It has a strong trunk. Its roots are long, and run deep into the earth. Its wood is hard, nut-brown, close-grained, and very sweet and balsamic, sending forth, when burnt, a pleasant perfume.‡ It exudes a white resin, which is believed to be the Sandarach of commerce, used in the preparation of parchment. Its bark, when young, is smooth, and of a brown color, but as the trees become old, it becomes cracked and rough. Its branches are almost horizontal, the smaller ones often crossing the larger at right angles: Its leaves resemble those of the Cypress, and overlap each other like the scales of a fish. They have a rank, oily scent, when bruised. Its flowers or catkins are produced on the young branches, and are succeeded by oblong cones of a gray color, having scales which end in acute, reflexed points, and contain one or two seeds.

The veins, or the lines of the woody layers, is what gave the Algum wood its beauty. Glossy veins and knotty wood were highly esteemed, and the wood was accordingly named tiger-citron, peacock’s feather, &c. To improve the quality of the wood, the barbarians coat it with wax and bury it. While this process is said to cause it to lose in weight, it prevents it from splitting when wrought. Nothing is more beautifully veined than the root, nor is there elsewhere any workmanship more precious than that made of it. It is this wood which “the servants of Hiram and the servants of Solomon” imported into the Holy Land, and which Solomon employed for the ornamenting of the temple and his own palace, and the making of musical instruments. “And the navy also of Hiram, that brought gold from Ophir, brought in from Ophir great plenty of almug trees and precious stones. And the king made of the almug trees pillars (2 Chron. 9: 11, has *terraces*,) for the house of the Lord, and for the king’s house, harps, also, and psalteries for singers.” (1 Kings 10: 11, 12.)

To the question, whether the Algum of Mount Lebanon, (2 Chron. 2: 8,) and that imported from Ophir, were one and the same kind of wood,

* “Une espece de cedres, plus beaux que les autres.” Marginal note in French Bible, Amsterdam, 1742.

† *Citrum arborem Africae peculiarem esse, nec alibi nasci.*

‡ *Ὀδμῆ θύου τὰνὰ νῆσον ὀδῶδει.*

it is impossible to return a satisfactory answer now. Celsus is of the opinion, that the Jews gave the name Algum to the imported wood because it resembled that which grew on Lebanon, and which was before known by that name. The Algum of Lebanon seems, however, to have been of an inferior quality, which accounts for Solomon's sending to Ophir for the superior article of that region. Hence the Bible, still speaking of this wood, says: "There came no such almug trees, nor were seen unto this day." "And there were none such seen before it in the land of Judah." (1 Kings 10: 12; 2 Chron. 9: 11.)

It has been doubted whether any trees at all answering to the Algum, ever grew on Mount Lebanon, because thus far modern travellers have failed to find it in Syria. The message of Solomon to King Hiram, however, should at once put to rest all doubt on this point. "Send me also algum trees out of Lebanon." (2 Chron. 2: 8.) It is no extraordinary thing that no trace of this tree should remain in our day. The revolutions of more than twenty-eight hundred years may well account for the disappearance of one kind of tree, which may even then have been rare, and which at best was inferior to the Algum of Ophir. Then the Holy Land was a Paradise, now it is a desert. In far less time than twenty-eight centuries, entire cities have disappeared so as to make it a matter of the greatest difficulty for the antiquarian to discover their remains, or even the site on which they once stood.

The mention of Algum wood, in Scripture, in immediate connection with gold and precious stones, furnishes no unimportant intimation of its great value. In the New Testament, it sustains the same relation to the precious metals, and gems, as in the Old. In Rev. 18: 12, it occurs under the name of Thyine wood in connection with gold, silver, precious stones, pearls, fine linen, purple, silk, scarlet, all manner vessels of ivory, and all manner vessels of precious wood, and of brass, and iron, and marble, and many other valuable articles of merchandise. From this allusion to it, we may infer, that the Apostle John himself was acquainted with Thyine or Algum wood, and it is probable, that he and the other apostles, in their travels through various parts of the Roman Empire, met with it in the carved work and furniture of the mansions of the great.

In later times, we find this wood still employed in the architectural ornaments of the most costly structures. The wood-work of the celebrated Cathedral of Cordova, originally a mosque, built in the seventh century, is of Algum or Thyine wood. Its balsamic resin has resisted the ravages of insects and the power of decay for twelve centuries.

The artists and writers of classic antiquity have paid this tree a merited share of attention. Under the name of citrus, or citron-wood, it was highly prized by the Romans for furniture, and the ornamental wood-work of palaces and temples; also for tables,* bowls and vessels of different kinds. In Pliny's time there was a perfect mania for fine tables of Thyine wood, "with which," he says, "the women reproach the men, when these complain of their vast outlay upon pearls." Cicero had a table of this wood, for which he had paid 1,000,000 sesterces, or about \$40,000. That of Gallus Asinius, Pliny tells us, cost \$44,000. Two tables, which had belonged to King Juba, were sold at auction, the one bringing \$48,000

* *Illa citrus, quæ citreas mensas dabat Romanis inter lautissima opera.*—CELSUS' HIEROB.

(i. e., 12,000,000 sesterces,) the other somewhat less. Pliny also relates, that a table was destroyed by fire, which had come down from the family of the Cethegi, and had been sold for \$56,000,—“the price,” he adds, “of a large estate, if any one would be willing to buy an estate at so great a sum.” Nomius, a freedman of Tiberius Cæsar, had a Thyine or Algom table nearly four feet in diameter, and a little short of six inches in thickness. The table of the Emperor Tiberius was still larger, but was only covered with a veneer of this precious wood. Whether this table-furor ever took hold of the Greeks, we are unable to say. They at least intended to avoid the extravagance, as far as it had self for its object, and so put it to a sacred use by burning it as a perfume in connection with the sacrifices to their gods.

But all this aside, the highest honor of the Algom tree, and its lasting fame, will rest on the fact, that it came from afar to assist, with its beauty, in exalting the Lord, and to sound forth to His name, from the harps and psalteries of Israel, sweet strains of praise in Zion.

It is significant that King Solomon not only made the mountains and valleys, the rocks and trees of his native land, tributary to the Temple he was called to build for the Lord, but sent ships over the sea to visit the distant ports of more southern climes, to convey to him for the same holy purpose, from the mines of Ophir the purest gold, and from its forests the choicest Algums. Thus was raised, with the most profuse liberality, the Temple of Jerusalem—the product of the love and wealth of a mighty nation—“a monument of their reverence for the God of their fathers and their God.” And every devout Jew, whether he beheld it from the Holy City, or with weeping eyes recalled its grandeur “by the rivers of Babylon,” could well exclaim, “Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion.” (Ps. 48: 2.)

THE USE OF MOSSES.—Of the use of mosses in the economy of nature, very little is known, except that they are very often the precursors of a higher order of vegetables, for which they prepare a soil, by retaining among their matted branches, the drifting sand and dust in places which would otherwise remain bare and sterile. They afford refuge in winter, and food as well as lodging in summer to innumerable insects. They overspread the trunks and roots of trees, and in winter defend them against frost. In wet weather, they preserve them from decay; and during the greatest drought, provide them with moisture, and protect them from the burning heat of the sun. Indeed, to the traveller in the dense and trackless forests of North America, they are pretty sure guides to the points of the compass, growing chiefly upon the northern sides of the trunks and branches of the trees—as if, it is said, to shelter them from the cold north wind, but in reality, because they find there most shade and moisture. The poor Laplanders find several of their comforts from mosses. The Golden Maiden Hair, one of the largest species of the moss tribe, forms excellent beds, by cutting thick layers of it, one of which forms the mattress, the other as a coverlet.

LYING.

BY THE EDITOR.

In the discussion of any subject, it is important to call it by the right name. It has been well remarked, "that those who accustom themselves to call *lying* and *lie* by a softening appellation, are in danger of weakening their aversion to the fault itself." Lying is the proper word for untruth. It is the plain positive Saxon; and the word *Leegan*, from which it is derived, meaning to hide or conceal, teaches us much of the nature and character of a lie.

To lie, is to speak or act falsely, with the intent to deceive. We may speak what is untrue ignorantly; but this is not a lie—only a mistake. To make it a lie, it is necessary that we should know it to be such, and design to make an impression on another which we know to be contrary to truth.

There are various kinds of lying:

1. *Lying for sport.* It has been thought that a lie spoken in sport or jest, is no sin. It certainly has all the elements of a lie. It is spoken contrary to the truth; it is intended that it shall, for the time being, deceive; and the person intends to gain an object by it which he thinks he could not reach by the truth. The motive also is improper; for he either wishes to win for himself the title of smart or witty, which subjects him to the charge of vanity; or he intends to pass a joke at the expense of another, which is an unnecessary trifling with his dignity or his feelings. It is evident that lies in sport belong to that "jesting which is not convenient," (Eph. 5: 4,) and which the holy Apostle censures. It is also reasonable to believe, that it has a tendency to cultivate a wrong habit of spirit, and gradually and secretly to render truth less sacred. If it is a good thing, that the Ichneuman breaks crocodile eggs, it is equally wise to destroy these seeds of lies in the germ.

2. *There are lies of pride,* which have their origin in pride. Thus it is often the case that persons, who love to draw upon themselves the attention of their fellow-men, will seek to exalt themselves in their eyes by a violation of truth. Something which they did, or saw, or heard of, is greatly exaggerated for the purpose of making themselves of much consideration for having done, or seen, or heard it. Thus all boasters are also necessarily liars. Persons who have travelled much, and have the weakness of vanity withal, are in great temptation to do violence to truth. It was to ridicule this kind of lying, that Gulliver's travels were written. Vain persons, who get into a position where an acknowledgment of the truth would be humiliating to themselves, are apt to escape the dilemma by a lie. They reason thus: "It is better to tell a lie, than to be caught." Thus, also, children early learn to attempt to escape from trouble by a lie. This expedient, when one uses it for a time, ceases to cause the conscience

any uneasiness, and is therefore constantly resorted to in any emergency. Persons who are fond of telling wonderful stories to tickle their own vanity, are found among all classes.

From motives of vanity, persons tell lies as to their age; as to their relations to, and acquaintance with eminent persons; as to the extent of their acquirements in science or mechanics, as to the extent of their reading, or the amount of their wealth. Besides, there is any amount of passive lying, when persons silently acquiesce in the existence of impressions favorable to their wealth, knowledge, good deeds, or social position, for which they know there is no foundation. By silence they give consent to a falsehood which flatters their pride.

3. *Lies of Politeness*—lies occasioned by a desire to be polite.

Persons will often equivocate, or give their assent to an opinion contrary to their own real convictions, from fear of offending, or from a desire to please. Lord Chesterfield's manual of politeness is a strong attempt to create lying into a system; and there are only too many who have learned the lesson well.

Flattery, too, is a rich source of polite lying. To this class of lies belong all idle, unmeaning and extravagant compliments, so common among all classes; all inflated expressions of gratitude, surprise, and admiration, and all groundless apologies. In short, whenever you see a smooth-tongued, over-accommodating, polite prattler, you see one who, in the multitude of his pretended good breeding, utters a hundred untruths during a single evening party. This thing was "the least of his thoughts;" that gave him "unspeakable pleasure;" and for something else he was "uncommonly sorry." Then, from mere affectation, he is led to ask many questions, thus pretending to need and desire information, when in truth he knows as well as the one of whom he inquires. Surely such persons walk in a vain show, and act as if true politeness required us to diverge as far as possible from the beautiful simplicity of the truth. What a fearful moral obliquity underlies this whole habit of life! The very fact, that any one can violate truth thus easily, and perhaps even thoughtlessly, only shows how well he is inured to lying, and how little susceptibility there is left to the loveliness of truth. This kind of politeness is like vines and flowers that grow over ruins; the beauty which they reveal, hides slimy, hateful worms and hissing serpents!

4. *There are lies for gain.* Whenever any one wishes to take advantage of his neighbor, or in any way impose upon the community, he is sure to lie. In bargain, purchase and sale, if the truth were known, the transaction on both sides is often paved with lies. This anaconda, like the one in the tropics, lathers its victim before it swallows him. This vampire, like the natural one, fans the prey while it sucks its blood.

The article to be sold is misrepresented; its cost is falsified; its value is exaggerated. While there are, of course, noble exceptions, and many of them, is it too much to say, that, in many cases, where there is the absence of high principle, and of a strict, conscientious regard to truth, a hundred violations of truth are thus committed in the transactions of a single day. Suppose they were all written down: they would fill a page a day—a volume of over three hundred pages a year—a library in the life-time of such a business man!—a solemn record—a formidable series of ledgers to be settled in the day of judgment!

There is no need of untruth in trade. The seller is justly entitled to a

necessary profit. This is understood; and the buyer is in truth and honor bound to allow the profit. Why then cover the margin between the wholesale and retail price with falsehoods, and make it a disputed territory for inglorious contention by stratagems. Men of business in this age are exposed to fearful temptations in this direction, and their love of truth must be much stronger than their love of money, if they escape to their homes in the evening, and to their churches, on Sunday, with clear consciences. The person that buys, by pressing a bargain, may, and often does tempt the seller to untruth, and thus, although it does not justify him who sells by the aid of falsehood, yet the buyer makes himself partaker in his sin.

It is useless to say, that such trifling with truth in business transactions, and a sacrificing of it to the spirit of gain, is understood to exist, and is therefore innocent. It is a crying evil. Honorable tradesmen and merchants, as well as the community, are deeply injured by it. It is the door to dishonesty, and has a direct tendency to undermine and destroy all confidence between man and man in the intercourse of business. All such gain must prove a curse in the end; for "wo to him that buildeth his house in unrighteousness, and his chambers in wrong." (Jer. 22: 13.) "A poor man is better than a liar." (Prov. 19: 22.) "The getting of treasures by a lying tongue is vanity." (Prov. 21: 6.) "Behold, ye trust in lying words, that cannot profit." (Jer. 7: 8.)

5. Political lying, as it may be called, has in these days acquired a sufficient notoriety to deserve special notice. It is not to be concealed, that truth is violated at a fearful rate among politicians. Who believes one-fourth of what is said and printed about candidates for office? No sane person. Even the doings of council halls cannot be received with confidence through second hands. We have seen enactments from official journals falsified, and so printed for party purposes. Documents are forged to charge sentiments on men which they never held or expressed. The most eminent men in the country are belied to such an extent, that European papers have said, that if the one-half which is said and printed in regard to our great men be true, instead of being exalted to office, they deserve to be exalted to the gallows!

All this may be treated as a trivial matter, but it is in truth a great evil. If this kind of lying were not customary, and any one should thus slander the worthies of the land, he would be frowned upon as superlatively mean and wicked. But is its enormity less real, because it is customary? No—greater; because it shows that the public habit and spirit has become so inured to the lie, that the conscience, instead of instinctively protesting against the general spirit of untruth, lives in it with freedom, as in its own proper element. How has truth fallen in our streets! With regard to us, as a land, the language of the prophet is literally fulfilled: "This is a nation in which truth is perished, and is cut off from their mouth." (Jer. 7: 28.)

Who can calculate the influence which this habitual resort to untruth, on the part of our political papers and public men, must exert on the people, and especially on the young? It has a powerful tendency to destroy all sacred estimation of the truth. The feeling comes gradually to prevail, that falsehood is not only no disgrace, but absolutely necessary to secure a desired end.

6. Worst of all, and perhaps most prevalent, are lies of malice and re-

venge. These are such as are the deliberate production of a wicked heart for the purpose of injuring another in character, good name and influence. It is sometimes almost unaccountable, how reports utterly false are put into circulation; but it is easily explained, when we remember a fact which has a thousand times been verified, that there are persons who can and do frame and circulate falsehoods from pure malice. It is true that these lies do often correct themselves, when the source whence they proceed is ascertained; but often, too, for a time, and to some extent, they prevail, and the innocent victims are made to suffer in their good name. There are always persons who take pleasure in seeing the good name of others suffer, especially such as it is their interest to see defamed, and such as they dislike, and hence will the more readily entertain such ill reports as the lying propensity of others may have invented. This is on the see-saw principle of the old couplet:

“Whene’er my rival goeth down,
Then up go I.”

But how morbid, yea hellish, is that ambition, which will elevate itself on ruins!

This kind of lying is common among all tattlers and tale-bearers, and the rest of the long-tongued tribe. These are found in all communities; it is even supposed by some, and the opinion has at least been hinted privately, if not even expressed in a confidential way, that there may be, and that there perhaps is some remote ground for the opinion, that, at least one, perhaps even two, such characters might be found among the readers of the *Guardian*!

This class of persons always know more than others, though their opportunities for knowing may be far less. Any matter that goes through their mouths, always acquires additional force and ornament. The smallest hint of a story defamatory of another, by them put out to usury, yields some thirty, some sixty, and some a hundred fold. The old grandfather and grandmother of this generation are eloquently and correctly described in an ancient chronicle, thus: “And withal they learn to be idle, wandering about from house to house; and not only idlers, but tattlers also, and busy-bodies, speaking things which they ought not.” 1 Tim. v. 13. This evil was already prohibited in the Levitical law: “Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale-bearer among thy people.” Lev. xix. 16. “The words of a tale-bearer are as wounds,” says Solomon. Prov. xxvi. 22.

Our subject is too large for us. As the Devil, the father of lies, said of himself, so we must say of his progeny, their name is “Legion;” for they are many. We must leave some for the reader to guess. Pious lies; or lies told with a view to secure some good end: Lies of action, as when one deceives another by a look, smile, frown, or gesture: Perjury, or lies under oath: promise-breaking: want of punctuality to meet engagements: lies to children to make them good, by the fear of the “black man” or the “bear” in the closet, garret, or cellar—“*Id genus omne*”—all the rest of this tribe.

7. One more kind of lies, however, requires notice: “Lies of necessity,” (Noth-luegen,) not because it is necessary to be guilty of them, but because men commit them because they think it is necessary.

There are those, who believe, that there are cases in which a lie is ne-

cessary, and therefore justifiable: as lies to a sick man in reference to his true state, to keep up his hope as help to his recovery: lies to a robber, to save property or life: lies to lunatics, to control them: lies to impertinent persons, to preserve secret what they have no right to know.

All such pleas might be answered separately; but they are all answered by the principle, that truth is a greater good than any supposed or real personal and immediate good that can possibly be secured by a lie. It can be shown by thousands of cases, that in any of the instances given, or similar ones that might be given, the results desired to be attained do not follow, and if they did, they would be too dearly bought by a lie. Could secrets, property, yea life itself, be saved by a lie, such loss is not for a moment to be measured by the moral injury effected to the soul by a lie. Take the highest possible consideration—that of saving life—and the answer given by the universal judgment of men, and plainly by the law of God, is—there is that which is better than life. Millions of times, in the history of the world, has truth asked life as a price, and millions of martyrs have answered, in such a conflict we count not our lives dear to ourselves. They have said, “It is not necessary that we should live, but it is necessary that truth should.” What is the example, the time-serving spirit, the nerveless faith, of here and there a cowardly, cringing, selfish man, who would contend, that he may lie to secure some personal, temporal end, against the voice of “the noble army of martyrs,” which comes sounding through the ages, and which is more like the voice of God than a thousand thunders.

Several additional considerations may be offered to prove that a lie is, in no possible case, justifiable.

1. To lie is forbidden, and therefore wrong and sinful. God will never suffer us to be placed in circumstances where it will be necessary for us to sin. Will God, who commands us not to lie, bring us into a position where we must lie?

2. The command not to lie is positive and absolute, without any modifications or conditions. It is no where even intimated, that in certain positions we may lie. It is not said, You may lie to save your life, or to gain some other good end.

3. The command not to lie is part of the moral law; and it lies in the nature of a moral law, that it is in no case reversible. It has its ground in the nature of God—is his will expressed—is adapted, as a necessity, to the nature of man and to all his relations. We may as well say that under certain circumstances we may have other gods before Him, as that in certain cases we may lie. To make a moral law dependent on circumstances, or to leave its reversal in any case to the human will, for the regulation of which it exists, is a simple absurdity, and would do away with the very existence of moral law. Archimedes could not move the world without a fulcrum outside of it; so human actions cannot be regulated by the caprice of human judgment. Truth is truth in itself—right is right in itself—no circumstances can make it any thing else. It is like a brazen wall; men may knock out their brains against it, while it stands unhurt even as God Himself.

4. Lying in any case is forbidden by the law, that we must not do evil that good may come. To lie is evil; but this evil is to be done, that good may be the result. Who would send the Devil on an errand of doing

good? Just so wise is it to make sin a means of grace, by attempting to secure good by a lie. It is proposed to produce certain results, but results cannot be produced by *us* when they depend on the *will* of another; and *God* will certainly not, by a *lie* in *us*, produce them in another for our good!

No time is left me to show the prevalence and extent of lying. No doubt the quaint observation of the good old Scotch divine would apply to our time and country, as well as to his own. He was reading to his people the 116th Psalm. When he came to the verse: "I said in my haste, All men are liars," he exclaimed, by way of impromptu comment—"Ah, good David, had you lived in our day, you would nae ha said it in your haste; you would hae said it at your *leisure*!"

As to the evil effects of this sin, who can describe them? On the person himself the consequences are most disastrous. Who respects a liar? How reluctant are we to trust him again, who has once deceived us!

But who shall write the history of a single lie, and tell all its sad effects on others? A snow-bird on the top of the Alps, in rising or lighting, starts the least flake with its foot; it gathers, rolls, increases, and a village is buried at the foot! Such is the course of a lie. In a foul mouth it starts—through families, social circles, communities it rolls—honor, reputation, and the peace of thousands are buried beneath its gathering terrors.

But why do we labor to describe, when we have it so well and eloquently done in an ancient classic? "Behold, we put bits in the horses' mouths, that they may obey us; and we turn about their whole body. Behold, also, the ships, which, though they be so great, and are driven of fierce winds, yet are they turned about with a very small helm, whithersoever the governor listeth. Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth! (And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity:) so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell. For every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed, of mankind; but the tongue can no man tame: it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison." James iii.

I WONDER.—When a young man is a clerk in a store, and dresses like a prince, smoking "foin cigars," drinking "noice French brandy," attending theatres, balls and the like; I wonder if he does all this upon the avails of his clerkship?

When a young lady sits in the parlor with lily-white fingers covered with rings; I wonder if her mother don't wash the dishes and do the work in the kitchen?

When a man goes three times a day to a tavern to get a dram; I wonder if he will not by and by go *four times*?

When a lady laces her waist a third smaller than nature made it; I wonder if her "pretty figure" will not shorten her life some dozen years or more, besides making her miserable while she does live?

THE SILKWORM.

From the German of Agnes Franz.

BY THE EDITOR.

Weary from the toils of the day Enos returned from the fields. His face was burnt brown by the heat of the sun, and on his brow were the furrows of care.

Silently he enters the door of his humble hut. There sat Naema his wife still busily engaged in weaving, while before her lay three skins which she had finished off for her three sons; and all this she had done in modest silence, so that no one was aware of her weariness; for her industry was without outward show as unassuming as her mild disposition.

When Enos looked upon the three garments of skins, and the wearisome work of weaving at which her unwearied hands were still busily toiling although the sun had already gone down, his heart began to heave with deep emotion. He hastened out and sat down before the door and wept; for he thought in his heart of that freedom from care which our first parents enjoyed, and the happy time of original blessedness came up like a vision before his mind.

He sighed for the lost paradise, and in cloudy sorrow said: "Wo is us! that the fruit of misery which our first parents cultivated, is thus perpetuated from generation to generation; and the curse pronounced by God: In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, must receive its fulfilment also even in the experience of the most pious of his children!"

Then Naema came out of the hut and went up to him, for she had read the grief of his countenance, and heard his desponding words. Her countenance was mild and friendly, and she said to him:

"How can the will of the Lord thus distress you? Is not man, above all creatures, blessed by the light and comfort of His Spirit? Why dost thou grieve thyself, and complain against the wise arrangements of God?"

But Enos said: "Naema, I know, that under a mild countenance thou dost ever conceal thine own distress from me! But I know the burden that presses thee well as myself. Behold the beast in the forest is happier than we; for it need not trouble itself for the coming day, and in joy and freedom from care do its hours pass away. But on us rests the curse of sin; for this reason is our life burdened with the weight of toil and drags heavily with care!"

Then Naema answered and said: "Do not call labor a burden, my beloved. It is to us the spice of life. Sweet is the peaceful meal made up of the fruit we have cultivated with toil—sweeter than the golden apples of paradise!"

Thus spake Naema; but Enos continued sad under the words of his serene wife, and sat down, silent under the palm trees before the door, whilst Naema, with diligent hands, prepared the evening meal.

At that moment the three sons of Enos returned home from the meadow, and their countenances were full of joy like the morning, and their eyes

glistened with the light of youthful life. As they came near to their parents, they began earnestly, and with one accord, to tell of a wonderful thing which they had seen, and their words were confused and unintelligible ; for they all spake at once. Then Naema bade the younger ones be silent, and said to the oldest one, "Hamet, speak, my son."

Then Hamet said: "You know, O mother, that we have built for ourselves a little hut under the mulberry tree; for we love that spot on account of the cool shade and the pleasant fruit. There we found a singular animal. It lives on the leaves of the tree, and is small like other worms, but it is very wise and skilful. Some days ago it began its wearisome labor and never stopped to rest till it finished these fine threads which we bring with us. See, mother, what glistening threads. Do you wish us to gather up the remainder, and preserve it to make garments for the festival?"

Thus spake the boy, and Naema took the silky threads and went to Enos, and said: "Behold, even this insignificant creature willingly obeys the law of God in seeking to provide for others, and thus making itself useful. With what industry has it blessed its brief day of existence! See the abundance of glistening threads this small animal has spun!"

And to the sons she said: "Go and gather the precious threads as many as you can find, and bring them in."

"Bring also with you the singular little worm who thus shares the sad toils of men!" exclaimed Enos—and the boys hastened joyfully away.

"Without doubt," continued Enos, "this creature has been created to be to us a true image of our own misery! Necessity has perhaps been also his teacher, and death will be the reward of his weary toils!"

"Always so gloomy, O Enos," replied Naema. "May not the same holy impulse which urges man to the deeds of love, also animate the instinct of the worm? Behold, is it not beautiful to labor for others, and even to leave behind for posterity the fruit of our toil; so that our labor needs no other reward than the inward satisfaction which the heart itself finds in such toil!"

Now the sons returned, and brought in a basket many more soft threads of the worm's weaving, with several of the silkworms, and laid all down at the feet of their father.

Silently did Enos contemplate the singular creatures, of which some were already half enshrined in a chrysaed. Then he said: "Behold my surmise has not deceived me:—they are spinning their own grave!"

Then Hamet smiled, and said: "So we also at first supposed, father; but now we have learnt otherwise. You see, the little worm must first fulfil its destiny before it can rejoice in its reward. Hence it labors unweariedly, and rests neither day nor night, so that we suppose it to be building its own grave. For a long while it lay apparently lifeless and deeply buried in the web it had woven—still, when we supposed it had now turned to dust, behold! there happened a brilliant miracle! For an agile butterfly broke out from what we thought to be the grave of the worm, and hovered in joyous wing over the flowers of the meadow!"

"And the glistening bundle of threads it left behind to us;" said the second boy.

"So that we might ever remember it kindly and gratefully!" added the third boy, in evident joy.

Then the face of Enos kindled up with a smile, and he said to

Naema: "May we interpret this singular wonder as a blessed prophecy from God?"

And Naema answered: "Believe what comforts you, beloved! In my heart I have always carried the conviction, that our inward life, the joy of the soul, ever more beautifully unfolds its wings the more wholly our outward life is consecrated to the service of mankind."

"GRANDMOTHER."

She is not a fashionable old lady, we are aware, and sometimes offends against a fastidious sense of etiquette; but what if she does? Would she be that same dear, old, beloved, grandmother if she did not? Think of her when there is no "company" present, whom you desire to impress with an idea of your refinement and importance. Think of her patience, her excellence, her devotion, her long life of labor and struggle to achieve the position which you at present enjoy. Think of the old homestead, where, as a boy or girl, you were accustomed to run riot. Think of the bowls of delicious milk, the saucers of berries, the immense slices of bread and butter, and "chunks" of cake, which, in those halcyon days of school vacation and tremendous appetite, you were accustomed to devour. Think of the merry-makings and thanksgivings beneath the same old roof-tree, the famous chicken-pie, the golden pumpkin, the red-cheeked apples, saved for your special benefit; and, finally, of the many deserved whippings which were saved by grandmamma's pleadings alone. Suppose she will persist in wearing the same ancient stuff gown, the same muslin 'kerchief neatly crossed over her breast, the same wide-bordered cap and black ribbon; suppose she says "cheer" for chair, and "edducation" for education; and even suppose she likes, occasionally, to smoke a little out of an old-fashioned pipe—what then? Would you have her one whit otherwise? Do not her oddities and peculiarities form part of herself? Do they not belong to her, just as the gnarled and knotted appearance belong to the trunk of the aged oak, and instead of diminishing our regard and respect, increase it fourfold, and make it sacred? You, fastidious young lady, who admire elegance, who plume yourself so much on being delicate and lady-like, do you know what gross and mean vulgarity you are guilty of, when you urge your mother to keep grandmother from coming into the parlor, because Mrs. So-and-so is there, or Mr. So-and-so is expected to call? Do you think the kind old lady does not see, and is not wounded by such wickedness and ingratitude on the part of the little ones, whom she has cared for and watched over? Do you think she does not shed bitter tears in the solitude of her own room on the past and the present; over the days when, a happy wife and mother, she rocked her own dearly-loved and fondly-cared for children in the cradle; over the time when themselves having assumed the same holy relations, she welcomed them, with their new-born cares and hopes, to the fostering maternal wing, and completed, by her pride and joy in their welfare, the circle of their earthly felicity? Poor grandmother! how all is changed now; the husband of her youth,

the partner of so many joys and sorrows, dead; the old house in other hands, and herself despised, and barely tolerated, by those who owe her the deepest love and reverence. It is one of the best tests of genuine nobleness in man or woman, the thorough appreciation of, and reverence for, the virtues and excellence of old people, especially those united by ties of blood, and, perhaps, shrouded in what sometimes seem strange and uncouth forms. Note well the man or woman, young, elegant, attractive though they may be, who are ashamed of their early home and lowly antecedents, and they will be found treacherous friends, and mean, malicious, cowardly foes, without the knowledge or conception of honor, truth, or sincerity. We beg young girls and young men to reflect upon this. Tenderness and deference, even if they are not the promptings of the heart, are so graceful in youth toward old age, that one would think this consideration alone, would be sufficient to induce the exhibition of these qualities, at least before the world.—*Jennie June.*

THE BEGGAR-BOY AND THE FLOWERS.


The following story, the origin of which we cannot trace, beautifully illustrates the power of kindness: "Go away from there, you old beggar-boy! You've no right to be looking at our flowers," shouted a little fellow from the garden, where he was standing. The poor boy, who was pale, dirty, and ragged, was leaning against the fence, admiring the splendid show of roses and tulips within. His face reddened with anger at the rude language, and he was about to answer defiantly, when a little girl sprang out from an arbor near, and looking at both, said to her brother: "How could you speak so, Herbert? I'm sure his looking at the flowers don't hurt us." And then, to soothe the wounded feelings of the stranger, she added: "Little boy, I'll pick you some flowers if you'll wait a moment," and she immediately gathered a pretty bouquet, and handed it through the fence. His face brightened with surprise and pleasure, and he earnestly thanked her. Twelve years after this occurrence, the girl had grown to a woman. One bright afternoon she was walking with her husband in the garden, when she observed a young man in workman's dress, leaning over the fence, and looking attentively at her and at the flowers. Turning to her husband, she said: "It does me good to see people admiring the garden; I'll give that young man some of the flowers;" and, approaching him, she said:

"Are you fond of flowers, sir? It will give me great pleasure to gather you some."

The young workman looked into her fair face, and then said in a voice tremulous with feeling:

"Twelve years ago I stood here, a ragged beggar-boy, and you showed me the same kindness. The bright flowers and your pleasant words made a new boy of me; ay, and they made a man of me, too. Your face, madam, has been a light to me in many dark hours of life; and now, thank God, though that boy is still an humble, hard-working man, he is an honest and a grateful one." Tears stood in the eyes of the lady, as, turning to her husband, she said: "God put it into my young heart to do that little kindness, and see how great a reward it has brought!"

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WE BELONG TO CHRIST.

BY THE EDITOR.

That we do belong to Him admits of no dispute. We may disown His right in us and over us; but we cannot destroy it. "The Lord hath made all things for Himself; even the wicked for the day of evil."

In the last day it will be seen that even those who opposed God, and refused to submit to Him in willing obedience, will be made to exalt His glorious justice. The wrath of man must praise Him; the remainder of wrath will He restrain. Every knee must bow to Him, either willingly or by dreadful constraint. Every tongue must confess Him, either with gratitude to His grace, or with unwilling acquiescence in His justice. "Know ye not that the Lord, He is God? It is He that made us, and not we ourselves." Shall the creature disown the Creator? He may refuse to take his place as a living stone in the building, but he cannot avoid being made a part of the scaffolding for its creation. "For of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things."

As Christians, however, we are Christ's by far stronger and sweeter ties. We are His, not merely as creatures, but as children. We are not only His as He upholds us, but we are His as He is our life. He is not only *over* us, as He is over the wicked; but He is *in* us, as our immortality and our peace. He is not merely our proprietor, but our Redeemer. He was before us as creator. He has bought us as redeemer. He has been with us as preserver. He is beneath us as supporter. He is over us as ruler. He is around us as protector. He is before us as guide. He is in us as our life.

This ownership of Christ in us extends over our entire person, and over the whole period of our history. Our *souls* are His. We became a living soul by the breath of life which He breathed into us. All the faculties

of our souls have also been redeemed by Him; they are preserved by Him; they are to be sanctified by His Spirit, and to be devoted to His glory. Our will is His; He has a right to direct it. Our understanding is His; He enlightens it, and asks to employ it to His praise. Our memory is His; He fills it with recollections of His goodness. Our imagination is His; He uses it to bring before the eye of our faith some faint idea of the glory that shall be finally revealed in us. Thus, all our soul's faculties, being from Him, being preserved by Him, are His, and must be devoted to Him, as living offerings of gratitude and love.

Our *bodies* are His. He created them. He preserves them by His power, and feeds them from His goodness. His saving grace extends to them, as well as to our souls. He saves the whole man, body and soul. He makes our bodies temples of His Spirit. He shall "change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body." (Phil. iii. 21.) It was spoiled by sin, and must sink, under the power of corruption, into the grave; but it is His, and He does not forsake it, but saves it. "It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." (1 Cor. xv. 14.)

The effects of the religious life upon the body are seen even in this life. Compare the man of lust and sin with the temperate and chaste man; compare the aged saint with the aged sinner, and see whether there is not a difference observable, even in the lineaments and features of the body. The one is placid, serene, and heavenly, with a feature of purity and peace playing upon its surface, and shining out from within, which proclaims it the abode of a soul holy, and at peace with itself and with its God. In the case of the sinner you have the same mysterious lineaments of mischief which long habit, and the workings of a wicked spirit from within, have fixed immovably there. There is something scowling, repulsive and fierce in the sinner's face—

"Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds of gloom and fire!
In which the experienced eye can read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed."

Thus the whole man, soul and body, is the Lord's. He operates on them both, by His grace, to sanctification and salvation. Hence the prayer of Paul in behalf of the Christians at Thessalonica: "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ." (1 Thes. v. 23.)

If our bodies are His, let us not treat them as our own. Let us not abuse them as a vile thing. "What, know ye not that your bodies are the members of Christ?" (1 Cor. vi. 15.) If they are His members, let them be employed in His service and to His glory. Let the ear hear for Him. Let the eye see for Him. Let the tongue speak for Him. Let the hands work for His glory, and let the feet walk in the path of righteousness. "What, know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's." (1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.) What a solemn

reflection is this! Most appropriately does the apostle exhort: "Let not sin, therefore, reign in your mortal body, that ye should obey it in the lusts thereof. Neither yield ye your members as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin: but yield yourselves unto God, as those that are alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of righteousness unto God." (Rom. vi. 12, 13.)

We are His in *life*. Eternal life has its beginnings in this life. The eternal world will only consummate what is here begun. We will, therefore, not only be His when we get to Him, and into the possession of His glory in Heaven, but we are His in this life. We are prone to selfishness, and consequently are apt to look upon our relation to Christ in this life as something not so much to be enjoyed as to be endured, on account of what it promises in the life to come. Hence there is a kind of piety which thinks more of what it shall enjoy in the world to come, than it does of what it can do to glorify Him in this world. We are, however, *now* His; and are not to devote our powers of body or mind to our own interests, only carrying religion along as something to be used in death for comfort, and something to be enjoyed in heaven. No; here and now already we are His. We are to feel like His; yield ourselves constantly to Him in true devotion; submit our will to His, and labor with body and mind for His glory. If we improve our talents in life, it is for Him. If we increase our wealth, it is for Him. If we secure influence, it must be cast on the side of His cause and kingdom. "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." (1 Cor. x. 31.)

We are His in *death*. Being His in life, we do not become our own in death. "For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's. For to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living." (Rom. xiv. 7, 8, 9.) Christ's life is in us, and His dominion over us, from the time we become His, on through our eternal history; and of course we are His in death, as well as before and after.

We die, not to ourselves, but to Him. The world is affected by the death of every man, to some extent. His place is vacant; his influence is withdrawn; his labors cease. The relations and dependencies of society which centred in him must now be otherwise hinged. Man, in social life, stands like a tree in a forest, whose limbs are intertwined with those of other trees, and through and around whose branches various vines have crept for support: when the tree falls, all that surround it are affected. Though the death of one man, especially if he be obscure, seems a small event amid the thousands that fall, yet, when we look at all the delicate ties, relations and dependencies, by which society is bound together, it is an event affecting the equilibrium of social life, far and wide. The vacancy will touch at all the points which he filled while living, and must be filled out by others, in some way or other.

Over all this an all-wise Providence presides. He knows when, how, and why our death should take place just at such a time and under such circumstances. His all-seeing eye, extending over the whole organism of social life, sees when we have fulfilled our mission, and when we may be released from our part by the call: "Well done, good and faithful servant;

thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." (Matt. xxv. 23.)

The cause of Christ is also seriously affected, either for good or for evil, by the manner and character of our death. In many instances, in the case of martyrs, the cause of Christ was as much honored and benefitted by their death as by their life. So, also, the death of Christians, who died in quiet and peaceful times, has been such as to make a deep and lasting impression in favor of religion. Weak believers have been encouraged and sinners have been alarmed by the peaceful and triumphant death of God's people. In thousands of cases have the solemn words of exhortation and warning, uttered by the trembling lips of the dying, been the occasion of bringing neighbors or friends to repentance.

Who, in "the chamber where the good man meets his fate," has not deeply sighed forth the words of Balaam: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his?" (Num. xxiii. 10.) Thus the death of Christians, even as their life, is the Lord's. We ought to labor and pray, that we may be able to glorify God and honor His religion in our death. In this respect we have Christ as an example; His death, as well as His life, belonged to His mission of love to us; so must we glorify His grace in our death, even as in our life.

It will be easily seen how, to be the Lord's in body and soul, in life and in death, is a great source of comfort. If our souls are His, He will enlighten, enlarge, sanctify and save them. If our bodies are His, He will embalm them in grace for the grave, and raise them by His power, renew them like unto His own glorified body, and make them happy sharers in the life everlasting. If we are His in life, then whom shall we fear? He will deliver us from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence. He will cover us with His feathers, and under His wings shall we trust. His truth shall be our shield and buckler. We shall not be afraid of the terror by night, nor of the arrow that flieth by day. A thousand shall fall by our side, and ten thousand at our right hand, but the danger shall not come nigh to us. No evil shall befall us, neither shall any plague come nigh our dwelling. He shall give His angels charge over us, to keep us in all our ways; they shall bear us up in their hands. Because He has set His love upon us, therefore will He deliver us; He will set us up on high, because we have known His name. With long life will He satisfy us, and show us His salvation.

If we are His in death, He will make our death an honor to His cause and a comfort to us. He will take away its victory and its sting. Though it may look dark and comfortless to us at a distance, He will make it put on tenderness and smiles as it approaches near to us. As the day of life draws to a close, He will cause a serener and softer twilight to gather around us, and will make the portals which lead through the night of death, like the golden vista in the evening sky, sweet and inviting inlets into a brighter and better land. The gate of death, though hung in robes of mourning, emits, as it opens, streams of light and glory. And as he approaches it, the Christian sings, with joyful heart, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

"How blest the righteous, when he dies!

When sinks a weary soul to rest:

How mildly beam the closing eyes,

How gently heaves the expiring breast!

“So fades a summer cloud away ;
So sinks the gale, when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.”

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF F. W. KRUMMACHER.

An objection may be made to the Evangelical Calendar, that one day (June 27) of the year is consecrated to the memory of the *Seven Sleepers*, who belong, with their miraculously-prolonged lives, entirely to the sphere of *poetry*. But there lies hidden full oft in the *dreams* of the Church a deep meaning; and these *seven*, as significant allegorical personages, claim admission at the gates of the Church, over which is written the inscription—*All is yours*.

For twelve centuries the legend of the seven Ephesian youths has been narrated over the world, either in religious history or spiritual song. The Christian Orient and Occident are both full of it; and not only the *Christian*, the heathen Arabians also were acquainted with it at an early period, and Mahomet—the false prophet—incorporated it in his *Alcoran*, having invested it with poetic form after his conception. Who were the Seven Sleepers? Let us listen to the legend, as we receive it particularly from the lips of the celebrated, old church historian, Gregory of Tours, whose rich life was spent in the latter half of the sixth century.

It was about the year 250 of our era, when the Emperor *Decius*, the most inhuman persecutor of the Christians among the Roman Emperors, on a tour through his immense empire, arrived at Ephesus in Asia Minor, where the gospel had found a lodging many years before; the larger portion of the population, however, still adhered to *Heathenism*, in spite of better knowledge, and in opposition to their consciences. The Emperor had scarcely arrived, when he ordered a great sacrifice in honor of *Zais*, *Apollo*, and *Artemis*, or *Diana*—the recognised tutelar divinities of the city, and ordered that every one, without regard to station, age, or religious persuasion, should participate in the festival, under penalty of his imperial anger, and of fearful punishments for those who disobeyed the order. Among the Christians, who were resolved from the very first, rather to suffer the extremest penalties than to deny their Master, and to pollute themselves with the abominations of idolatry, were seven youths descended from noble families. The legend gives their names, in Latin, as follows:—*Maximinian*, *Malchus*, *Martiminian*, *Dionysius*, *Joannes*, *Serapio*, and *Constantine*. As soon as information reached Decius, concerning their conduct, he ordered them before him. They came, bright, peaceful, and self-composed. “Go,” commanded the Emperor, “and bring frankincense to offer up to the supreme powers.” “The highest power,” they answered, “sits enthroned above in heaven, and is the almighty and

living God, who made heaven and earth. To Him, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, we address our prayers, but never again to dumb idols, who are *naught*." With savage glance he surveyed these courageous young confessors, and pondered over their style of speaking and general bearing, with the view of attracting them by favors to do his will. It must be confessed that the aim of the tyrant, from the beginning, was not so much persecution of *Christians*, as the uprooting of *Christianity*; for which reason his weapons were not the axe and the stake, but flattering words and persuasive arguments were first employed, and then, with fiendish invention, he contrived *tortures*, through which it might certainly be anticipated that an absolute, public denial would be wrung from the martyrs. When the seven were not affected by the very gracious condescension of the Emperor, he commanded that they should be loaded with the heaviest chains. As soon, however, as he perceived that *martyrdom* was only as *oil* to the flames of the courageous souls, he had the irons taken off, and declared to them—after showing the fearful consequences which persevering stubbornness would insure—that he would allow them time for *reflection* on their conduct until he returned to Ephesus.

With stout hearts the seven departed from the presence of the Emperor, outlawed with the heathen on account of the Emperor's anger, and yet *admired* secretly by them. But whither now? There was no need of *reflection*; for their resolution, to be induced by no consideration to deny their faith, was as firm as a rock. So they agreed that, as long as God would give them power, they would avoid the tyrant. Their course was directed finally to a mountain, which arose not far from Ephesus. Here they discovered a cave extending some distance in the rocks, with its entrance concealed by a thicket of trees. They entered this with the view of remaining so long as it pleased the Lord. One of the youthful band, *Malchus*, probably least known in Ephesus, had the duty of securing their daily food; thus they lived together, happy in the consciousness that the hairs of their head were numbered, and that so long as God was for them no man could be against them.

The day of the Emperor's return drew near. The hearts of many Christians were filled with fear and trembling; those of the seven were full of good courage. One of the first questions which was asked by the mighty ruler, on his return, referred to the "obstinate." "They have disappeared," was the answer. But their disappearance had not taken place unnoticed. Spies were bribed to track them out, who were not a little rejoiced, by a betrayal of their place of concealment, to commend themselves to the favor of the mighty despot. *Decius*, confirmed in his supposition that the obstinate youths would not be moved to a *denial* of their faith, either by mild or strong measures, quickly discarded the moderation that could no longer be thought of. "Wall up these rebellious boys in their rocky grave," he cried, in a burning rage, "and let them perish of hunger, in darkness, as they deserve." The command given was executed! His officers, with a troop of horse, set out without delay to perform the work.

A man, still a *heathen*, but then under the influence of the gospel, and not far from the kingdom of God, hears what is about to be done, and conceives great sympathy for the young martyrs. He will cheerfully do any thing for them; but what can he do? It seems an impossibility to supply

them with food; and, besides, it would be attended with the greatest peril to him. He will at least take care that, if the cave is ever opened in later times, *posterity* shall know *whose* bones are contained therein, and shall bestow that crown of honor posthumously, which blind and cruel contemporaries deny. He takes a roll of parchment, inscribes on it the names of the youthful martyrs, with a brief account of the bold confession, with which they glorified their God in the presence of the Emperor and his followers, and then places it within a small iron box, and, whilst the masons were occupied in rolling up blocks of stone and mixing mortar for the terrible imprisonment, he shoves the same unnoticed into the mouth of the cave, and then leaves quietly with a deeply agitated heart.

Soon the desired intelligence is brought to the king that the terrible work has been finished; and many a sneering "*Good night*" is shouted, as though a salutation from hell itself, around the awful rocky prison.

Not a few, however, cry out to them *their* "*good night*" in the spirit of fraternal prayer; and the God of David, when in the cave of Adullum, and the God of Daniel in the lion's den, will take to heart the warm, loving wishes of these brethren.

Not a ray of daylight shines now for the seven; but with courage they say with Micah: *When I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me.* Of bread and water, they had none; and whence should either come to them? They bethink them of Solomon's words in the psalm: *He giveth His beloved sleep*, and are comforted. They praise God that He has considered them worthy to endure this affliction for His sake. Thus they lay themselves down in peace, and—*fall asleep*. They sleep as sweetly as though on silken cushions. They sleep securely, as though angels kept watch by their hard bed, and drove away all painful dreams. Let us leave them to their slumbers—writing over their heads, on the dark rock, these words of David: *How excellent is Thy loving-kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of Thy wings.*

Ages have passed away, and generations have disappeared as a shadow. Let us imagine ourselves one hundred and eighty-seven years from the time of the incident just mentioned. *Decius*, the tyrant, has long since rotted in his grave. The world has assumed another aspect. We find ourselves again in Ephesus. What has happened?—A wealthy farmer contemplates building a strong enclosure for his cattle; and as he looks over his large estate, for the purpose of procuring the necessary material, he discovers a wall, closing a grotto in the rocks, which is made of broad, well-hewn stones. The mortar, holding the blocks of stone together, is weather-beaten, and has become brittle,—and he conceives the idea of taking the stones away, and using them for his newly-planned work. Picks and crow-bars are soon put to work, and in a short time the shrewd landlord accomplishes his design. His supposition, that the stone-wall closed up a grotto, is confirmed; of course, he has no idea, *what* grotto? It was—the cave of *the Seven Sleepers*, so long concealed, so long forgotten by the world. It now lies open, and, with the entrance of the first rays of day-light—(here the legend begins to clothe itself in *pictorial* form, and to become an *allegory*)—there is heard the watch-cry of the Almighty. The slumberers awake, rejoice with sweet surprise that the precious light of the sun shines in their faces, and with peaceful hearts praise the Lord God, in that he had considered them worthy of so *speedy* a release from

captivity; for it seems to them as though but *one ordinary night* had intervened between the period of their incarceration and the present. After they had offered up their prayers together, Malchus recollects his duty, and proceeds to Ephesus to secure bread for his brothers and himself. On his way to the city, every thing seemed as strange as though he were in a foreign land. This is no longer the same path that he had so often trod. The neighborhood is not the same through which he had so often passed. He imagines that, while immersed in thought, he has erred, and taken a wrong direction. But the path certainly leads towards the city. There it lies before him. But how great is his astonishment when he sees, at a distance, rays reflected from a *cross*, raised high over the gates of the same,—the cross which heretofore he had been accustomed only to gaze upon in the silent solitude of the woods, or in hidden grottoes and caves. He reaches the gates; but dare he now trust his eyes? Every thing looks different to him. The houses have a brighter and more friendly appearance; the images of the gods have disappeared from the public places; instead of heathen temples, he sees here and there proud cupolas adorned with glittering crosses projecting heavenwards; and when he enters the *Forum*, he hears the people appealing in their oaths to Almighty God, even using the name of Christ, instead of Artemis and Apollo. "Is it a sweet dream that thus enwraps my soul?" he asks himself, and looks about for some one who can clearly satisfy him whether he is awake or dreaming. He addresses a man on the streets: "Friend, tell me the name of this city." "It is called Ephesus," is the answer. "*Ephesus?*" says Malchus to himself. "Is this indeed the *same Ephesus*, from which, a few days ago, the imperial anger banished us?" He reels. Every thing, even his own existence, is to him a *riddle*. He recollects the object that brings him to the city, goes to a baker's, and asks for bread. After he gets it, he gives in payment a silver coin. The baker takes it, turns it with his fingers, looks at it on all sides, and then, in surprise, says: "This is quite an antique coin. It bears the image and the inscription of the Emperor *Decius*. Whence did you get it?" "What has become of the Emperor *Decius?*" replies Malchus. "Has he left the city again? and *when* did he leave?" The baker and the bystanders, who had collected in the mean while around him, gaze at the mysterious inquirer with doubtful countenances, being uncertain whether he is sane. Then one remarks that the stranger has, perhaps, found somewhere a concealed treasure; and when the others also chime in with this opinion, they demand from Malchus that he should show them the *place* where he had concealed the treasure. But *Malchus* rejects this curious conjecture as unfounded, and continues to repeat the question, "Where is the Emperor *Decius*? What is the reason that the sign of the cross is raised over every building? Has the city been just converted to Christianity?" The people then determine to carry the mysterious oddity to the *Bishop*, and to leave the farther investigation of the strange business to him.

The Bishop of the city, an honest, earnest man, asks the youth in a kindly manner, who he is, and whence he comes? And Malchus reveals to him that he is one of those seven youths, who, a short time since, had been walled in a rocky cavern in the neighboring mountain, on account of their faith, by the Emperor *Decius*, and to whom the Lord their God had right soon again given their liberty. "The Emperor *Decius!*" replied the

ecclesiastic, greatly surprised. "Nearly two hundred years have passed away since *Decius* governed the Roman empire. Many Emperors have followed him on that throne. *Theodosius*, by the grace of God, Emperor, reigns now. Heathenism has been overthrown long since, and the cross has gained the victory over the globe. But say on, where are thy six companions? Show me the cave in which you were incarcerated." The Bishop having said this, Malchus conducted him, and in his train a large crowd of Christians, to the rocky cavern, and to his brothers. When they arrived there, the iron box was found and opened, and the information which it contained being read, gave the most complete confirmation to the wonderful mystery. The seven, by a miracle, had *slumbered* through nearly *two centuries*, and been awakened at the watch-cry of the Lord in a world that had been in the mean while made *anew*. The Bishop did not delay to communicate this unheard-of occurrence immediately to the Emperor *Theodosius* at Constantinople. *Theodosius* hastened in person to Ephesus, in order to bless the youths, and being strengthened in his faith by their history, that he might praise God with them. The latter was only allowed him. The seven, immediately after Malchus had returned with the crowd of Christians bearing joyous greetings to them, in obedience to an inner revelation, had laid down in the grotto, and in that same hour the Lord took their souls to Himself in heaven. The Emperor designed erecting a golden monument over the *bodies* of the noble martyrs; but this was forbidden in a vision which he had at night, wherein the seven appeared before him, and requested that he would lay the foundation stone of a church over their rocky sepulchre.

This is the legend. Does it need interpretation? Methinks the interpretation is within the reach of every one.

Those who separate themselves from the world, and keep themselves unspotted, God holds in honor as a secret, precious treasure, and guards and protects them as "the apple of His eye." Our life is *hid with Christ in God*. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in *glory*.

The faithful belong to a kingdom, which is engaged in an uninterrupted path of victory. It struggles through, notwithstanding all opposition, contradictions, and hinderances. The children of this kingdom should only suffer these, and *bide their time*, like the sweetly-slumbering *seven*. The age of gloom, with its shadows and annoyances, is soon passed away; and one more joyous will appear as a phoenix from its ashes, that shall solve the riddles of the past.

With *God*, there is no such thing as *time*. A thousand years in His sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. As far as *this* can be apprehended by the *human consciousness*, it was manifested to the consciousness of the seven, and is manifested to *us* in their history. A sweet rest of nearly two centuries, seemed to them like the rest of a single night. During this—in the time that passed away, a *new world* grew up around them. He that keepeth Israel indeed neither slumbers nor sleeps; but He surveys in *one glance* the past, present and future, and before Him, with whom there are no periods of alarm, all discords are solved, and all germs arrive at the fulness of their development.

We fancy that the promised coming of the Lord and His kingdom is

far distant, and do not see that the promise daily and incessantly hastens forward to its final realization. We live a life in accordance with this, as did the *seven*. If, however, at any time the *new world* shall surround us in its fulness, it will be to us as though but a short space of time had intervened between *this* blessed moment and *that* day, for which we still sigh, "O Lord, how long?" The Spirit of the Lord says in the one hundred and twenty-sixth Psalm: "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream (that is, we believed that we had only dreamed; as quickly as the promise was fulfilled, all the bitter things we had experienced were forgotten). Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing; then said they among the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for them. The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad."

THE LEGEND OF EASTER EGGS.

Trinity bells with their hollow lungs,
And their vibrant lips and their brazen tongues,
Over the roofs of the city pour
Their Easter music with joyous roar,
Till the soaring notes to the sun are rolled
As he wings along in his path of gold.

"Dearest papa," says my boy to me,
As he merrily climbs on his mother's knee,
"Why are these eggs that you see me hold,
Colored so finely with blue and gold?
And what is the wonderful bird that lays
Such beautiful eggs on Easter days?"

Tenderly shine the April skies,
Like laughter and tears in my child's blue eyes,
And every face in the street is gay,
Why cloud this youngster's by saying nay?
So I cudgel my brains for the tale he begs,
And tell him this story of Easter eggs:

You have heard, my boy, of the Man who died,
Crowned with keen thorns and crucified;
And how Joseph the wealthy—whom God reward—
Cared for the corpse of his martyred Lord,
And piously tombed it within the rock,
And closed the door with a mighty block.

Now close by the tomb a fair tree grew,
With pendulous leaves and blossoms of blue;
And deep in the green tree's shadowy breast
A beautiful singing bird sat on her nest,
Which was bordered with mosses like malachite,
And held four eggs of an ivory white.

Now when the bird from her dim recess
Beheld the Lord in his burial dress,
And looked on the heavenly face so pale,
And the dear feet pierced with the cruel nail,
Her heart nigh broke with a sudden pang,
And out of the depths of her sorrow she sang.

All night long till the moon was up
She sat and sang in her moss-wreathed cup,
A song of sorrow as wild and shrill
As the homeless wind when it roams the hill;
So full of tears, so loud and long,
That the grief of the world seemed turned to song.

But soon there came through the weeping night
A glittering angel clothed in white;
And he rolled the stone from the tomb away,
Where the Lord of the Earth and Heavens lay;
And Christ arose in the cavern's gloom,
And in living lustre came from the tomb.

Now the bird that sat in the heart of the tree
Beheld this celestial Mystery,
And its heart was filled with a sweet delight,
And it poured a song on the throbbing night;
Notes climbing notes, till higher, higher,
They shot to heaven like spears of fire.

When the glittering white-robed angel heard
The sorrowing song of the grieving bird,
And heard the following chant of mirth
That hailed Christ risen again on earth,
He said, "Sweet bird, be for ever blest,
Thyself, thy eggs, and thy moss-wreathed nest!"

And ever, my child, since that blessed night,
When death bowed down to the Lord of Light,
The eggs of that sweet bird changed their hue,
And burned with red, and gold, and blue—
Reminding mankind in their simple way
Of the holy marvel of Easter day.

When a young man is dependent upon his daily toil for his income, and marries a lady who does not know how to make a loaf of bread or mend a garment; I wonder if he is not lacking somewhere, say towards the top, for instance?

AN action prompted of pure love is fair within and without, perfect, entire, lacking nothing, of perennial beauty, undying perfume, of illimitable influence.

WHAT spiritual hydrophobia there is in the natural man to the waters of life! How he dreads their being brought near him!

LIFE-PICTURES FROM CHURCH HISTORY, NO. 20.

HUGO DE ST. VICTOR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF H. LIEBNER.

BY L. H. S.

The School of St. Victor, from the year 1108, was the nursery, and for a longer time the carrier of a conception of Christianity and a form of doctrine which belonged to the noblest manifestations of mediæval German Christianity, and which might be truly reckoned among the tendencies towards reform that existed prior to the Reformation. Although a most marked one-sidedness may be mentioned as an objection to most of the Theology of this period, still this school sought for a more profound unity. The different religious tendencies, cultivated at the time the activity of this school began to manifest itself, may be stated in sum as follows: First, the purely *positive* tendency, which, absolutely despairing as to its ability to give any shape to Theology, deduced the mass of church doctrines unaltered from the ordinary sources (not so much from the Holy Scriptures, as from Traditions, Decrees of Councils and the writings of the Fathers;) it only promulgated that which had been known before, and upheld, with cruel, inquisitorial severity the idea that nothing should be taught, different from or in addition to what had been taught. A freer movement with theological thinking reigned among the so-called *Scholastics*. They embraced the contents with the understanding, sought for an insight, for conceptions in positive faith; still it can only be partially said of them that they really reflected in and from faith; most of them, because they chiefly approached church ideas from without, and sought, with the strange apparatus of the understanding to put them into harmonious action, fell into empty subtleties and over-refinements.

On the other hand, the *Mystics* conceived of religion as that longing of the pious heart which was unsatisfied by Scholasticism, and could only be appreciated through feeling and fancy; and being thus elevated, they thought it was not possible to apprehend the objects of faith mediately through the understanding, as was the belief of the Scholastics, but directly through contemplation and feeling. All scholastic knowledge in their opinion was really impossible, and therefore its pursuit was perilous to true life. They were, however, not aware, while absorbed in their mysticisms, that they were just as far removed from the true life as the others, although it might be in another direction. Lastly, there was the tendency shown by the *Practical* School. These apprehended all more from the side of popular practical edification, and held especially to the interpretation of the Bible in this way. And this tendency was like a refreshing

dew in the wilderness. If amid the subtleties of the Scholastics and the exaggerations of the Mystics the people with their wants unsupplied went empty away,—these, on the other hand, insisted solely on life, activity, love, and thus gave nourishing food. Still even this beautiful flower was partially stunted by the universal one-sidedness of the age; it was induced, by a spirit of opposition, to grant to knowledge as such too little right or dignity, and to lay too much stress in its operations to mere edification and popular biblical forms.

In the School of St. Victor there was formed a kind of union of these separate tendencies; and it was Hugo who first made this theory a power in his day, on which a great blessing rested, and which, being united with other elements, still exercised its influence even on the Reformation. Hugo's opinion concerning this union was expressed briefly as follows: "There are three classes of believers. Some in pious resignation simply believe, without being able to give a reason, why any thing is believed or rejected. Others are acquainted with the reasons for their faith (by which, as is shown in some cases, infidels and heretics may be confuted). And there are others still, who begin to *feel* inwardly in their hearts what they believe. With the first class piety alone is the ground of their faith; with the second there is added a conviction according to reason; with the third, purity of contemplation gives complete certainty. The spirit indeed, strengthened and lifted up by arguments of reason, attains a higher fervor of faith; but by this it is so purified and sanctified that it begins now to taste and enjoy in the heart to a certain extent what it can gaze upon clearly in the glow by its faith. And thus is the pure heart, by invisible signs and by secret and intimate communion with its God made daily more certain and sure, so that He begins to be present almost to its contemplation, and it can in no manner be alienated from faith in and love to Him, even though the whole world should be turned topsy-turvy." It may be remarked in these last words how the three classes just mentioned are included in the life of one person. With the same idea he says: "Truth does not come without virtue; and if it seems to come without it, then it comes not from that quarter where salvation is found." "Where love is, there is also light; and he lives not in love who gropes about in darkness. For he who has love, sees clearly and certainly and assumes nothing rashly before he has seen it. But whoever in a rash way dares too much, being without love, he loses the clear gaze of the Spirit, and wherever he may go, all is error." "Every one sees only so much of truth as he himself is true. For there lies in us the condition of all our knowledge of things; and the understanding of the heart decides on whatever is external to us, which is true in proportion to the correctness of the internal representation. If the soul be corrupt and disposed to evil, the understanding must be deceived in its judgment of things." "Love for wisdom comes to the rational spirit through an illumination from the highest wisdom, which leads him back to it, and this will so affect him, that the study of wisdom shall seem to be a species of friendship with God, and with every purest spirit. Whence it is, that wisdom shall restore to the reasoning being its original divine value and lead it back to the proper power and purity of its nature;—and in the same way is obtained all truth of speculation and thought, and purity and holiness of life." "Like a sun which beams on every eye, but is not seen by all who see through its help, so the highest spiritual

light proceeds and beams upon all and illuminates all, but one portion only perceives by its aid, while another is able to recognize the source itself. The wicked are so illuminated that they may apprehend other things, but not that by which they apprehend them; the good, on the other hand, are so illuminated that they attribute every thing that they apprehend, to it, love every thing in it, and love it above all else." With strong emphasis he always deduces every thing from the Holy Scriptures, and gives, in his book on the method of learning, scarce and excellent directions for the study of the Scriptures suited even to the present day.

Under the influence of such maxims, equally removed from scholastic volatilization and mystical exaggerations, the intellectual and spiritual faculties were developed in Hugo's system to a higher form of purity and beauty. This is particularly the case in his system of dogmatic moral instruction—his principal work—published under the title of "The Sacraments of the Christian Faith." His other writings, especially those which are mystical, bear the mark of the internal consistency and sublimity of one truly subdued by Christianity and penetrated by a rich spirit, a rare rectitude, purity and depth of *religious thought*. It was this indeed which his age meant to express by the name given him of "Augustine the Second."

Hugo's external life was poor in activity and works. He lived in his office of teacher and in his writings. By birth (1097) he was a Saxon, of the family of the Counts of Blankenburg and Regenstein in the Hartz. Because he displayed good natural talents, he was placed by his parents, at an early age, (for instruction,) in the monastery of the regular canons of St. Augustine at Hamersleben near Halberstadt. How diligent and manysided he became here, he relates himself in his directions to knowledge. "I may affirm for myself that I have considered nothing insignificant that would contribute to one's education, but have learned much that would appear to other people trifling and foolish,"—and then he specifies the particulars. He seems to have been set apart by his parents for a secular employment, but, following the attractions of knowledge and meditation, he remained in the monastery, and began his career as an author even when quite a youth. Partly his desire for higher knowledge which was forbidden him at Hamersleben, and partly the unsettled condition of Saxony, impelled him in his eighteenth year (1115) to take a literary journey, after the manner of the times. He travelled first to Flanders, and remained there some time in the country of Ypres; afterwards he tarried at Marseilles and then went to St. Victor in Paris. Attracted by the Institution, already of great repute, he remained there and was received among the regular canons of St. Augustine at St. Victor. He was soon an assistant in the course of instruction, becoming afterwards a regular teacher. After this, he became either Prior or Abbot in the Monastery, and occupied some position in the Church. There is no doubt but that he felt the full importance of his calling as the model and future teacher and director of the Church, and wished to fulfil the duties perfectly. Moreover, in the quiet of his Monastery, he also took a living interest in the movements of the times, and sought to influence them. A letter will illustrate this, which he wrote to a Spanish archbishop, who had denied the faith during a cruel persecution by the Arabs, and had sought to justify this step by various quasi reasons, through which he stirred up a great

sensation in the Church, and had led many into error. Hugo's words to him are some of the most beautiful and powerful evidences of the kingdom of God.—Hugo died in 1141, at the age of 44. The number of his writings would make us suspect a more advanced age. He was worn out by his great labors. In the last hours of his life, after he had made a confession of his sins and received the emblems of his present Saviour imparting to him the comforts of the Holy Spirit, he said: "Now I am at rest, now I stand in truth and purity, now I am on a firm rock where I shall not be shaken; and if the whole world should come to me with its pleasures, I should care nothing for them, would do nothing on their account against my God. Now I know certainly the mercy of God towards me, so that nothing that God had done to me during my whole life is so dear and precious as that with which he has honored me now. Praised be the Lord God to all eternity."

THE APPLE TREE.

Heb. Tappuach. Pyrus Malus.—Linn.

BY I. K. L.

The apple tree is mentioned in the Song of Solomon, ii. 3, viii. 5, and Joel i. 12; and its fruit, apples, in Prov. xxv. 11, and Solomon's Song, ii. 5, vii. 8 (Heb. ix). It belongs to the *Pomeæ*, one of the suborders into which the important botanical order *Rosaceæ* is generally divided. It is diffused through almost every part of the world; but chiefly abounds in temperate climates; where it furnishes one of the most important fruits.

It has often been questioned whether the passages of Scripture, in which its name occurs, intend the apple tree, as we know it. Those entertaining this doubt, assert that it is not now found to thrive well in the East, and bears such indifferent fruit as ill accords, as to beauty and fragrance, with the Scriptural allusions to it. Hence some expositors suppose that the citron is meant. If however the rarity and quality of the apple, as now found in the Holy Land, be made an objection to its being the Tappuach of the Bible, the citron will fare no better; for Dr. Thomson, for twenty-five years a missionary in the East, and acquainted with Palestine from Dan to Beersheba, says, in his "Land and Book," that the citron is now a comparatively rare fruit in Palestine, and these so hard and indigestible that they cannot be used except when made into preserves. Besides, when travellers affirm that but few apples are found in the Holy Land, they write of their own time, from which no conclusion can be drawn for the age of Solomon.

Celsius and others understand the quince—*malus cydonia*—from the fact that this fruit played an important part among the ancients, as it does to this day in the Orient, in the language of love. Solomon does, indeed

compare the breath of the Beloved to fragrant apples; but, says Winer, it is not necessary on account of its fragrance to render Tappuach in all these passages quince-tree, which exhales a strong smell; for Avicenna tells us that Syrian apples also emit a pleasant scent. It is evidently then not the quince that we are here to understand by "apple," tree and fruit. Tappuach, according to Gesenius, besides being the proper name of one of the sons of Hebron (1 Chron. ii. 43) and three cities, has the following significations: 1, *an apple*, from the fragrance which its *exhales*; 2, an apple tree. The German translation of the Bible has *apfel* and *apfelbaum* (apples and apple tree) in all the above passages. Horne, in his Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures, says, against this view, that the Hebrew word rendered apple tree, is mistranslated, and that the citron-tree is meant.

So opinions vary. It is probable that the apple of the Bible is a generic term comprehending various species of fruit, one of which is the common apple. We have a similar general term in the Greek, namely *mēlon*, denoting an apple, or (generally) any tree-fruit, the adjective qualifying it, designating whether it be a quince, peach, orange or citron. The same holds true of the Latin for apple, *malum*. "The apple," says Gibbon, "was a native of Italy, and when the Romans had tasted the richer flavor of the apricot, the peach, the pomegranate, the citron, and the orange, they contented themselves with applying to all these new fruits the common denomination of apple, discriminating them from each other by the additional epithet of their country."* Now, if Tappuach is such a general name, the ancients may have comprehended in it several fruits, and we are left to conjecture which sort of those known to us best answers the demands of the Bible.

After carefully weighing every thing within reach that has been said in favor of many different fruits, we have found no reason to deprive the common apple of its place in the Bible. It is, on this interpretation, entitled to it at least as much as, if not more than, any other. And though many eminent interpreters of Scripture agree in translating Tappuach, *citron*, others, just as eminent, dissent from this view. Nevertheless, a brief notice of the citron-tree may not be out of place. It is a native of Media, a province of ancient Persia. Sings one of the Latin poets: "Media produces the bitter juices and the long remaining taste of the happy apple." The Medes used it to perfume their mouths. It was transplanted at some later period from Persia into Palestine. From its native home it was also introduced into Wales, whence it spread to other countries of Europe, where it is now found flourishing in fruit gardens. It was once thought that it would only grow along the shore of the sea, but experience has long since dissipated this, like many other errors. It is a tree of moderate size and beauty, and bears fruit throughout the entire year: while it has some fruit ripening, it bears at the same time small green apples, and blossoms for a second and third crop.† Its leaves, which are always green, resemble those of the laurel,‡ except that they are serrated and minutely

* Milman's Gibbon's Rome, Boston, 1854. Vol. 1, p. 65.

† Und also fort dasz mann das ganze jahruber solche frucht haben kann.—Bauhin.

‡ " . . . faciemque simillima lauro;
Et, si non alium latè jactaret odorem,
Lauruserat." Virg. Georg. l. 2.

perforated. Its blossoms—" *kennst du das land wo die citronen blühen?*"—are purple-colored and compact. Sharp-pointed prickles grow out along the limbs. Its fruit is somewhat oblong like a lemon, but more fleshy and compact, of a golden color, extremely fragrant, and containing a juice of a sweet and somewhat acid taste. Its rind is bitter and very thick. Its seed resembles barley and is enveloped in a hard and woodlike bitter skin.

Some citrons, as those growing in the islands of the Adriatic, are very large, but those of a lemon size are regarded as the best for the table. Its medical uses are many. Virgil tells us that the Medes administered it to asthmatic old men. It was used among the Romans as an antidote to poison.* Ancient physicians also made a preserve of citrons (*conditum citri*) and several kinds of syrups, (*syrupus de corticibus citri*, &c.,) which were prescribed for various diseases.

The common apple, said to have been derived by cultivation from the crab-apple, is so well known that it needs no description here. It yet remains for us to examine the allusions to it in Scripture. And first as to the tree itself. That the apple-tree was extensively cultivated in the Holy Land is already evident from the fact, that three of its towns or cities derived their names, Tappuah, (apple-region,) from the apple-trees abounding in their vicinity. See Josh. xii. 17; xv. 53; also xv. 34 and xvi. 8. This view becomes still more plausible when we remember that the art of gardening and the knowledge of grafting fruit was practised in the East in very remote times. The Prophet Joel incidentally shows the importance that was attached to this fruit in his time (800 B. C.) by mentioning it in connection with the vine, the fig, the pomegranate and palm-trees. He declares it as a part of the judgment of God upon his disobedient people, that *the apple tree* and all the trees of the field are withered, and in consequence thereof "joy is withered away from the sons of men." Joel i. 12.

King Solomon seems to understand by the apple tree a *particular* fruit-tree; for he distinguishes it from all the trees of the wood. He mentions it with peculiar praise. "As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste." Song ii. 3. Solomon's country retreats abounded in fine gardens and rivulets of water, and he was in the habit of driving out thither in the morning, sitting high in his chariot. In these gardens, characterized by exquisite beauty, and stored with every thing that could regale the senses, the apple tree also had its place and under it he used to delight himself, enjoying its refreshing shade and delicious fruit.† Solomon certainly cannot here be speaking of the citron tree, which is "small, slender, and must be propped up." "Nobody," says Dr. Thomson, from whom we quote, "ever thinks of sitting under the shadow of a citron-tree; for it is too small and straggling to make a shade. I cannot believe, therefore, that it is spoken of in the Canticles. It can scarcely be called a *tree* a tall, much less would it be singled out as among the choice trees of the wood. As to the smell and color, all the demands of the Bi-

* " . . . quo (malo) non præsentius ullum
(Pocula si quando sævæ infecêre novercæ
Miscueruntque herbas, et non innoxia verba)
Auxilium venit, ac membris agit atra venena."

† Pomorum jucundus non gustatus solum, sed odoratus etiam et aspectus.—Cicero.

blical allusions are fully met by these apples of Askelon, and no doubt, in ancient times and in royal gardens, their cultivation was far superior to what it is now, and the fruit larger and more fragrant. Let taffuah, therefore, stand for apple, as our noble translation has it.”*

Under the simile of an apple tree, in the passage already cited, the Spouse, that is, the Church, is represented as showing her affection for her Beloved. The emblem is appropriate. Though neither so lofty nor so gay as some of the trees of the wood, it is peculiarly valuable for its delightful shade and sweet fruit. So Christ appeared among men. He *emptied himself* of the glory which He had with the Father before the world began. Destitute of the outward grandeur and rank so characteristic of the great of this world, He came in the form of a servant, “made of a woman, made under the Law,” having no form or comeliness that any should desire Him. Such is Jesus—the antitype of the apple tree—the source of “delight” to the Church, which enjoys His refreshing protection. Like the fruit-laden, wide-spreading branches of the apple tree, His arms are ever over and around those who trust in His shadow. Beneath that shade, rest and refresh thyself, O my soul, with the fruits of His abasement and sufferings. If carnal eyes see no comeliness in Him, let the eye of faith behold One adorned with the most excellent glory—the Chief among ten thousand and the One altogether lovely.

The sentiment of the royal Poet seems much similar to the foregoing, in the following passage: “Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved? I raised thee up under the apple-tree: there thy mother brought thee forth: there she brought thee forth that bare thee.” Song viii. 5. Apples, like the apple tree, are mentioned in three places in Holy Writ. With the single exception of the passage in Joel already quoted, Solomon is the only Sacred Writer that alludes either to the tree or its fruit. “A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver;” (Prov. xxv. 11;) that is, either artificial apples kept as an ornament, or, what is more probable, ripe, golden fruit, brought in richly-wrought baskets of silver to the guests at the table of the rich. It would seem that apples were not only used by those in health, but were administered in some form as a cooling, nutritious delicacy to the faint and sick. “Comfort (that is, refresh) me with apples, for I am sick of love.”† Song ii. 5. In the allegoric language of the same book he compares the breath of the Beloved with apples. Song vii. 8.

In later times heathen poets took up the theme and loudly sang the re-

* See “The Land and the Book” by Dr. Thomson. We shall occasionally refer to and quote from this work. The author’s twenty-five years’ residence in the Holy Land entitles his observations on this subject to more regard than those of transient travellers.

† The fact that apples in their natural state are seldom, if ever, administered to the sick now, but citrons, on the contrary, are, like oranges, refreshing, almost inclines us to yield them a place here. But the apple also, according to high medical authority, possesses valuable medicinal properties and is a nourishing food in certain diseases. “Apples of a wine-like flavour or taste (we translate from Bauhin) are beneficial to the stomach and refresh it.” p. 1416.

“A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
Dwells in their gelid pores, and, active, points
The piercing cider for the thirsty tongue.”

noun of the happy apple. And in modern days Christian men and women, warmed with poetic fire, and catching the Solomonic strains, have touched the lyre and chanted His praises, who made all things for man, and man for Himself.

“He spake the word, and all their frame
From nothing came, to praise the Lord.

Ye trees of humble size,
That fruit in plenty bear,
Exalt His name.”

THE OLD SLEEPING ROOM.

FROM THE GERMAN, IN THE APRIL NUMBER 1862.

BY THE EDITOR.

I come, a pilgrim wan and worn,
Back to the house where I was born—
I softly tread to-day!
My heart bears, as a holy thing,
The many memories I bring
From life's long weary way:

Familiar are these stairs indeed,
Which to the second story lead,—
How natural to me!
Just as of old—I do declare,—
The knot-hole in the wash-board there—
'Tis open still—just see!

Nine steps—I need not count them, though—
I'll lay you what you will 'tis so:
The short flight there has four.
This hand-rail on the entry-side—
What sport for boys adown to slide,
As we were wont of yore.

The window at the head is seen,
Venitian shutters painted green,
And they are closed up still.
The ghostly light of evening falls,
So pale upon the stairs and walls,
I feel a timid chill!

Half smiling now, and now half sad—
Half weeping now, and yet half glad,
Do I ascend these stairs.
I reach the top—I touch the door—
It opens as it did of yore—
I did it unawares!

The dear old room!—how many a night,
From evening hour till morning light,
Here child and boy I slept!

There in that corner stood my bed—
Here was the foot, and there the head—
All this my memory kept.

How sweet our childhood sleep appears;
One rests not so in after years—
Ah! this too well I know!
Life fills the anxious heart with cares,
A wakeful head the pillow bears,
And night's dull hours move slow.

The moon is up—'tis full and bright—
It pours its mellow flood of light
Upon the bed and floor;
What moves upon the wall about?—
The shadowy play of trees without—
I've seen that oft before.

All, all is still—save but the wail,
Of lonely cricket's evening tale,
Hid in the window sill.
Hark!—in the closet—tick—tick—tick!--
It is the death-watch's ghostly click—
I wish that worm were still!

If there be ghosts—ah, who can tell?—
This place, this hour, would suit them well—
Perhaps some may be near!
I see naught with my eyes that's real,
Yet in my spirit's sense I feel
As if they might be here.

Yes, ghosts are here from childhood's hours,
They have no forms, but come as powers,
And give me pleasing pain;
They mirror to my heart the plays,
Of all my early halcyon days,
Which cannot come again!

Angels are here so pure and rare,
They play upon the moon-beams there,—
They glide along the wall!
Back to this ark, like Noah's dove,
They bring their sprigs of peace and love,
I hail their friendly call.

These spirits guard us in our ways,
So mother's Holy Bible says—
And I believe it too;
Have we the "Our Father" said,
They watch that night around our bed,—
Most certainly they do!

This did our mother often tell,
We children all believed it well,
And did as we were told.
You don't believe?—your wiser—you?
Than mother and the Bible too?—
Such folly makes you bold.

For me this faith wrought like a charm;
I slept quite free from fear or harm,
 In peace till morning light.
I hold it still—I still believe,
That they who pray this prayer, receive
 An Angel-guard at night.

I've often wished I were again,
A child as innocent as then—
 But that can never be;
So I will keep as best I can,
The life of childhood in the man,—
 The child-like nurse in me.

But see!—high up has gone the moon—
How long I've lingered here alone!
 'Tis time for me to leave,
Good by my little room, good by—
Hold!—there is something in my eye!
 This parting makes me grieve!

THE EARLY SPRING BIRDS.

BY THE EDITOR.

A very hard thing does the sun still find it to be, when he has gained in power with the lengthening days that prophesy of coming spring, to break in upon the strong, steady tide of winter. But sturdy old snow-beard must yield at last. He grows gradually feebler, even though he feign still to keep erect, and assume a stiffer attitude from the very sense of feebleness, like an old man who is reluctant to confess that years have in fact robbed him of his vigor. Finally, some time in March, he breaks down all at once; and for some days, at least, the first bland smile of spring greets the weary, waiting hopes of man.

Well do the early spring birds know the auspicious time; and soon as eye and ear are opened by the light of morning, their minstrelsy is heard from the still naked trees around the house. We care little what the ornithologists call them—blue-bird, pewee, or robin; to us they are simply the early spring birds. That is all we care to know. We care not even to see them. Let them be spirits—or the “viewless voice of lovely song”—prophets of happy summer days to come. We welcome them not for their name, or their form, but for the message they bring.

You fear they are too early? We share not with you in that old-foggy thought. The birds know their own business, and are not likely to be ahead of time. Nor are they apt to lag behind. Should a somewhat chilly spell be still in reserve for them, they are willing to endure that for the pleasure of having a little earlier broken for man the heavy, weary spell of winter. Pioneers are always exposed to some inconvenience and sufferings; but their reward is that they open the path to others, and show them the

way. As we honor the men, so we honor the birds, that wake up earliest, and whisper the inspiring march into slow and sluggish ears.

Winter is a good thing; it has many uses that we know of, and many more, no doubt, that lie beyond our ken; but, still, one grows tired of snow, and biting winds, and short days and long nights, and the artificial air of stoves, and in-door life. Hence the more welcome is the cheerful chirp of the early birds. Their notes are inspiring, even in mid-summer, when the groves are leafy and shady; but then we do not so much notice them, because there is so much else of cheerful nature around us. Most attractive is their music when they appear among the naked branches of the trees in early spring. Their first songs, if rightly interpreted, seem to mean:

Come on, ye sweet winds of the South,
O'er the gardens, and meadows, and fields;
Come melt the last snow of the drifts,
And break winter's last icy shields.

Come coax forth the buds from the twigs,
Bid violets spring from the ground;
Spread leafy attire o'er the trees,
Make beauty and music abound.

Come prophesy unto the vales,
And fill them with voices of spring;
Then rivulets, insects, and birds,
Shall hail the bright joy that ye bring.

These birds seem never sad. They do not, in this respect, resemble us mortals. Thousands, even after the rest of night, which should be refreshing to body and mind, rise with spirits clouded with care, if not depressed with positive sorrow. They would find it difficult, if not impossible, like these birds, to make the first activities of the waking spirit the pouring forth of cheerful song. Some hold that these creatures are not like man, involved in the tragic event of the fall; and it has been said that the song of the birds is at least one thing which has not been affected by sin. We have no mind, in this somewhat easy attitude, to enter upon this abstruse and complicated theological question; but may, however, remark that St. Paul speaks of "the *whole* creation" as groaning and travailing in pain together, and waiting in earnest expectation for the manifestation of the sons of God. (Rom. viii. 19—23.) Besides, even the birds do not always sing, nor seem always cheerful. We do not know what experiences may be transpiring in their mysterious life as they sit silently among the branches of the trees!

But where have these birds been through the long winter? It is said that they go south, and live among the orange and lemon trees. If so, these birds that have now first appeared on the trees around the house, have probably been in Dixie's Land. Unfortunately, they cannot speak in prose, or they could, no doubt, tell us something of Sherman's grand march. They, perhaps, saw the old victorious Union flag flaunting in palmetto air, and heard some of the shrieks of a dying Rebellion. One thing is certain, they have not become tainted with disloyalty, for they still sing the old airs, and claim both north and south as their one undivided country.

Sing on, ye happy birds. May this still somewhat unsteady and fretful season deal gently with you! Should any cold squalls come upon you, hide and welcome in any nook of house or barn. The worst is over. The full, bright days of summer will soon come. Then, when the leaves and flowers are all out, we shall have a happy time together.

AN EASTER HYMN.

BY WILLIAM R. DURYEE.

In reading lately a fine historical sketch of the days of Luther, we came across an old Latin hymn for Easter. We send it with a translation, in which the endeavor was to preserve the spirit, as well as the sense and metre of the original. The third line of the first verse, being somewhat obscure in meaning, is left for wiser scholars to explain. May the verses afford others the pleasure they gave us! In the pleasant spring-time, as nature rises to new life, surely every Christian must feel a special interest in the day commemorating the great act which affords the crowning proof of the acceptance of Christ's atoning work, and fills the believer's soul with hope and joy. "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

The hymn in Latin is found on page 338 of the "*Schönberg-Cotta Family*," and might be entitled, *Magdalen at the Tomb*.

TRANSLATION.

Pone luctum, Magdalena,
Et serena lachrymas,
Non est jam sermonis cœna,
Non cur fletum exprimas;
Causæ mille sunt lætandi,
Causæ mille exultandi,
Alleluia resonet!

Sume risum, Magdalena,
Frœns nitescat lucida;
Denigravit omnis pœna,
Lux coruscat fulgida;
Christus nondum liberavit,
Et de morte triumphavit,
Alleluia resonet!

Gaude, plaude, Magdalena,
Tumba Christus exiit;
Tristis est peracta scena,
Victor mortis rediit;
Quem deflebis morientem,
Nunc arride resurgentem;
Alleluia resonet!

Magdalena, cease thy weeping,
Cheerful wipe away thy tears;
'Tis no time for sorrow's keeping,
'Tis no hour for mournful fears;
Voices call to exultation,
Voices call to gratulation;
Ring the hallelujah far!

Magdalena, with new smiling
Let thy lovely forehead glow;
Where sin sets its mark, defiling,
Now the beams of brightness flow.
Not yet has the Christ arisen,
Burst the bars of Death's cold prison.
Ring the hallelujah far!

Magdalena, sound thy gladness,
Christ hath passed from out the tomb—
Finished all the scenes of sadness,
Victor he o'er death and gloom.
Whom you wept to death descending,
Welcome now to life unending;
Ring the hallelujah far!

Tolle vultum, Magdalena,
 Redivivum obstupe;
 Vide frons quam sit amœna,
 Quinque plagas adspice;
 Fulgent sicut margaritæ,
 Ornamenta novæ vitæ;
 Alleluia resonet!

Vive, vive, Magdalena!
 Tua lux reversa est;
 Gaudiis turgescit vena,
 Mortis vis obstersa est;
 Mœsti procul sunt dolores,
 Læti redeant amores;
 Alleluia resonet!

Magdalena, sight amazing!
 Lo! in life thy Lord appears;
 Sweet the smile he gives thee gazing,
 View the wounds his body bears—
 Pearls that shine with rays of morning,
 For the better life's adorning.
 Ring the hallelujah far!

Magdalena droops no longer;
 See thy Sun the darkness part,
 Than Death's mightiest power stronger;
 Let rejoicing swell thy heart;
 Sorrows far away are driven,
 Love and joy for ever given:
 Ring the hallelujah far!

ANNIE IS DEAD!

BY THE EDITOR.

"She was a subscriber to the 'Guardian,' and read its pages with interest and profit." Who was this? It was "Annie," a little girl, in the fourteenth year of her age, who died on the sixth day of February. We have taken the above sentence from her obituary. It is pleasant to us to know, that one so young, and who is now in heaven, has read, "with interest and profit," our monthly pages. The thought of it comes to us as a kind of sacred stimulus, which induces us to wish we could make our monthly visits to so many families still more interesting and profitable.

We have many little girls of that age, and even younger, on our subscription-list. Their kind parents, to encourage them, have subscribed in their name. They get a Magazine, which they can call their own. Their name comes written on the cover of the Magazine. It is theirs. They read it, of course; for why should they not, when it is their own Magazine?

Little Annie's parents, we suppose, subscribed for her. It must be a pleasant recollection to them, now that she has gone. It pleased the child, and she "read it, with interest and profit." Well did she deserve such kindness. She was a favourite, not only with her parents, but among others. "When the news of Annie's death was announced, many hearts were made sad, indeed. She was loved by all who knew her. She was very much attached to our Sunday-school. She was engaged in a very good Christian work. For her attentiveness and good character, she was rewarded by being placed at the head of a class of her own. It seemed to be her peculiar delight, in imitation of her Saviour, to go about doing good."

We earnestly recommend to all our young readers to imitate Annie's example. If they should live to be old, they will have many years in which to do good; and if they should be taken away young, it will be pleasant to all who knew them, to call to mind all their

“Little acts of kindness,
And little words of love,
Which make this world an Eden,
Like the heaven above.”

It is a number of years since the subscription-list passed out of our hands into the hands of the publishers; so that we are no more so well acquainted with our subscribers as we used to be. But, in the list of credits from month to month, we still see many of the old familiar names, that we used to write from ten to fifteen years ago. Some have gone, like Annie, to their rest. Some, perhaps—though we fear to think it—may have forgotten the counsels of the Guardian, and been drawn into forbidden paths, that lead to ruin and everlasting night!

The onward tide of years tries all things, and proves “every one’s work, of what sort it is.” Only the good abides. Short is the reign of folly and sin. Brief are the triumphs of those who forget God. Great and blessed is the reward of those who live to do good.

Lives of good men remind us,
We may make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints in the sands of time.

Foot-prints, which perhaps another,
Sailing o’er life’s narrow main—
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

MARY MAGDALENE.

BY S. K. P.

Who can think of Easter, and not think also of Mary Magdalene? They are twin-subjects; and, at this season of the year, none fitter for contemplation present themselves to the earnest mind. As Christ is the hero, so Mary Magdalene is the heroine of Easter; and the first place, therefore, among the purely human actors in that great drama belongs to her. Christ and the angels, then Mary Magdalene, is the order of the personages. She precedes the apostles, as do also the other women who went with her early to the sepulchre. Peter and John follow next, and the rest of the disciples fall gradually in, the list closing with Thomas, in whose solemn declaration, “My Lord and my God,” the faith of the Church is clearly set forth.

Mary’s part is very conspicuous, and the more interesting as she is wholly unconscious that she performs a part. That the eyes of the world will be fixed upon her, and thousands of Christian hearts hang upon her words, and beat in unison with her heart, she knows not. She sees, hears and thinks of nothing but Christ, and that He is risen, and is all the

lovelier to the beholder on that account. That men will speak of her to commend her; that she will be exalted to a place with His Virgin-mother; that henceforth she, too, will be called "blessed," in her humility, she dreams not. And yet it is none the less true; for, though the image of His mother is invariably connected with the infancy of our Lord, yet the name and image of Mary Magdalene are always associated with the risen Saviour, because she was the first to discover and announce His resurrection—not alone the first to discover that His grave was empty, though this, too, we claim for her. Peter and John, as soon as they reached the sepulchre, "believed" He was not there; but, long before Peter and John could credit the remainder of the wonderful news, Mary Magdalene knew and believed that Jesus was risen.

This superior intelligence was the result of her greater love and devotion; for, of all His disciples, none loved our Saviour as Mary loved Him. From the time of her conversion, she was the faithful attendant of Jesus. She witnessed His death, watched whilst Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea removed Him from the cross, and silently followed to see where they would lay Him. When they had deposited Him in the lonely tomb, there to await, not corruption, but the return of the all-conquering Spirit, she hovered around His sepulchre, like a bird over the nest of its young, and not darkness, nor fear, nor Pilate's guard of soldiers could frighten her away. With unparalleled affection and care, she watched over His sole and sacred legacy to the Church—His lifeless body. Many follow their friends, with tears, to the grave; but who remains there to weep and to beg for their recovery again? "Sir," she said to the gardener, when she "found not the body of the Lord Jesus;" "Sir, if thou have borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away." To her, He never ceased to be *the living Jesus*; for she said, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him," and not, "They have taken away the *body* of my Lord, and I know not where they have laid *it*." And when, within that mysterious sepulchre, the life-blood returned to the forsaken veins, and the quickening spirit re-animated the deserted body, and He stood up at the coming of the glad angel, who descended to roll away the stone—when, in the power of a new life, He walked the earth once more—Mary Magdalene was the first to welcome Him back, and greet His repeated birth with marks of the highest joy.

Where then were Peter, and John, who leaned upon His bosom, and all those who mourned His death and felt His loss so keenly? Alas! faith and love were cold, and the whole expectant Church was centred in that one, solitary woman. John fled when He was apprehended in the garden; Peter denied Him before the judgment-seat of Pilate; all His disciples forsook Him; but the women followed to the cross and the sepulchre; and when He was dead and buried, to Mary Magdalene He was still "THE LORD," whom she sought with unwearied diligence, and without whom she refused to be comforted.

No wonder Jesus loved her. From the day she washed His feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head, and ceased not to kiss them, in the house of the haughty Pharisee, she had been growing in His favor. The dying eyes, that saw His mother at the cross, and the beloved disciple by her side, noted Mary Magdalene also. When He descended into "the lowermost parts of the earth," He knew that one

heart would not rest until His return; and when He saw her weeping at His empty sepulchre—though well acquainted with the cause of her grief, yet for the pleasure of hearing it from her own lips—He asked, “Woman, why weepest thou? *Whom* seekest thou?” Many favors the Lord had shown her, but the morning of His resurrection He made the crowning day of her life; for, “when Jesus was risen early the first day of the week, He appeared *first* to Mary Magdalene.” The first sight of His divine face, after He had triumphed over sin and death and hell, was vouchsafed to the weeping Mary. And this appearance was not alone to console her, but to make her a messenger of comfort to others;—a mission peculiarly agreeable to a warm-hearted and enthusiastic woman;—for Mary was unselfish alike in joy as in grief. Her sorrow was characterized by a total abandonment of self, and her highest happiness was in communicating it to others. When Jesus told her to go and tell Peter and John, she lingered not by the newly-risen Saviour, nor waited a second bidding, but *ran* to tell the disciples she had seen the Lord, and the things He had spoken unto her.

How admirable are the ways of God! The first herald in the new Church was a woman, and that woman was Mary Magdalene. As the Father, when He sent His Son into the world, despised not the virgin, so the Son, to teach His ministers, chose a once poor and forsaken outcast:—not now, however, forsaken and outcast; on the contrary, dignity and glory sit upon her brow: she was taught of angels and sent by the Lord of heaven, and her mission was, to instruct and comfort His Church. As an old divine beautifully says, “She was made an apostle to the apostles;” for her commission ran, “Go, tell my brethren.” Should any ask why? Let the answer be, She loved much, therefore much was *given* her.

From that hour, Mary Magdalene must have walked the happiest woman on the whole earth. It is true, she is not thus represented by the old artists, who have absorbed the æsthetic beauty of many portions of the Scriptures, and reproduced it upon the canvass with perfect art. By them she is pictured with weeping eyes and dishevelled hair, intent upon penitential books, and surrounded with the instruments of self-mortification. But will such a representation of her satisfy the Christian mind? What possible attraction could the world have for her, who had looked upon the face of the glorified Jesus? Or what need of violent measures to draw her thoughts from earth, who had conversed with the Lord from heaven? Long before she sank at His feet in the over-joyed but vain effort to embrace His knees in the garden, all earthly attractions had ceased for Mary Magdalene. In that happy moment, by the simple utterance of her name, the Lord had married her to Himself for ever; and from thenceforth she could no more have wept and fasted and lamented than the children of the bride-chamber can mourn in the presence of the bridegroom. Besides, her interview with our Saviour in the house of Simon the Pharisee, her watching at the cross, and weeping at the sepulchre, are none of them the supreme event in Mary’s life. It is when, having sought Him in vain in the deserted tomb, she applies to the supposed gardener, beseeching *him* to tell her where he has laid Him, and receives from the sweetest lips by which human words were ever syllabled, the single and searching response, “Mary!” to her passionate appeal.

The accessories, however, in the pictures alluded to, may not be in-

tended so much to signify a necessity, on Mary Magdalene's part, for any thing of the kind, as they are symbolical of her deep humility and penitence. Be that as it may, we would like to see a representation of her at this period in her life, when the streaming eyes and tear-stained cheeks were exchanged for the beaming look and glowing face, which proclaimed, long before the lips could utter the joyful news, "The Lord is risen!" The disciples said, "Yea, and certain women also of our company made us astonished" (by their report;) and it is not hard to believe that the astonishment arose as much from the looks of the eager and excited women as from the news they came to bring; for what could the faces of those, who had seen the Lord, express, but the liveliest emotion?

Where *could* the thoughts of the disciples have been when they "believed them not," and, in spite of their assertions, continued to treat the message of the Marys "as idle tales?" "They knew not the Scripture, that He must rise from the dead;" but as soon as the angels spoke, the women "remembered His words." Ah! love is quicker to believe than reason, and the heart assents long before the head. When He appeared to them, our Saviour "upbraided the eleven with their unbelief and *hardness of heart*, because they believed not them which had seen Him after He was risen." "Fools, and *slow of heart*," He called them. They lacked understanding, and were wanting in that affection, which, in the women supplied the place of understanding. *They* went away again to their own homes when they found His grave empty; but *Mary* stood without, weeping at the sepulchre:—that one spot where He was buried was home and all the world to her. The disciples mourned because Jesus was dead, but Mary wept because she wished Him back again.

Even in their reception of Him, this distinctive trait was manifest. His disciples were terrified and affrighted when He appeared to them, and supposed they had seen a spirit; and Jesus said, "Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself," and, with difficulty, persuaded them to handle Him and see; for a spirit had not flesh and bones, as they saw He had; and He showed them His hands and His feet. But when He met the women, saying, "All hail!" to them in like manner, they came and held Him by the feet, and worshipped Him: while the single expression, "Mary," in the garden, was sufficient to bring, on the instant, the quick and like familiar, "Rabboni," to the lips of Mary Magdalene. There was no doubt, no fear, no hesitation on the part of the women. What they saw, they believed, and acted accordingly;—love produced faith, and instinct taught them at once what was right and proper to do. All the fear they felt was the fear of losing Him; and the only anxiety, a desire to seize, and, if possible, retain Him.

Before her fall, Mary Magdalene must have been peculiarly gifted. It is easy to imagine her exceedingly beautiful, sensible and intelligent, proud, eloquent and poetical, fascinating in manners, and possessing the highest capacity for good. Seven devils could not have entered into an ordinary woman. There would not have been room enough. Indomitable pride and self-will were elements of her character, as well as affection more lasting than life and stronger than the grave. None but a high-minded and sensitive woman would have felt her degradation as Mary's behavior at the feet of our Lord showed that she felt hers—(such are always the most humble): none but an unrestrained will would have carried her so

low as she had fallen—(this same will afterwards proved her devotion):—and none but a surpassing love, we know, led her to continue at the sepulchre of our Saviour—if we may *not* venture to say, that this same capability for loving “beyond the love of women” was, probably, in the beginning, the cause of her fall. Our Saviour said to Simon, “Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much;” and His words may be construed into such an intimation, may be interpreted, not as an excuse, but a palliation of her sins. At least, it is not inconsistent with charity to think, and it is pleasant to believe, that none but a boundless and self-sacrificing love, such as few can understand and appreciate, first led Mary Magdalene astray. She was noble: gratitude and veneration and undying attachment characterized her in an eminent degree, and these are only the offspring of generous minds. All the great and good qualities exhibited after her restoration, she possessed before and during her fall; for, when our Lord healed the soul, He did not recreate it, any more than the body: there were ten lepers cleansed, but only one returned to give God thanks. It must be remembered, too, that the same Scriptures, which say she had seven devils, say, also, “Whoso hateth his brother, is a murderer;” and, judging thus, who is blameless? Truly, it were no shame to have seven devils, if *Jesus* cast them out; and seven powers for evil were no cause of lasting grief, if *He* take possession of and turn them into so many instruments of good!

Imagine her as she was before her fall, beautiful and gifted:—imagine her as she was when Jesus found her, in the expressive language of Simon, “a sinner:”—imagine her again as she was when the Lord restored her to health and hope and happiness, and those seven vacant places were filled with the Holy Spirit:—above all, picture her as she appeared in the garden, surprised by the presence of the risen Saviour, bearing in mind, that, though our sins are forgiven upon earth, the remembrance of them is not taken away from us here, and, could it become visible upon canvas as it grows to the imagination, we would see the face of a woman, who has fathomed the depths of sin, and yet is unhurt;—a countenance, in which heaven reigns, where hell has been;—such a face as St. Mark had in his mind when he brought the two together, the victim and the Vanquisher of the powers of evil, and wrote: “Now, when Jesus was risen early the first day of the week, He appeared first to Mary Magdalene, out of whom He had cast seven devils:”—a miracle of wonder, like Mary Magdalene herself.

The remainder of her life, Mary Magdalene must have lived happy and contented, desirous only to emulate her Lord’s example in doing good in the world, and joyfully waiting His summons to follow. The sins that had once caused her tears to flow for herself and for her “Master,” could no more produce excessive grief; for how could she sorrow with unavailing regret over that knowledge of sin, which had been brought by a knowledge of the Saviour? We can think of her no more as the weeping penitent, or the inconsolable mourner, bathed in her own tears. The bowed form and veiled face no longer characterize her; for Jesus has work for her to do, and His appearance and errand have transformed her. She is the swift-footed herald, the winged messenger, the angel of joy, sent by Jesus to comfort His disciples, to gladden His brethren, to raise the first notes of that triumphant shout that shall ring in the Church until

the end of time: "The Lord is risen! He is, indeed, arisen!" The dark depths of her eyes should reflect heaven's own blue; for they have looked into the glorious human eyes of the Maker of heaven. Her locks should be touched with gold; for the first beams of the Sun of Righteousness have gilded her head in His rising. Her whole form should be the revelation of her mission,—should correspond, in some measure, with the form of the glorified Saviour,—be a dim type and foreshadowing of the fulfilment of the promise given us by St. John: "When we see Him, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."

DON'T BE A GLOOMY CHRISTIAN.

1. Because we have too many of that sort now. Numbers of the disciples are shady, not sunny, have more of November in their countenance than June. They do not seem happy as Christians, and probably are not. Let there not be added even one more to this number.

2. Because there is every thing to make you a lively, animated, cheerful Christian. You trust you are forgiven, and accepted in the Beloved, which is the greatest blessing infinite love could bestow upon you, and that blessed fact would shed a ray of gladness over all your days of prosperity, and chase away all the gloom of the trials of life. With such a Saviour as you have to love and enjoy, such a home in prospect above, such a Comforter as the Holy Ghost, such travelling companions toward heaven as the saints, and such blessed work to do as that of leading others to read the Word of Light, it is a shame to hang one's harp on the willow.

3. Gloomy disciples misrepresent religion. A gloomy sinner fairly represents the master he serves and the side he has chosen. But a gloomy Christian makes people think religion is a gloomy affair, and leads them to believe that they shall have to be gloomy too, if they become religious, all of which is false. He is a proper interpreter of the Christian faith who rejoices in the Lord, and whose joy would not be more than is meet, if it should become a "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

4. Gloomy disciples can do very little good. Sinners are not fond of this company; are likely to avoid it. Besides, the gloom of such minds snaps the sinews of all exertion for the good of others. How can such a discipline maintain a cheerful and lively and animated conversation about the glorious things of the kingdom of God, thereby stirring up the souls of sinners to enter into the joy of the Lord? The gloom of the soul implies that all the sin there has not gone out, and of course the lips are sealed, and usefulness is out of the question.

Therefore let gloom find its victims where it can; but let every disciple of Christ feel that he is born to be the happiest person in the community where he lives—is sacredly bound to be a specimen of the hallowed joyfulness true religion is capable of producing—is bound to let the observing world know that God does "make Jerusalem a rejoicing and her people a joy"—is bound to make it appear that redeeming love can give such sacred peace, holy serenity, and substantial joy as cannot be produced by all that is loved and sought by the followers of the world.—*Boston Recorder*.

SUNSET.

See you, my John, that evening sky—
So exquisite its hues and fleece-like its form—
Beck'ning us, seemingly, anew to descry
Who paints the calm cloud, hurls the storm?
Tell, as we scan it, oh, tell me,
Is it more—so lightsome its crest—
Than gleams of earth's smile cast above land and sea,
As tired day is summoned to rest?

Methinks it might be a token—
Like the rainbow, that signals God's cov'nant bond—
Of the grandeur whereof the prophet has spoken,
Far, far more effulgent beyond;
The city beyond, of pearl-gates,
In whose streets victim-fires ne'er burn,
That knows not the night-raven's cry of ill fates,
Nor wailings o'er the grave or urn.

The city, on whose water's side
Trees of life bear fruit, and healing leaves bright bloom;
That's free from the curse, this world's lust and false pride,
The heart's guile, the skeptic's brain's gloom;
Free from mad passion's devotion
To things unseemly in God's sight,
And free from the doomed soul's untold commotion,
Far off in the second death's night!

To whose inner space shall be brought
All the lustre of elect, choicest nations;
Yet within whose gemm'd walls, eternal, unwrought—
Unlike earth's sunlit creations—
A glory's ablaze, and a name
Transcendent above those, divine,
Beneath which empire, moral light and plumed fame,
If yet bright, subordinate shine.

But oh, John, I would not be bold;
Trenching on veiled knowledge too soon plunged the soul
In the sin whose last woe must remain untold
Till yon heavens be wapt as a scroll,
And yet who's not swayed by such scene
To this home in God's word portrayed?
Who knows not its memory often hath been
Rewaken'd by skies thus array'd.

Enough: the loved prophet hath given
A bright sketch of this home in the Patmos vision—
This home for blest men, when this globe's been riven,
And pronounced death's last perdition!
The Lamb's word rules it—benign rod—
And therein no temple avails;
He himself is the tabernacle of God,
Before which yon sun itself pales!

THE LOVER AND HER ECHO.

Lover. Echo! mysterious nymph, declare
Of what you're made and what you are—
Echo. *Air!*

Lover. 'Mid air, and cliff, and places high,
Sweet Echo! listening, love, you lie—
Echo. *You lie!*

Lover. Thou dost resuscitate dead sounds—
Hark! how my voice revives, resounds!
Echo. *Zounds!*

Lover. I'll question thee before I go—
Come, answer me more apropos!
Echo. *Poh! Poh!*

Lover. Tell me, fair nymph, if e'er you saw
So sweet a girl as Phœbe Shaw!
Echo. *Pshaw!*

Lover. Say, what will turn that frisky coney
Into the toils of matrimony?
Echo. *Money!*

Lover. Has Phœbe not a heavenly brow?
Is it not white as pearl—as snow?
Echo. *Ass! No!*

Lover. Her eyes! was there ever such a pair?
Are the stars brighter than they are?
Echo. *They are!*

Lover. Echo, thou liest but can't deceive me;
Her eyes eclipse the stars, believe me—
Echo. *Leave me!*

Lover. But, come thou saucy, pert romancer,
Who is as fair as Phœbe? Answer.
Echo. *Ann, sir!*

A LITTLE vice often deforms the whole countenance; as no single false trait in a portrait makes the whole a caricature.

GOOD men generally reap more substantial benefit from their afflictions than bad men do from their prosperity.

SEIZE an opportunity when it presents itself; if once lost, it may never be regained.

ALL men possessed of real power are upright and honest; craft is but the substitute of power.

SURMISE is the gossamer that malice blows on fair reputation—this corroding dew that destroys the blossoms.

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THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN will enter upon its XVIth volume, on the first of January next. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. It remains under the editorial management of its founder, Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN will be published by **S. R. Fisher & Co.**, Philadelphia, Pa. Though comparing well in its present form with any publication of the kind, improvements are always possible. The Publishers propose something in this direction in the forthcoming volume, if they meet with proper encouragement. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. Though paper has advanced more than one hundred per cent., they promise to use a superior quality; and shall do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

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THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future, if permitted to take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

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LIGHT, LOVE.

THE
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A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
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YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev H. HARBAUGH. D. D., Editor.

M A Y.

1865.

S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.
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GUARDIAN, MAY, 1865.

LETTERS RECEIVED.

Rev. J. Hassler, (1 sub.); Rev. J. A. Schultz, (4 subs.); Kissinger & Son, Rev. P. S. Fisher, Rev. H. Bair, Rev. W. M. Deatrick, (4 subs.); C. H. Balsbaugh, John G. Gompf, Mrs. Eliza Sager, J. B. Taylor, A. C. Geary, John M. Brown, W. Norris, J. Rodenmayer, (2 subs.); Rev. S. Z. Beam, (1 sub.); Rev. P. C. Prugh, A. M. Newberry, M. E. Johnston, (1 sub.); Rev. E. Erb, (6 sub.); Rev. L. C. Sheip, (1 sub.); Rev. J. W. Love, Rev. A. J. Heller, Rev. I. K. Loos, F. C. Gruber, (1 sub.); Rev. D. W. Kelley, (1 sub.); J. F. Wiant, J. W. Crouse, (1 sub.); J. T. Reber, Rev. E. J. Vogel, (1 sub.); H. S. Dotterer, J. F. Wiant, (1 sub.); Rev. J. K. Millet, J. Rodenmayer, (1 sub.); Rev. Wm. Deatrick, (12 subs.); D. S. Dieffenbacher, A. C. Coleman, Rev. D. Y. Heisler, (1 sub.); John Glatfelty, W. P. Buck, (12 subs.); J. Rodenmayer, (1 sub.); P. W. Shafer, Rev. W. H. Groh, Maj. L. L. Greenawalt, Office, (1 sub.); Rev. S. Z. Beam, (1 sub.); Krissinger & Son, A. Ream, C. A. Nickum, H. F. Keener, (4 sub.); C. W. Harris, A. Bonnet, Rev. U. H. Helman.

The Guardian.

VOL. XVI.—MAY, 1865.—No. 5.

THE DOOM OF PILATE.

BY COSMO.

Vague and unsatisfactory, is the information left us, of the career of that Jewish magistrate, who, though not absolutely condemning, yet by his vacillating action, was as absolutely guilty of the murder of the Saviour of mankind as the vilest ruffian Jew, who laid his assassin hand upon the sacred person of Christ.

Very briefly have the Evangelists dwelt upon the shameful record of the Roman ruler, who, being himself a Jew, sought popular applause rather than an approving conscience; and having scourged, like a felon, the immaculate son of God, permitted the mock coronation with the galling crown of thorns, plaited in His presence by hireling centurions, and finally consummated his judicial inhumanity by writing with his own hand, voluntarily, and fixing to the cross, all ready prepared, the title intended by Pilate, as a mockery—JESUS OF NAZARETH, KING OF THE JEWS.

Historically considered, the version which I am about to give—I hope to type, and the public for the first time—of Pilate's career subsequent to the crucifixion of our Saviour, may not possess one particle of interest; but as a simple, traditionary legend, showing the utter horror in which the judicial murder of the Son of the Living God was held, even among remote barbarians who knew not Christ or His teachings—the sketch may possibly pay a perusal.

As the ponderous old tome in massive binding of rusty iron, from which I was permitted to copy the legend, was blurred by time, in places entirely illegible, and in others great blotches of the vellum rotted away by dampness, and moreover, as the MSS. was in barbarous Slavonic, I trust I shall be pardoned, if instead of endeavoring to transcribe the legend in

the uncouth idiom of Middle Europe in the Sixth Century, I shall seek to give it to the public in my own natural style, relating the incidents as if they had in reality occurred under my personal observation.

One day while out upon the Lake of Como, fishing and enjoying the bland breezes floating down upon us from the lofty crest of the Lepontine Alps, a veteran traveller had been for a whole hour enchanting my wife with his eloquent description of the beauties of the Valley of the River Inn.

My wife—young, enthusiastic, and by inclination and education a wanderer—suddenly made the proposition:

“Carlos—*caro mio*—let us visit the Valley of the Inn.”

My wife had only fore-stalled me, for in another moment I should have said:

“Minnie—*sposa*—let us take the River Inn and the Danube, as our highway to Vienna.”

Thus was it arranged, and it was the result of such an arrangement that we enjoyed such a feast of the beautiful, magnificent and grand in nature, as few European tourists have ever met with. Besides, there were intellectual treasures discovered, that either of us would have traversed the breadth of Europe to have secured.

On the right bank of the rapid Inn, its gray and crumbling walls rising from the whirling foam of the surging current, stands, at the distance of three and a half leagues above the town of Innspruck, a massive, fortress-like structure, of gneiss rock, laid in some kind of cement, harder than the flinty rock itself, the grim pile rising like a giant from the river torrent, six stories in height, like a mill or factory, having a great central door at every story, and on either side of its water front flanked by tall, octagonal towers, looped, and coped, and buttressed, as was the style of architecture in the days of the last kings of Israel.

Whatever might have been the original design and use of the vast sombre pile, it is now the haunt of owls and bats, and creeping reptiles, save the left hand tower, which is inhabited by a dozen Monks, habited in the gray gown and cowl, and wearing the white embroidered cross of the Greek Church.

It was in this tower, that among relics, and masses of barbarous armor, I chanced upon the mouldering tome in rusting iron and rotting vellum; and by the good-natured aid of two of the Monks, gathered from one of the MSS., the fragmentary legend of the last hours and terrible doom of Pontius Pilate.

Forty-eight years had passed since the Jews, seeking to crush out of existence Christianity, crucified upon Calvary our Saviour; and by the industrious teachings of devoted Apostles, the doctrine Jesus taught had been planted in territories then remote from Jerusalem. It had reached even the hitherto unknown valley of the Inn, and a Christian Church had been established at Innspruck, over which Eagleswalt, the ruler and Landgrave of Innsderlandt, and the Lord of Inndernfeltd presided.

Inndernfeltd was the gray gneiss river castle, now inhabited by bats and owls, and a few Monks of the Greek Church; and Eagleswalt, of late baptized in the Christian faith, had been a famous warrior, subjugating to his sway, all the valley of the Inn; but now, a venerable, white-haired man, his carnal armor laid off forever; and like a valiant knight now battling in prayer and earnest exhortation, under the banner of the cross.

One day in mid-summer, there came to Inndernfeltd a weary way-farer, whose whitened hair and wrinkled brow bore evidence that he had passed, by a full score of years, the age allotted to man. And yet there was an elasticity of step, even in his weariness, an erectness of figure, a roundness of limb and development of muscle, that belied the testimony born by white hair and wrinkled brow.

The pilgrim sought a resting-place and shelter for the night, and food; and these were freely accorded him by the Christian master of Inndernfeltd, whose heart, like his home, was ever open to the necessities, whether physical or spiritual, of his fellow-men.

A day was given to the stranger pilgrim to rest and recuperate his energies; and then another, and another day went by, and the singular, white-haired old man, showing no disposition to depart, was welcome still; but questioned in nothing—for though the Lord of Innsderlandt wondered often at the stranger's vast fund of useful and entertaining knowledge, his evident familiarity with the history and progress of the Christian religion, his acquaintanceship with mankind, and his eloquent descriptions of the power and extent of the mighty Roman Empire, the fame of which had penetrated even the giant walls that hemmed in the quiet Valley of the Inn; still his delicacy forbade his questioning his guest as to his name, country, whence he came, or whither his destination; and so, until the Christian Sabbath came he remained, as he had entered the Castle of Inndernfeltd, utterly unknown and unquestioned.

But when, in reply to the pious Landgrave's request, that he would accompany him and his household to hear the gospel of Christ preached at the church in Innspruck, the white-haired stranger tottered as if shaken with a palsy, and vehemently exclaimed:—

“Nay, sir, insist not upon my going. My presence at your altar would but be a vile mockery of a faith which can never be mine. Of all men living, I am most infamous! To pollute your holy sanctuary by passing its portals were more than sacrilege! A curse from an avenging God would assuredly follow my footsteps. The condemned of Divine Justice do not enter the sanctuary with impunity; wherefore I beseech you entreat me not.”

Then Eagleswalt, turning wonderingly from the strange man, went his way with the resolve that on the morrow, he would, by questioning, draw from his guest the terrible secret of the Divine displeasure, under which, it was evident he was laboring; and if by earnest prayer and exhortation, the dark veil which hid the radiance of God's eternal glory from the darkened eyes of the wretched man could be rent asunder, Divine grace and the love of God should yet be his.

He had no need to question; for on the morrow, in that apartment of the tower where we had found the ponderous vellum tome, the singular man sought an interview with the pious Landgrave, and unbosomed himself to him of so much of his history as extended from the period when our Saviour died on Calvary to the date of his arrival at Inndernfeltd.

“Sir, my time is at hand; and I must go hence. But I would first give you my latter history, that, in your preaching of the Christian faith, you may present it to the unconverted and hardened of heart, as an example to them of the great danger in which they are every day living of committing the sin of which *there is no repenting*.

"That sin is mine. In Jerusalem it was committed, while Christ, the Son of God yet lived; and since that day, I have been as a thing accursed of Heaven. O! how willingly would I have bartered fame, position, power, wealth, all, every thing I possessed on earth, could I, by the sacrifice have re-called that one cowardly, infamous act. But I could not. It was registered in God's book of Divine justice, to be cancelled only by an endless eternity of torture.

"And so, in absolute despair, I fled from the sight of Calvary, where Jesus died, hoping like Cain to flee from the sight of God also; hoping in the uttermost ends of the earth to find that oblivion which should hide me from the All-Seeing eye of an outraged Deity.

"Vain hope! Every where the terrible PAST rises before me like a black pall, my infamy emblazoned upon it in letters of living fire. For eight and forty years have I been a houseless, homeless wanderer, fleeing ever from the curse of that unpardonable sin, bearing it always in my heart, and finding it still whithersoever I turn my steps; rising before my eyes an accusing angel.

"When my wearied feet carried me to the shore of the great Northern Ocean, another Calvary rose before me, up-borne by the sea, and on its summit was fixed the ignominious Cross, to which my wicked imbecility consigned the Son of God; while blazing in letters of everlasting flame, was the cowardly inscription by me written, and with this right hand nailed to the accursed tree upon which the Son of Mary suffered death—JESUS OF NAZARETH, KING OF THE JEWS.

"When I had gained the western limits of the world, and gazed abroad upon that other mighty world of waters beyond, up-springing from the gates of Hercules, there grew into reality before me, and vividly distinct, every feature of that shameful murder of the man—Christ Jesus—the hall of judgment—the cruel scourging—the galling crown of thorns—the scoffs and jeers of murderous men—the crucifixion, mortal agony, and the death-throes of a dying God, so terrible that darkness veiled the land, the buried dead come forth from their graves, and the veil of the temple was rent asunder.

"A hundred times I sought death as a refuge from my living hell. But death would no where be found of me. If I flung myself into the troublesome sea, lashed into madness by the mighty storm, its waves refused to close over me, bearing me buoyant upon their bosom, while the ravenous monsters of the great deep fled far from my presence, and I was cast, like the unfaithful prophet, unharmed upon the dry land.

"Did I fling myself upon the spears of wandering barbarians, seeking death at their hands, the points of their weapons were turned aside, and I was shunned with a shudder of instinctive terror, as though I had been an incarnate pestilence stalking abroad to destroy. When I precipitated myself from the pinnacle of that vast rock, rising there like a mighty *Ephron*, flanking the pillars of Hercules, I was up-borne by the opposing blast, rising perpendicular from the earth, and carried on its sustaining wings like the floating down of the Egyptian *athmel*.

"When I sought destruction in the haunts of the Numidian lion, the monstrous brute slunk growling from my sight, resigning his den to my occupancy, and his helpless whelps to the tender mercies of a wretch, whose hands were red with the blood of the Son of God.

“When in a garb as thin as this, and bare-foot, I traversed those far Northern regions, where rivers ten times mightier than the Inn, lay passive and currentless, eongaled into ice, I walked hither and thither, unscathed by frost. I said, ‘Fire must assuredly destroy this hateful existence,’ and was again baffled. I waded recklessly amid the surging torrents of liquid fire eoursing down the sides of Vesuvius and Stromboli, and the smell of the flame passed not upon my garments.

“At Rome I forced myself before the tribunal of justice, and persistently proclaimed myself the murderer of a Roman citizen. But the lieters said, ‘He is a madman; let him go.’ When the curse of an outraged Deity fell upon the wicked and licentious city of Pompeii, and its thousands of revellers perished miserably in their temples of abominations, and at their guilty earousals; I, the most guilty of them all, walked amid the blinding storm of bitter ashes and sulphureous atmosphere, unharmed.

“I could not die; and from my living hell I saw spreading on every hand the New Faith of Him who died on Calvary—Him above whose Divine Head, I had nailed that mocking inscription—JESUS OF NAZARETH, KING OF THE JEWS.”

It was the thought of Eagleswalt, that the wanderer was one of the Roman Centurions, who had been foremost in the abuse of our Saviour, and led him forth to the summit of Calvary; for only Mark’s desultory history of the Jewish murder of the Son of God, had as yet reached the Valley of the Inn.

The good Landgrave would have comforted the grief-stricken wanderer—

“Sir, be ye of good eheer; for our God is a God of LOVE. If in the last hour of mortal agony, there was found pardon and Divine grace for the thief who died on Calvary beside our blessed Redeemer, there is redemption for you also, Centurion, though your sins have been many, and your hands dyed in the blood of the Son of God himself. Therefore Centurion—”

“CENTURION!” wildly exclaims the greatly agitated wanderer. “Are ye so blinded by this great love and charity, born of your Christian faith, that ye eannot diseern what these eight and forty years has been manifest to savages, wild beasts, and even the inanimate elements?”

“I am he, who consenting to the crucifixion of Jesus of Nazareth, became his chief MURDERER. Would ye preach Divine pardon to me, who, releasing Barabbas, the robber, gave to His infuriated enemies, to erueify on Calvary, the Son of the Living God?”

“Man, *I am Pontius Pilate*—the accursed of Heaven!”

A mighty crash of thunder rocked the Castle to its base. The red lightnings leaped hither and thither in the ebon atmosphere. The mighty winds were loosened, and mad gusts yelled their terrible anathemas around the gray turrets of Inndernfeltd. The giant tempest had suddenly come down in its might, enveloping in its murky pall all the Valley of the Inn.

Suddenly Pilate laid hands upon the amazed and half stupefied old Landgrave, and as if endowed with the strength of a hundred mortals, bore him swiftly up the broad flight of steps leading to the summit of the tower, and plaeing him near the low coping on the river front, exposed to all the fury of the tempest; the Jewish ex-magistrate leaped upon the massive battlement, and glaring around him for a brief space, with all the

wildness of a maniac, he gasped in a hoarse, hissing whisper, most terribly distinct—

“Follower of Christ—Worshipper of God, look abroad and behold the doom of Pilate!” and the cowering Christian looked abroad and shuddered.

Behind him, rising shore from river’s brink and castle’s base, rose the bare, black Mountains of the Arlberg, towering in a serried wall of nature’s everlasting masonry, six thousand feet above the castle’s base. On the very apex of the Arlberg gleamed a vast cross of fire, bearing on its transverse beam in crimson capitals—JESUS OF NAZARETH, KING OF THE JEWS.

Five miles away, across the narrow valley, and dimly seen through the driving tempest, appeared the Julian Alps, frowning and defiant; and midway up the rocky acclivity, was depicted in an effulgence of glory, that Divine resurrection, when the crucified Christ came forth from the tomb a very God.

Down, more than a hundred feet beneath the lofty pinnacle, chafed and surged the dark, sullen waters of the rapid Inn.

Suddenly, the outcast magistrate addressed the bewildered Christian—

“See ye in all these things, that sign from which the murderer of Christ may hope for Divine mercy?”

With clasped hands and bowed head, the good old Christian Landgrave murmured in a subdued tone:

“Alas! *there is no hope.*”

Pilate drew in his girdle, as if about to essay the ascent of yonder cliffs, glanced once at the gleaming cross, scanned for a moment the foaming torrent beneath his feet, and then addressed the kneeling Landgrave—

“Thou hast said it. *There is no hope.* Then why prolong this hell of torture? Farewell——. *Thus I seek oblivion from remorse.*”

Down headlong, like a fragment of rock rent by the lightning from the lofty battlement, plunged the man who condemned to death Jesus of Nazareth. The dark waters of the rapid Inn closed above him, and the wanderings of the conscience-haunted Pilate were ended.

Such, in spirit, is the legend, which I found recorded in the mouldering volume, flung carelessly among rubbish, there in the dilapidated turret of the gray old Castle of Inndernfeldt.

RESPECT THE AGED.

Many an old person has the pain—not bodily but sharper still—of feeling himself in the way. Some one wants his place.—His very chair in the chimney corner is grudged him. He is a burden to son or daughter. The very arm that props him is taken away from some productive labor. As he sits at the table, his own guests are too idle or too unkind to make him a sharer in their mirth. They grudge the trouble of that raised voice, which alone could make him one of them; and when he speaks, it is only to be put aside as ignorant or despised, as old-fashioned and obsolete. Oh, little do younger persons know their power of giving pain or pleasure!—It is a pain for any man, still in the world, to be made to feel that he is no longer of it, to be driven in upon his own little world of conscious isolation and buried enjoyment.

REGICIDE!

BY THE EDITOR.

The killing of a ruler has, in all ages, been regarded as the highest crime. This dreadful act has been consummated in our own land. Our President has fallen at the hands of an assassin!

Never since the first days of the existence of the Republic has such a shudder of horror been felt throughout the land. It was with difficulty that the news could be communicated from one to another. It seemed as if tongues and hearts stood still. When the telegraphic wires dropped the news in cities and villages, business ceased, as if an earthquake had suddenly stunned the energies of the people. The Christian people spontaneously fled to the churches to seek covert from terror and fear under the shadow of the Almighty.

This feeling itself testifies, that regicide is no *common* murder—that there is an awfulness in it which can attach to no other crime. It shows, that the sense of its turpitude has been, by the Creator, inlaid with the constitution of our nature, so that the universal horror produced by its commission is the very utterance of the Divine law within us.

That this spontaneous sense and judgment of the people is a true measure and estimate of the character of the crime, will appear from several considerations.

This crime is not mere murder. We need only grade the higher crimes to enable us to see where this enormity stands in the scale of criminal depravity. The first and lowest grade is common murder, or homicide, as when one man kills another. Next above this we may place suicide, wherein man assumes the disposal of his own life. Then fratricide, wherein man destroys the life of his own brother or sister, and thus, in a sense, becomes the murderer of his own flesh and blood. Then infanticide, where the helplessness of infancy augments the crime. Next we would place parricide, wherein a man takes the life of the father that begat him—the earthly source of his own life. Because the mother bears that “softer and tenderer name,” and her life belongs to the inner circle of consecrated love, we would place next in the dreadful scale the crime of matricide! After this only we reach that fearful apex of crime—regicide! So much as the State is above the family, so high above the murder of father or mother is the murder of the ruler of the land—the head of the nation—the father, for the time being, of the national family. This is the dreadful height of that crime, which has startled and stunned the nation, and caused the bells throughout the land to dole out to responding hearts their muffled tones of sorrow.

The ruler of a nation is not an ordinary man. As to talents he may not be above others, but as to *office*, he stands apart from and above all others.

He may be—as is the case in our country—designated by the people, but *he is invested with office* by God's authority alone. The administration of the oath of office is his divine ordination. "The powers that be are ordained of God," and the ruler "is the minister of God" (Rom. iii. 1-7). Whilst no particular *form* of government is recognized as alone divine, the "*powers that be*"—that is, the existing powers, whatever be their particular form, "are ordained of God." The ruler, therefore, is God's minister. God has put him into the place he occupies, and he is the organ of God's overruling power at the head of the nation. Now, the one, whom God sets in this high place of earth, and clothes with His own power and will, him the regicide cuts off, thus defying and resisting God's will in the high places of His power.

Thus the regicide, in fact, disputes with God the right of governing nations! Whom God sets up, he undertakes to hurl down. The war of the regicide is not a war merely with the one he destroys—it is a direct fight with God Himself. He assaults Jehovah's own arm, and makes a thrust at the Ruler of rulers. He stains with anointed blood the very throne on which God Himself sits in the person of His earthly ruler!

The turpitude of ordinary murder consists in the fact that the human being whom he kills "was made in the image of God" (Gen. ix. 6). But the one whom the regicide destroys has not only the image of God, but, in addition to it, the consecration and power of God in office. Patricide and matricide are regarded as higher in the degree of crime than ordinary murder, because father and mother are not merely human beings to their own children, but besides this they are *parents*—the constitutional heads of the family. But first, so far as the State is a higher constitution than the family, so much more awful in degree is the crime of regicide than that of patricide or matricide. The ruler is the father of the great national family; in destroying him the regicide destroys more than his own father.

Besides all this, it must be considered, that the ruler, especially in our own country, has been designated to that honor and high office by the will and voice of the people. Millions of men have chosen him as their ruler. But him whom millions designated to the head of power, *one* man undertakes to hurl down and destroy! His act is a direct war upon millions—and as their wills, wishes, hopes and purposes all lie in the one head, the war which the regicide makes upon the millions is a success. He violently abrogates the national will!

This suggests the further consideration, that the regicide, as far as his act reaches, annihilates law and government. He, for the time being, destroys the head and power of government. The act is a proclamation of anarchy; and when the elements of anarchy are present in the people, his act is followed by all the results involved in it.

Such is the high and awful crime which has just been perpetrated. Well does the whole nation lift up its hands in awe to Heaven. Well does the moral sense of the land shudder and start back, as if the flames of hell had suddenly flashed up before us. Well do we all wonder how such a dreadful crime is possible! Certainly it is only possible as the last and legitimate fruit of that dark and terrible *treason*, which has for four years aimed its fearful dagger at the heart of the Republic.

Elsewhere in this number, in an article written before this regicidal tragedy was enacted, we have lifted our feeble voice toward awakening a pro-

per sense of the crime of treason. May not, in this view, this sad calamity be overruled in mercy for the health and safety of the Republic? We earnestly hope, that all manifestation of revenge may be checked, and, at the same time, the minds of our rulers and people may be deeply awakened to a sense of the absolute necessity of vindicating the law against treason. Vain is that policy, which seeks to be wiser than God, and more humane than He!

May not this awful tragedy, in the mysterious wisdom of God, be overruled to check that morbid tendency, which has lately manifested itself in the way of unchristian sympathy with the awful crime of treason, and which has already begun to get up a public opinion in favor of what it calls—what a misnomer!—"magnanimity", towards the instigators and leaders of the rebellion. We dread this sickly, anti-christian spirit more than all else before us as a nation. Should it appear, that the "minister of God" bears the sword in "vain," all the moral effect of all the sacrifices of the war is virtually lost. Was this dreadful sacrifice of the nation's head yet necessary to counteract this mawkish sentimentality?

May God preserve the moral sense for the majesty of law in the hearts of the people! Such men as Beecher and Greeley, who are endeavoring to lead off in this miserable effort to degrade and ignore the eternal sanctions of divine and human law, and to convert unreflecting people to their crusade against the true idea and end of law, are now *the* enemies of the Republic. It is humiliating that our Christian journals manifest so little zeal and sensitiveness for the majesty of law, and the Christian principles which underlie the great question at issue. We earnestly pray, that this dreadful tragedy may arouse the nation to right views of the awful crime of treason—which is the cause and the essence of regicide—and conduce to the honor and vindication of the divine and human law.

THE OLD-TIME HEARTH-FIRE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN IN THE JULY NO. 1864.

BY THE EDITOR.

The poets praise, in touching rhyme,
The hearth-fire of the olden time;
I read their verse with many a sigh,
And think of times and joys gone by.
Thus dreaming o'er the past, I'm fain
To think I see it all again.

Now, sights like these are truly rare,
Coal fires are fashion every where;
Among the so-called class elite,
There is nor stove nor fire in sight.
You wonder?—yes, 'tis even so—
The heat comes somehow from below!

One feels quite lost—things do not fit—
No place to look—no place to sit—
The room is warm—how strange to me—
And yet no fire to stir or see!
Such modes!—away, 'tis nothing worth,
Give me the old-time glowing hearth.

I ever feel for that dear spot,
A home-sick love that ceases not;
Whate'er I do, where'er I roam,
My heart returns to that hearth-home;
I never can recall the cheer
Of that old hearth without a tear.

There lay the back-log round and thick;
In front a row of stone or brick;
On that we laid the smaller wood;
Then rose the flame—how warm and good!
And when without the storm-wind blew,
What roaring in the chimney flue.

Against the jam—forethought is good—
Is piled the ready-needed wood;
Just opposite—a thing how rare—
Inviting leans the rustic chair,
And in the chimney-corner stand
The tongs and shovel near at hand.

The mantle-shelf, familiar still,
Holds candlesticks and coffee-mill;
The smoothing irons, large and small,
The lard-lamp overtops them all;
And sulphur sticks—they burn, you know,
From faintest coal when fire is low.

Oft have I watched at even-tide
Strange ghost-forms through the embers glide;
The glowing coals, white, black and red,
Now livid are, and now seem dead!
We look, and think, and can with ease
See in the fire just what we please.

How sweet to sit the hearth-fire by,
Till living coals to embers die;
White ashes, creeping o'er their crest,
Come as if covering them for rest;
How dream-like fades their glowing light,
Like eyes that sink to sleep at night.

Sit we beside a *certain* friend,
In love the evening hour to spend;
To double eyes, at such an hour,
The coals have a most charming power!
As one, appear such mutual souls,
They see the same forms in the coals.

O'er youth, as all the poets say,
The hearth-fire holds enchanting sway;
For then their dreaming fancy sees
A cottage mid a clump of trees;

They ask no greater bliss to share
Than just to live together there.

Some think the hearth-fire spell o'er hearts
Is close allied to witching arts!
One thing is sure—oft to that shrine,
Fond memory draws this heart of mine;
And round that hearth's soft evening gleams,
My spirit dreams its sweetest dreams.

When I that hearth in fancy see,
My childhood all comes back to me;
Then lives my father as before—
Then is my mother there once more;
And brothers, sisters, scattered wide,
Come home again at eventide.

LIFE PICTURES FROM CHURCH HISTORY, No. 21.

JOHN BRENZ.

FROM THE GERMAN OF J. HARTMANN.

BY L. H. S.

This venerable witness for evangelical truth in the Reformation, was born, June 24, 1499, at Weil, a free town in Suabia, now a provincial town in Würtemberg, situated at the south-eastern foot of the Schwarzwald. His father, the city magistrate, and his mother (of the family of Hennig) were, as Brenz states in his will, exceedingly careful about the religious instruction of their children; they were obliged to suffer even after death for their own fidelity to the evangelical confession—although they had been won over to it after their son—in that burial was denied in the church-yard, and they were buried outside of the city, in unconsecrated ground. After he had received rudimentary instruction at Baihingen and Heidelberg, he entered the University (in 1512) at the latter place, where a circle of youths, eager for knowledge, such as Melanchthon, Ecolampadius, Bucer, Lachmann, and Schnepf, received him into their midst. They shared the great work of church-reformation with him, ten years afterwards. When Luther came to Heidelberg, in 1518, after the ninety-five Theses had been read throughout all Germany, he rejoiced that he was able to express the hope, that these students should one day be the disciples of the true religion, in contrast with the older ministers, who were bound down by traditions.

Brenz made his appearance in Heidelberg, as teacher and preacher, with great success, although the adherents of the old doctrine soon held him in suspicion. He accepted a call as preacher to Swabian Hall, in 1522, with

great pleasure, when scarcely twenty-three years old, and, even in his trial sermon, commended himself by his dignified deportment and the solid nature of his discourse. With gentleness and firmness he exposed the abuses of the old Church in doctrine and worship, and directed both church and school-life in an evangelical manner. With reference to the saints, he taught, that we dare not seek of them what they themselves do not demand; that they, who are a part of the body of Christ, should not be addressed instead of God, thus dividing one's prayers. When the peasants rebelled, in 1525, Brenz opposed them, in accordance with the gospel teaching, that one should not resist evil, but be obedient to the powers that be; their plan was not the proper one to conquer evangelical love and brotherhood. They should importune God with prayers, and entreat the authorities—where these are considerate—that they be kind enough to grant, etc. The State, he advised, should defend herself in the best manner possible; for if she yielded to the peasants, she would no longer exist. He looked upon it as a double duty to assist not only the people, but also the princes to a right understanding of the Word of God, so that the latter might govern the people in accordance with the will of God. Like Luther, he made the Christian education of youth a special object, and even published, a year before Luther, the first Evangelical Catechism—"Questions on the Christian Faith for the Youth of Swabian Hall," 1528. From the year 1525, he was involved in the discussions on the Lord's Supper, in which he maintained the Swiss view concerning the actual presence of Christ in the Supper, in opposition to that held by Luther, and established it from the Scriptures and the Church Fathers.

During a discussion at Marburg, in 1529, he saw Luther again, and made the acquaintance of the exiled Duke Ulrich of Würtemberg. His introduction of his excellent Church Order was not confined alone to Hall; his counsel was asked for at times from a distance, also, by the nobility in Kraichgaw, Hohenlohe, on the lower Neckar, in the Swabian imperial towns, in France and in Nürnberg and Anspach. The Margrave George of Brandenburg took him with him to Augsburg, at the Imperial Diet of 1530, when Brenz was selected on the committee appointed to arrange the business for the assembly. After his return, he married Margaret Gräter, a respectable widow, who bore him six children, three of whom survived him. In 1536 and 1537 he reconstructed the University of Tübingen, at the request of Duke Ulrich, after his restoration to power. Brenz was active in all the Protestant theological discussions held at Smalkald, Worms, etc. In 1546, shortly after Luther's death, the destructive Smalkald war broke out. The Imperials took Hall in the early part of 1547; Brenz was scarcely able to save his most important papers and his family. It was specially perilous for Brenz, since letters were found and brought to the emperor, in which he, who so long declaimed against resistance, and in favor of peace with the emperor, maintained that the defence of the assailed Protestants was not unrighteous nor an offence to Christian obedience. Brenz was obliged to take to the woods, on St. Thomas' Day—in the dead of Winter—and remain there until he could return to his plundered dwelling, after the departure of the imperial troops. His rest was not of long duration. The Interim, which was strongly urged by the emperor as a means of union of the Catholics and Protestants in doctrine and manner of worship, it was not possible for Brenz to approve. It was impossible, he

said, to serve two such dissimilar masters. It was an error to suppose, that those supporting the Interim (Interimists) would tolerate evangelical *doctrine*, even if their ceremonies were tolerated. They demanded, that the Primacy of the Pope should be recognized, while the Holy Scriptures nowhere gave any precedence to Peter and his successors. He declared himself most decidedly opposed to a detailed account of sins at the confessional, against the mass, and transubstantiation, against supplications for those in purgatory, etc. His resolute rejection of the Interim excited fresh hatred against him, and an order of Granvella that Brenz should be brought to him dead or alive. Now he found cities of refuge in Würtemberg and in the citadel of Hohenwittlingen, at Urach, and when this became unsafe for him, in Basle. Here he wrote to Calvin concerning the disconsolate condition of Germany, and received from him a beautiful letter of consolation and exhortation, with the assurance that he would continually remember him in his prayers. In Basle, where he formed the acquaintance of the Governor of Mömpelgard, Duke Christopher of Würtemberg, he received information of the death of his wife. The orphaned condition of his children gave him no rest, and he hurried toward Stuttgart. In the meantime, the Duke Ulrich learned of new plans of persecution, and advised him to save himself as best he might, without naming to him any place of refuge. Then Brenz went, according to the popular belief, with a loaf of bread under his arm to a house in the upper part of the city, and there concealed himself between a pile of lumber and the roof. A general search of the houses, on his account, was made for fourteen days. During the whole of this time, a hen came up the steps daily and laid an egg near him, on which he sustained life, until the Spaniards withdrew, and he could leave his hiding-place. After this he resided in Hornberg, in the Schwarzwald, as a bailiff (*vogt*). Once, when he reminded a neighboring preacher that he should not preach such long sermons, the latter replied: "The time spent in church by you bailiffs, is always too long." Yet many said, that such a bailiff had never been seen before, since he neither swore nor drank like the others. When their pastor was sick, and Brenz offered him consolation from the Word of God and his own sermons, the pastor said at last: "O, sir! you are no bailiff, whatever you may be!"

In 1550, he was married a second time, to Catharine, daughter of his friend Isenmann, by whom he had ten children. The Duke Christopher had hardly obtained possession of the government, when he called Brenz to his neighborhood, first to the castle of Ehningen, and then as provost to Stuttgart. The duties of this position were something more than those of a preacher—he was the actual adviser of the Duke in all church affairs. In particular, he prepared the Würtemberg Confession of Faith, which Christopher, in 1552, laid before the ecclesiastical assembly at Trient, and afterwards sent Brenz there to defend it. But, notwithstanding all the courtesy that was shown Brenz, he was not publicly received, since "it was not proper for the assembled fathers to receive instruction from those who owed them obedience." The Würtemberg Church Ritual of 1559, that of the Electorate of Saxony of 1580, and many others, were essentially his productions. After Luther's death, he and Melanchthon were considered as the heads of the German Evangelical Church; and Brenz was frequently called upon to settle the numerous doctrinal quarrels, especially those with reference to the doctrine of the Lord's Supper and justification. It

does not astonish us that, amid the many duties of his position, he had to encounter sad experiences and much ingratitude. A strange preacher once coming to Stuttgart, heard Brenz preach; he found the church, to his astonishment, empty, and mentioned his surprise after the service was over. Brenz, on the road to his house, led him to a fountain, and asked him what was the most beautiful property of the fountain? and when the stranger was unable to answer, Brenz replied: "That it always furnished water whether many or few drew from it. A preacher of the Word of God must be like it."

During his last years he was particularly active about the condition of religious matters in France, which were beginning to allow the hope, that the Evangelical doctrine would gain admission in that great kingdom. But the Duke Christopher, whom the king of Navarre had called in as a mediator, soon understood that he was deceived by the French ruler, and that the cause of the gospel in France was most basely betrayed.

The death of his beloved duke, December 28, 1568, admonished the old Reformer of his own approaching end. In 1566, during the prevalence of the pestilence, he made his will, in which he declared his firm conviction of the divine origin of the Books of the Old and New Testaments, and his assent to the doctrines of the Church, in so far as they harmonized with the same. He expressed his thanks to the Divine grace, that it again had brought forth the true light through Luther. He thanked, in particular, the House of Würtemberg, which had taken him up in his poverty, and endowed him and his family with countless gifts from that time to the end of his life, wherefore he prayed God would take the same family in His care and keep them in the true Christian faith.

About the end of 1569, an attack of apoplexy visited him, in the midst of his labors. After this he recovered somewhat, but in August, 1570, a serious attack of fever was experienced. On the 31st of August, he partook, with his family and his Stuttgart colleagues, of the Lord's Supper, admonished those about him to Christian firmness and unity, made special mention of the departure of the Apostle Paul from the Ephesians, and closed with the words of the 133d Psalm. While repeating with fervor the Lord's Prayer, he fell asleep in the Lord, Monday, September 11th, and was deposited in the cathedral, near the chancel, on the 12th. He had selected this place shortly before his death, so that if any one, at any future time, should announce another doctrine from the chancel, he might be able to raise his head from the grave, and say, "Thou liest!"

Brenz's writings were universally prized, and some of them were translated into foreign languages. Luther prized them so highly, that he gave this testimony concerning them: "No theologian had so admirably interpreted the Holy Scriptures as Brenz, and he had often been surprised at his spirit, and made to despair of his own ability." Referring to the fourfold manifestation of the Spirit (2 Kings, xix.), Luther said, that to himself the wind which rent mountains and rocks, had been in part given, while Brenz's spirit was like the still small voice. Twenty years after his death, the Catholic preacher at Oeffingen, during a conversation about the possessions of the monks with the Deacon Wolfort of Cannstatt opened a large chest, containing Brenz's works, with these words: "These are *my* treasures; I prize them more than gold."

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR FROM SIN.

BY THE EDITOR.

In a former article, we showed that as Christians we belong to Jesus Christ in soul and body, in life and death. We wish now to exhibit the consoling fact, that Jesus Christ, to whom we belong, is our Saviour, having fully satisfied for all our sins.

We are not Christ's merely as property, like the inanimate world. Though even property in this sense is not out of his care; for every particle of matter rests constantly on His sustaining power. We are not His merely as plants in the vegetable kingdom; though for even these also He so cares that grass is clothed with green, and the lilies of the field are painted by his hand. We are not His merely as creatures, like the irrational creation; though He feedeth the fowls of the air, and giveth the ox his meat in season. We are not in his power merely as wicked men and wicked spirits, over whom He also rules, and by whom, in the end, He promotes His glory. But we are His, as His delight and joy. As such He has saved us; and are not we, then, more than all these? This is our comfort.

Let us look with joy at what He *has* already done. He has saved our race from destruction, which it has long since deserved. He saved us from falling into perdition, under the penalty due to the first sin we ever committed. He has saved us from hopelessness, by giving us promises. He has saved us from ignorance, by giving us light. He has saved us from many sins, by His restraining grace. In a temporal point of view, He has saved our lives, our health, our faculties, and has kept us from want.

From what He has done, we have great reason to count on what He will yet do for us. This is a great source of comfort. His past goodness gives us reason to repose in peace upon Him for the future. Especially, as He loved us *in* our sins, we have greater reason to trust in His love now, as, by His grace, we are escaping from sin. If He loved us when we loved sin and not Him, he will surely love us when we now hate sin and do love Him. This is the argument of the Apostle, so full of comfort: "God commendeth His love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us; *much more* then, being now justified by His blood, we shall be saved from wrath through Him. For if when we were sinners, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, *much more*, being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life" (Rom 5: 8-10).

The thought of our relation to Christ as Saviour, becomes still more comforting, when we meditate upon several particulars in reference to Christ as our Saviour.

1. He is a *faithful* Saviour. The world is full of unfaithfulness and

deceit. And nothing is more apt to deceive us, than those things upon which we rest and depend for comfort. Does not all experience richly prove this? Those that seek comfort in wealth, fame, pleasure, are all disappointed in the end. The fair promises which these make to their votaries, are all false, and ever remain unfulfilled. They forsake us all when the hour of real trial arrives. But Christ is a faithful comforter. He does not flatter us, but probes the evil to the bottom, and lays the foundation of lasting peace deep in the soul. He does not merely apply temporal relief, but effects a lasting cure. He does not lead us to forget our troubles by immersing and diverting us in business or worldly pleasure, but He meets the evil in its basis and removes it. Not only does He begin aright, by laying a good ground for consolation, but he carries it out aright. This He does by leading us into union and communion with God. He unfolds his grace to us in everlasting life; and thus makes the very life of God the perennial freshness and joy of our souls.

2. He has *fully satisfied for all our sins*. Where there is sin there can be no peace; for sin is the source of all trouble. We have sinned and can only be comforted by having these sins pardoned and removed. This Christ has done. He bore their penalty, and procured their pardon. "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity" (Psalm xxxii. 12). This blessedness is ours, if Christ is our Saviour; "for He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin" (2 Cor. v. 21); and "His own self bore our sins in His own body on the tree" (1 Pet. ii. 24). The consequence is, that "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us" (Ps. ciii. 12).

3. He hath done all this with *His precious blood*. By his death, as the price of the penalty, and his life as the ground of our holy life. He went down deep as our woes were pressing us—"even unto death." Then He rose, and we are "saved by His life." We lost life, in the fall, and nothing short of life can redeem us. He does not save us by His example. What good can mere example do to one *naturally averse* to following it? He does not save us by His doctrines merely; for how can a dead sinner be *taught* to live? No; miserable comforters are these all! He saves us, not by a system of truth, but by the power of an endless life. He died, and rose, and revived, that He might be Lord of the dead and of the living. Not by imitation, not by orthodoxy, not by works, morality, or merit,—but by being created anew in Christ Jesus, becoming partakers of his life, by dying, rising and living with Him. "For the life of the flesh is in the blood; and I have given it to you upon the altar, to make an atonement for your souls: for it is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul" (Lev. xvii. 11). This blood, which was surely shed—and shed for us—is the ground of our comfort. This blood which saves us is *precious* blood. It is not typical blood, like that of the Old Testament sacrifices, the only virtue of which was, that it pointed to the better blood of the New Testament. It is "the precious blood of Jesus Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot" (1 Pet. i. 19). Ye are bought with a price—a price equal to that which was to be purchased: death for death, and life for life. It is blood that not only procures pardon, but which cleanses: "The blood of Jesus Christ, His son, cleanseth us from all sin." From this benefit

none are excluded; for "He gave Himself a ransom for all" (1 Tim. ii. 6). Here, then, our comfort is complete.

"Sweet was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood,
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me back to God."

THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.*

BY L. H. S.

Two days ago the bells of our town were ringing out their merry tones, and men, women, and children were jubilant, because the signs of the times indicated peace and a return of fraternal relations throughout the length and breadth of our beloved land. It was thought not inappropriate that the Churches of Peace and Good-will should join in this general outbursting of joy and happiness, and their sonorous bells joined, with those appropriated to secular purposes, in ringing forth merry tones.

To-day the solemn knell reminds us how short-lived is human happiness—how soon the brightest glow of joy may be enshrouded with the blackest gloom! The bells no longer pour forth merry tones: the dull, funeral toll is mournfully uttered by their brazen mouths, and the icy grasp of sadness chills the circulation of the blood in veins and arteries, through which it coursed brightly and gayly on Thursday.

The telegraph-wires bring us news of deeds of dastardly cowardice and brutal murder, that will send a thrill of horror, not only through our own land, but wherever civilization has extended its ameliorating influences over the race. The Chief Magistrate of our nation has been stricken down by the side of the partner of his life, from the fulness of vigor and life has been hurried into the shadow land;—the Secretary of State has been made the victim of dangerous, if not mortal wounds, while the son, whose filial affection prompted him to rush to the assistance of a prostrate father, has also been made the victim of the assassin's fury. These are not deeds about which a people should be indifferent, even had they been performed on men in the common walks of life. All that we hold dear to us, whether it be parent, child, wife, or friend, is in some way or other interested in this great—this monstrous crime. The representative of civil government has always been considered by Christianity as entitled to the respect and obedience of the subject. Her teachings have been, "to render unto Cæsar

* President Lincoln was shot Friday evening, April 14th, and died at 7.20 A. M. the next day. When the news of his death reached Frederick City, all places of business were closed, the bells of the Churches, Engine Houses, Court House, and of other public places were tolled, and all the Churches, by request of the municipal authorities, were opened for religious services at 4 o'clock, P. M. They were all draped in black. The remarks, here given, were made at the meeting in the German Reformed Church.

the things which are Cæsar's," and "to fear God and honor the king." It therefore behooves us as a Christian people, to meet with the view of asking Divine protection in this hour of public calamity—when men have been found sufficiently regardless of such teachings, without the fear of God, to strike down the supreme representative of Law. It behooves us to pray that we may be delivered from the snares of the wicked, and from the perils that the Devil is throwing around us. Out of the depths our cries must go up to the Lord, that he would prove to us our refuge and strength, even a very present help in trouble.

Abraham Lincoln—the President of the United States—endeared to those who knew him by an honesty that defied all attempts to overthrow it, an earnestness of purpose that received respect even from his enemies, a kindness of heart that refused to harbor malice against those who most opposed his plans, a clearness of judgment and far-sighted statesmanship scarcely suspected at first by his own friends, and a magnanimous soul that disdained to triumph over a conquered enemy; whose true character was but becoming known in the fiery times which have tried the metal whereof each man's character is formed,—Abraham Lincoln has fallen a victim by the weapon of the assassin. The words that communicated this intelligence are few, but, as I have said, they will send a thrill of horror over the globe, *because* such an act implies the existence of premeditated crime, which may continue to strike—*where*, we know not; implies that vice and wickedness stand in no awe of men of high estate, but even cherish the fiendish ambition to destroy those on whom the nation's hopes depend.

Without any exaggeration it may be said that more of humanity's hopes and fears were bound up in the fate of him, who departed his life this morning, than in that of any other human being on the face of the globe. Restless spirits, anxious for war when diplomacy will meet the desired object, are to be found in every land. To restrain such, to obtain proper reparation for national insults, and to cultivate such relations as would make peace solid and substantial,—*these* seem to have been the objects of Mr. Lincoln's ambition. Our difficulties at home were being removed; the coming future looked bright and happy, and our relations with foreign countries were so satisfactory that there was no fear in that regard.

God grant that whatever of fitness may have been possessed by the late President, shall be multiplied in those who succeed him; that a bereaved wife and children may find consolation where it alone can be found; that a mourning nation may

"Touch God's right hand in its darkness
And be lifted up and strengthened;"

that the other victims of the assassin's hand may be spared to their families and the nation; and that we may all so live as in *His* sight, and as being accountable to Him for all our deeds!

While the prayers of a sorrowing people are directed heavenwards, and while we mourn with the mourners, shedding tears of grief at the grave of the departed, let us all feel that *God still lives*, and his right hand can help us in our day of trouble, and deliver us from our distress!

This is not the place for eulogy. We meet in grief and sorrow. Our cries must ascend from this place of worship to His throne, who alone can

bring comfort, consolation, and strength. On earth once a sufferer, He can sympathize with all who suffer: in heaven a merciful Father, He can grant protection from danger; and living in the souls of His followers, He can fit them for His courts above.

MAWKISH SYMPATHY WITH CRIME.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is said that when Jackson was on his death-bed he was asked by his pastor whether there was any act of his life which he specially condemned, and which he regarded as furnishing special ground for regret and penitence. Jackson promptly, and with decided feeling, answered: "Yes; that I did not hang John C. Calhoun for his treason!"

A superficial judgment would condemn this declaration, as exhibiting a wrong spirit at such a solemn time. But a deeper and truer Christian spirit will not fail to see in it the very strongest evidence of the old hero's true Christian earnestness. As the solemn light of eternity dawned upon his departing spirit, and his own public life and the life of the Republic which he had served lay behind him, he seems clearly to have seen what his false sympathy with the awful crime of treason would, one day, cost the Republic. He saw how the just punishment of that one man, the father of treason in this country, would have been to shield the Republic from future treasonable attempts, by nipping the beginning of them in the bud.

How true have the events of the last four years of blood demonstrated, that the light which the dying hour shed upon the great spirit of the dying hero and statesman was a true prophecy of those "coming events" which, even at that time, began to

"Cast their shadows before;"

and that in his case was fulfilled that allied saying of the poet:

"'Tis the sunset of life gives us mystical lore."

The solemn lesson contained in this incident is one that the country, at present, needs earnestly to lay to heart. As the power of that fearful treason, which, for more than four long years, has been engaged in pouring out the nation's best blood like water, is about being finally subdued under the majesty of law, an enemy is rising, which, though it essays to speak in pious tone, is no less dangerous to the true and permanent peace of the Republic. It shows itself in the form of *morbid and sickly sympathy toward the crime of treason.*

Our age and our country is not, at present, exposed to a greater danger than just this sickly sympathy with crime. It is a sure evidence, so far

as it prevails, of a false and feeble Christianity, of a degenerating civilization, and of an impolitic and imbecile statesmanship. This same miserable sentimentalism has manifested itself, for some years, in various attempts, in part and for a time successful, to abolish the death penalty for capital offences against society. Though it has been proved by actual experiment that the effect of such legislation has always been to increase the number of capital offences, yet this pseudo spirit does not cease its presumptuous attempts to be wiser than God and the well-tried wisdom of all ages.

These attempts are always associated with some weak and washy phase of religion. They have their source in the minds of those who seek to dilute, popularize and humanize the principles of Christianity, with a view of making them palatable to those who would rather reconcile God to human nature, than reconcile human nature with God. It has its origin with that class, who find the God of revelation less tender and merciful than themselves; who regard the tried wisdom of all past ages as behind the age, and who look upon the Scriptures as needing, for their proper illumination and correction, the socialism, universalism, and the individualism of the nineteenth century.

Beecher, who has lately shown his ability to enlighten the Christian world, by informing it, that Good Friday celebrates the *resurrection* of Jesus Christ from the dead, (hear!) and Greeley, who has attested his claims to be a leader of the Christian mind by the blasphemous remark reported of him, that he has never been baptized, but that he thinks he has been vaccinated (!!!)—these two oracles have already commenced their attempts to create a public opinion that shall accord with their gospel of socialism and sensationalism. They have already undertaken to annul for the nation its solemn laws against the awful crime of treason. That they have an abundance of susceptible material to work upon, in the form of the floating and nature-formed opinions of the age, is most sure. It is also certain, that public opinion, thus formed, has a tendency to affect, more or less, the minds of statesmen; especially such as have never sounded the solemn depths on which law and government rest, but are mere echoes of unmoored public opinion; and of this class there are a goodly number in power.

If ever there, was a time in the history of the Republic when the Christian reviews, magazines and papers of the land have been called upon to bring to light the deeper principles of divine and human government, and, with calm and anointed wisdom, to stem the tide of sickly and morbid sentimentalism, that time is now. So far as the influence of our magazine goes, we wish here to discharge ourselves of a high and solemn duty. In the name of God, in the name of the holiness and dignity of Christianity, in the name of all the well-tried wisdom of the past, in the name of the Constitution and laws of the Republic, and in the name of our posterity, whose peace, safety and lives, at some future hour of the nation, hang upon the decision, we plead that the majesty of the law may be honored in the condign punishment of the leaders of this dark and terrible treason.

What is the fashion of the times? In some rural district, some idle and worthless vagrants enter the home of a quiet and worthy family, and, for the purpose of robbery, murder the family! For a short time the neighborhood is horrified; the papers make an item of the awful news, and express the hope that the murderers may be brought to justice. High

rewards are offered for their arrest. Finally they are apprehended and lodged in prison. After some weeks they are tried, and condemned to be hung. What now? That moment public sympathy is all with the murderers! The dark and terrible scene of murder and blood in the lonely house, the shrieks of the innocent just roused from sleep to feel the murderous ball or knife in their hearts, these are all forgotten. But plenty of morbid sighs and tears are offered for the poor, "unfortunate" criminals. "What an awful thing it is to hang a man! How barbarous is the death penalty! The Governor ought to pardon the poor man! It is awful to send him so suddenly into eternity!" This is the language of the "merciful and tender-hearted" sentimentalists, who have no tears for the innocent, murdered family, but plenty of tears for the guilty murderers themselves. The "barbarity" of the crime, and the fact that the unprotected family was sent with equal suddenness into eternity, this is all forgotten by the demoralized abettors of this new, sickly, morbid and devilish gospel of criminal mercy.

Is not this the same gospel of mercy which Beecher, Greeley, *id genus omne*, are preaching in favor of the awful crime of treason? The blood of three or four hundred thousand men, for which the instigators of treason are responsible before God and man, crieth from the ground. But by this morbid sentimentalism the grave-yards of a hundred battle-fields are all forgotten; the thousands of brave men who are mangled and maimed for life count nothing; the hundreds of thousands of widows and orphans, made such by treason, are to have no consideration, in their silent and life-long sorrow. And this sickly spirit is baptized with the sacred name of "charity" and "magnanimity!" The brave soldier, who tore himself away from a young family, that he might sustain the laws of his country, but who, in an hour of tenderness and home-sickness for his family, is tempted to desert, is returned and tried, condemned and shot! But the arch-traitors, whose rebellion against the nation made it necessary for him to go into the service, are to be regarded as guilty of no crime! These have not merely deserted the flag, but have turned their swords against the life of the nation. "Shall not such," it is properly asked by one of our wisest statesmen—"shall not such suffer the same penalty which the Government and the laws have enforced upon so many of our soldiers for the same crime?"

It has been frequently remarked, that had Jackson hung Calhoun, this rebellion would hardly have occurred. When the law limps lamely, transgression has an open field. Should the counsels of these morbid reformers prevail, and the penalty for high treason which hangs over the leaders of this rebellion be averted, why may not a few decades witness the inauguration of similar plots against the life of the Republic? It will be then seen from precedent, that all treason deserves is "magnanimous" and "charitable" treatment. We tremble for the future of our country, if it shall appear in this case that "the minister of God beareth the sword in vain."

This miserable spirit, against which our remarks are directed, knows well how to touch the prejudices of unthinking men. They call the advocacy of the majesty of law a call for vengeance and revenge! This is a shallow pretence; nothing more. There is neither vengeance nor revenge in it. The law knows nothing of either vengeance or revenge. It knows

only the will of God which underlies it, its own dignity which is insulted, and the safety of society for which it is executed. The judge who pronounces the death penalty with tears is *twice* great; once because he has the magnanimity to be a true organ of divine and human law, and again because he shows by his tears that his heart is filled, not with vengeance, but with pity toward him whom the law binds him to sentence.

Who has revenge to seek? The best sense of the nation will hurl back the charge with indignation. But all earnest men, who fear God and love the Republic, will ask, that the majesty of the law be left to its own free course. They will protest against this premature attempt to convert the mind of the nation to this new gospel of washy sentimentalism, which is an insult to God's revealed will, and which the nations have never known.

We are glad to find many of our wiser statesmen and most respectable public journals awake to this threatening danger. In answer to this attempt to create a false public opinion and a plea for "charity" towards even the arch-traitor and head of the dark plot of treason, the judicious New York Times forcibly and truly says: "To endeavor to save him from retributive justice is to outrage every enlightened sentiment, every unperverted instinct. It is to undermine every sanctity of human law, to sap every conservative principle of human government. *There is no one thing which threatens such evils to our liberties as this substitution of mawkish sympathy for the virtuous indignation which foul guilt ought to excite.* A shallow philanthropy has been growing rife, which has already cankered the moral sense of the nation not a little. The old Achillean wrath against untrue men, the grim old Puritanic intolerance of the workers of iniquity, has been giving place to a sentimentality as impotent as it is passionless. It was this laxity that did more than all things else to encourage the southern plotters of the rebellion. There has been, year after year, such a deal of sickly stuff vented against the wickedness of shedding human blood, and such a letting down of the old reverence for law and justice, that it was easily inferred that the very life of the nation might be taken with impunity."

The Constitution of the United States, Art. iii., Sect. 3, says: "Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort." In addition to this, it was enacted in the Congress of the United States, in 1790, "that if any person or persons owing allegiance to the United States of America shall levy war against them, or shall adhere to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort within the United States or elsewhere, and shall be thereof convicted, on confession in open court, or on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act of the treason whereof he or they shall stand indicted, such person or persons shall stand adjudged guilty of treason against the United States, and shall suffer death."

This is the supreme law of the land. It rests on divine authority. (Rom. xiii. 1-4.) This is an infinitely better law than that mawkish, frothing and vapping of washy and watery sentimentalism, which has its fountain in the shallow pools of Gotham. It is by honoring, not amending or annulling the divine law, that a nation may hope to prosper. If our nation will show respect to the law of God, preserve the dignity which belongs to a nation, and show itself as faithful and just in punishing crime as it is ever ready to reward with its honors those who do well, we may

confidently expect that the blessing of God will rest upon its future, as it has upon its past, and that the peace which He is now so speedily bringing us will be as lasting as the memory of His gracious dealings with us in the past are pleasant and glorious.

THANKSGIVING.

Thanks for thy gifts, mighty God of the living !
Thanks where'er breathes life, or sin's forgiv'n ;
For all the graces which glad thanksgiving,
As incense prayer for bliss of Heaven !
O, fresh keep poesy's evergreen palm,
Fresh music, the soul's glee, soothing balm !

Boon hath followed boon, in thy fond training,
This world to the faith that brooks smiles, soothes tears ;
And rebukes not my wish, that though waning
Be th' scope of my voice through wasting years,
My hymns might still toward thy altars stream,
Still blithe as the early dew-drop's gleam !

Wait we a bard, unwonted pow'r bearing,
For lauding thy works, thy love and name—
Some new psalmist's soul, world-wide endearing,
In world-wide symphony note for fame,
Thy bounties in group, crested with the grace,
That contrived the ransom of our race ?

Thy minstrel of the harp his sway's prolonging,
Widest his sweep, in blest realms supreme ;
He pales not as ages the past are thronging,
O ! that he'd had the full Christian theme !—
To him was giv'n but a shadowy ken
Of thy gift, deigned since, to earth-born men !

Since—out Thy bosom Thy love impelling,—
Summonest not Thou Thy quick'ning word !
And chiefest, bravest angels excelling,
Bearer of Thy olive-branch and sword,
Came He not death to discrown and seize th' grave,
The arch-fiend lay low, his victims save ?

Surely ; and gladly, our being ent'ring,
Ours made one with His own divine life ;
Gladly Thy nature and our's concentring,
Enforced the purposed, decisive strife,
And lo, lo His heel on th' serpent's bruis'd head,
Lo, frustrate this demon of the dead !

Since, He was slain, Judah Shiloh slaying ;
The priesthood there too fallen to know
That, despite wrathful mocking, gainsaying,

In Him dwelt our weal, outside Him wo—
Since then He rose, and ascending to Thee,
From the prince of the air set us free!

Thus Thou, earlier mercies transcending,
Madst th' Word our life too as erst Thy breath,
And dying here, to the tomb descending,
The triumph of thy children o'er death—
Who die now as died this, this Thy Lamb slain,
To rise again, like Him live again.

Oh, since, by Thy incarnate Word's healing,
Whole's our life that was sin-struck and curst;
And should not for this all sense, all feeling,
In fuller strains exult than at first?
Yes, exult thus forever the living,
In high-toned ecstatic thanksgiving!

NORRISTOWN.

CHRIST RIDING INTO JERUSALEM.

BY A FRIEND OF THE GUARDIAN.

The public entrance of Christ into the City of Jerusalem riding on a colt, is an extraordinary event in this life. On no former occasion had He been willing to make so open and formal a demonstration. Hitherto He had travelled with His disciples on foot, from city to city, preaching and doing good. When crowds gathered around him, attracted by some great miracle wrought upon the sick or diseased, or by the wisdom and power of His teaching, He withdrew himself from public attention, and went to some more secluded place, or retired into a mountain to pray. The lame, the blind, or those possessed with devils, when delivered from their maladies, were commanded to tell no one who had healed them. When the multitude, excited by his wonderful works, attempted to enthrone Him as king, He escaped out of their hands, and defeated their purpose. Thus, for three years, He had preached the gospel, performed miracles, and observed all the rites and ceremonies of the law in poverty, refusing the honors of the people, and enduring all manner of persecution in silence.

But now, five days before the day of His crucifixion, He suddenly, without any previous intimation, appears before the multitude in the character of a king, and permits their tumultuous acclamations without a word of reproof, but with manifest favor. The prophet Zechariah had said concerning the Messiah (Ch. ix: 9): "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem: behold, thy King cometh unto thee: He is just, and having salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt, the foal of an ass." This prophecy Christ illustrated and fulfilled. He selected the Passover-week, the most public occasion in the entire year, when the Jews, by thousands, were assembled in Jerusalem from all parts of the civilized world. He was on the east side of the Mount of Olives, in the

vicinity of Bethany. So soon as the people saw Him seated on the foal of ass, never ridden before, they seemed to have an instinctive apprehension of the significance of the event. "A very great multitude spread their garments in the way; others cut down branches off the trees, and strewed them in the way" (Matt. xxi: 8). The news spread, and reached the city. Immediately another vast concourse went forth to meet Him; and the entire mass of people that went forth and followed after, shouted: "Hosanna to the son of David! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest." Some of the Pharisees wished to restrain the enthusiasm of the multitude, but He replied: "I tell you, that if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out" (Luke xix: 40). Descending the western declivity of the Mount of Olives, the beautiful city lay before His eyes in all its magnificence and splendor. Fully aware of its approaching terrible doom, the blessed Saviour wept over it, saying: "If thou hadst known, even thou, in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes." The Saviour weeps; He weeps, whilst receiving the loudest and most enthusiastic acclamations of the vast multitudes! On the grand procession moves, down the mount, and across the valley of the Kedron. He enters Jerusalem, and the whole city was moved with excitement; many who had never seen him, and did not know Him, inquiring, "Who is this?" Still He moves forward unimpeded, and enters the temple. There He casts out all them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrows the tables of the money-changers, and the seats of them that sold doves.

The grand festal procession, the shouts of the multitudes rising on the air like the sound of many waters, taken in connection with the expulsion from the temple court of cattle dealers, hucksters, and brokers, constitutes a demonstration in remarkable contrast with the Saviour's previous ministry. It was a fulfilment of prophecy—a manifestation of his office as King, of His authority and power as the true King of the Jews, and at the same time a pre-figuration of His future triumphs and glory.

Christ was *the true King of the Jews*. He was the lineal descendant of the royal house of David—the true heir of the Jewish throne. The Jews looked for a political King, for one who would deliver their country from the dominion and oppression of the Emperor of Rome, make them a free, independent, and prosperous people, and restore the external glory of the days of Solomon. Such, in one sense, He really was; and such He acknowledged Himself to be when arraigned before Pontius Pilate. But He did not assume the external character of earthly kings; He did not draw the sword; He did not raise armies, and make war upon the oppressors of the Jewish people; and as the great body of the Jews had no other conception of their King, than that which was displayed in the splendor and power of David and Solomon, they proudly rejected the claims of Christ. Nevertheless, he was the one who had ruled them in time past, and was ruling then. It was He that constituted Abraham the head of the nation; that promised to them the fertile land of Palestine as their everlasting possession; that led them forth victoriously from Egyptian bondage; that divided the waters of the Red Sea, and caused them to walk through it on dry ground; that led them for forty years in the deserts of Arabia, giving them bread from heaven, quenching their thirst with living water from the solid rock, and vanquishing their enemies in battle; that

finally opened the waters of the Jordan, and led Israel through with songs of rejoicing; and that broke down the walls of Jericho, captured city after city, subdued tribe after tribe of the Canaanites, and finally divided the whole land among His people according to their tribes and families. It was He that preserved Moses among the bulrushes of the Nile, that caused him to be brought up in the house of Pharaoh, and in due time endowed him with extraordinary wisdom, and invested him with power to effect the destruction of Pharaoh, and the deliverance of the suffering Hebrews. It was He that gave them the moral and ceremonial law, that organized the Jewish Church, that established and maintained their civil government, that rewarded their obedience, that punished their disobedience, and governed them in all their relations, and at every epoch in their entire history. It was He that had given them law-givers, and leaders, and judges, and prophets, and priests, and kings. Moses, and Joshua, and David were His vicegerents. Elijah, Isaiah, and Daniel were His ministers, and received the words of wisdom from His lips. Their fathers had heard His voice in the thunder of Sinai. They had seen His presence in the mysterious shekinah that dwelt amid the cherubim in the Holy of Holies.

Now the same glorious One, the Ancient of days, the Angel of the covenant, the Prince of Peace, enters the city of Jerusalem as the true King of the Jews, riding on the foal of an ass. He reveals His royal character before their eyes. The people could not mistake the fulfilment of prophecy, nor did they. As the Lord of the temple He enters the sacred court, and with holy indignation at the daily desecration tolerated by corrupt priests, He thrusts out the vile intruders. The proud Pharisees and hostile priests look on with astonishment and rage, but, by a power unseen, He holds their passions in check. His work accomplished, He retires from the temple and from the city, in the majesty of a royal personage, no one daring to molest or to touch Him.

For a moment the multitudes catch the solemn significance of the transaction, and their feelings of joy burst forth in loud and reiterated hosannas. But soon they fall back again under the power of their gross earthly notions, incapable, as it seems, of rising to a true perception of His royal character. A few days later, the same multitudes, fickle as the wind, shout, "Crucify Him!"

This grand entrance of Christ into Jerusalem, and the purging of the temple court, *prefigures the subsequent progress of His kingdom* among men. The same mighty Power that smote the Egyptians and crushed Pharaoh, that routed the Amalekites, Midianites, Philistines and other hostile nations, that handed over the ten tribes of Israel to the dominion of Assyria, that surrendered the kingdom of Judah to Babylonish captivity, and in turn raised up Cyrus to prostrate Babylon and restore the Jews to their ancient inheritance—that same power swayed the hearts of the shouting multitudes, governed the instincts of an unbroken colt, compelled a company of impious cattle-dealers, hucksters and brokers to submit to violent ejection from the temple, and held in complete subjection the hatred and rage of self-righteous Pharisees and a degenerate priesthood. This same Power, forty years later, used the Roman army, under Titus, as a means to overthrow the kingdom of Judah and utterly destroy the walls, the city and the magnificent temple of Jerusalem, and scattered a stiff-necked and unbelieving people, reeking with the blood of their King, to the four corners of the earth, to become a by-word and a reproach, according to the

specific predictions of the prophets of God, among all the nations, Christian and Pagan, of the world. Afterwards, though Pagan Rome persecuted the loyal subjects of the enthroned Saviour, imprisoning and slaughtering them by thousands, and employed every means which civil and military power could devise to crush out utterly His apparently helpless Church, Christ caused His authority to triumph in the downfall of scoffing Paganism itself. Pagan Rome became Christian Rome, in the year 311, by the accession of Constantine the Great to the throne of the Cæsars. But when, in the course of time, the Roman empire, enfeebled by luxury and faction, reached the maturity of misrule and corruption, the King of kings, controlling the nations by His almighty Providence, broke this magnificent earthly power into shivers. Dissolved into fragments, the empire passed away, and is now numbered among the things that were.

So is every evil power that exalts itself against truth and law, against right and freedom, sooner or later cut down. The struggle may be long and arduous, and at times, to human appearance, the result may be doubtful, but in the end, as the Lord reigns on earth no less than in heaven, sin and wickedness, though organized and powerful, must succumb. This is illustrated in the history of the deep-rooted and extensive rebellion which, during the last four years, has waged a cruel and bloody war against the mild and generous government of our favored land. We have been severely punished by the judgments of God for our great national sins, but He has mercifully regarded our supplications and prayers, and is now rejoicing our hearts with the cheering prospect of returning order, peace and unity, for which let us acknowledge, in profoundest gratitude, the gracious interposition and favor of the great King, Christ Jesus our Lord.

This view of the kingly power of Christ, pertains, however, in the main only to its negative side—to the manner in which He deals with the enemies of His kingdom. There is also a positive side—a work which He does in the kingdom and Church of God itself.

The public entry of Christ into Jerusalem, prefigures the silent exercise of Almighty power in the inward development and outward growth of His Church. The Church is His mystical body, which unfolds itself from within, according to the law of the spirit of life. Faith and knowledge grow by degrees. Fundamental doctrines, worship and the form of government, pass through a process of change, by which the life of Christ in His chosen people is carried forward from one stage to another, from comparative weakness to comparative strength, from comparative imperfection to comparative perfection, ever seeking to eliminate the evil and the false, and to possess and appropriate in larger measure the good and the true. Thus the Church goes forward, adding to faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity (2 Pet. i. 5-7). This inward process is sustained and governed by the Spirit of Christ dwelling in His mystical body. It involves continual conflict with sin and error, sometimes violent and convulsive; but each successive epoch is an advance upon that degree of perfection in knowledge or faith, in worship or practical life, which has gone before.

In the degree in which the kingdom of Christ develops the vigor and purity of her divine life, does it enlarge its boundaries. Christ moves onward in His kingdom, subduing nation after nation, overthrowing idols and thrones, and extending His dominion from continent to continent; and

He will continue thus to overturn and subjugate until every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that He is Lord, to the glory of God, the Father. Ignoring the appliances of carnal ingenuity or worldly policies, He moves on in the silent majesty of irresistible power. Going forward among the nations with even less ostentation than when He rode into Jerusalem on the foal of an ass, He gathers increasing multitudes, which no man can number, of all tongues and ranks and classes, all of whom greet their King with the exultant exclamation: "Hosanna to the Son of David!"

The public entry of Christ into Jerusalem *symbolizes His second, but infinitely more glorious advent* in the clouds of heaven to judge the living and the dead, and consummate His kingdom. As He purged the temple, so will He cut off every dead member of His Church. The net will be drawn to the shore, and the bad fish cast away. The tares will be separated from the wheat, and burned. To all the wicked, he will say: "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

But to the righteous He will say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." If the Jews greeted Him with glad hosannas when He rode over the Mount of Olives into Jerusalem, what will the welcome of His saints be, at His second coming?

When all their doubts and fears are ended, when their trials and temptations, their sufferings and fierce conflicts are over, and they see their crucified King, the chief among ten thousand angels, coming in majesty and glory unutterable, what hosannas will then go up from patriarchs, and prophets, and apostles, and martyrs, and confessors, and saints of all ages! Behold the entire sacramental host of God unite, with one voice, in saying, "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."

There is a connection between *His public entry and His crucifixion*. The greatest display of earthly glory and His ignominious death, meet. They occur in the same week—during the celebration of the same festival. His extraordinary teachings during three years, accompanied by the display of miraculous power in healing the sick and raising the dead, prepared the minds of the people to receive Him with enthusiastic shouts of applause, when He fulfilled the predictions of Zechariah. On the other hand, His ministry and miracles had gradually matured the hatred and enmity of the Scribes, Pharisees, and priests. The festal procession, the welcome by the multitudes, and the summary expulsion of traders from the temple, had doubtless filled them with indignation, and confirmed their determination to put Him to death. The people, disappointed in the expectation of a powerful political king, and mortified, perhaps, at their own enthusiasm, for which, in their opinion, there was no sufficient warrant, they readily gave way to a revulsion of feeling, when they saw Him taken, bound and seemingly powerless, in the hands of His enemies. From the point of profound submission and joyous exultation, they swung over to the opposite extreme of cold hate and blood-thirsty revenge. The hosannas of Sunday turned into the execrations of Friday. Like a wave on the sea, are the excited feelings of the multitude.

As regards Christ Himself, it is important to observe that His prophetic, priestly, and kingly offices are most intimately related. They are re-

lated in principle. To teach, to atone, and to rule, are mutually necessary in order that either may be effectual. Hence it is fitting, that the offices of Christ be associated in their external manifestation, as they were in fact. During the last week of His life, He taught, especially His disciples, some of the most profound and solemn truths concerning Himself and His kingdom. It was emphatically a week of instruction. So it was the week of outward demonstration of regal authority and power; and it was, above all others, the week of suffering. The manifestation of wisdom, power, and love, culminates in passion-week. He was able not to die, but He willed to die on the cross for the sins of mankind, and did die in the exercise of the same almighty power which He displayed in the festal procession. In virtue of that authority and power by which He swayed the multitudes and purged the temple, did He offer Himself a sacrifice on the accursed tree.

In this solemn transaction, the public entry of Christ into Jerusalem, every one may see an illustration of Christ dealing with individuals. No man can stand against the power of Christ. The world is like a ship at sea, moving with the wind. A passenger on deck may walk in a direction opposite to the course of the ship, but he is carried forward, nevertheless, every moment. So does Christ govern each individual. He must kiss the Son, or fall by the way. He must submit to His authority in faith, and be exalted to honor, glory, and immortality, or he must perish. The wicked may join hand to hand; they may plot in secret, despise and curse the name of the true King; but they can neither check the course of His providence; nor even, for a moment, delay the consummation of His purpose. Weak as His believing subjects appear to the eye of the carnal understanding to be, they are nevertheless stronger than all earthly powers combined; and will as certainly share the honor and blessedness of His throne, as He overcame His foes, and is now seated on the right hand of God.

THE ALMOND TREE.

Heb. SHAKED. *AMYGDALUS COMMUNIS.*

BY I. K. L.

The almond tree is a native of North Africa and the mountains of Asia. It abounds in Persia, Syria, Sicily, and is very extensively cultivated for its fruit in Italy, Spain, and France. It is the type of the *amygdalæ*, a sub-order of the *rosaceæ*. It grows to a height of fifteen to twenty feet, and has a thick stem. Its bark is rough, cracked or chapped, and of a bright green color. It has a few roots, and at times one only, which, however, is strong and grows deep. Its leaves somewhat resemble those of the peach, being about three inches long and three-quarters of an inch broad, but notched like a saw.* Its flowers are sessile, large, of a pink color, varying to white,† grow in pairs,‡ and appear in January, and before the

* "Foliis serratis."

† "Flos amygdali—candidus, vel modice ex candido-rubens."

‡ "Floribus sessilibus geminis."

leaves. Its fruit an ovate, compressed nut, is of the peach kind, with the outer covering, thick, green, tough, dry, inedible, and marked with a longitudinal furrow, where it opens when fully ripe, which occurs in the month of March. Within this outer husk is a tough, perforated shell, which contains the kernel or almond.

There are two varieties of almond tree, the fruit of one of which is called sweet almond (*amygdala dulcis*), and of the other, bitter almond (*amygdala amara*); both varieties are indigenous to the East. Bitter almonds yield prussic acid, a powerful poison. Pliny says, that the sweet almond trees, becoming wild, degenerate into the bitter. The common almond is a sweet, soft, pleasantly-flavored fruit, highly esteemed as an article of food. It is largely exported from southern Europe and the Levant, whence England and the United States annually receive many hundred tons, to be used as an ingredient in confections, cookery and perfumery.

The almond tree has been introduced into England and America, and is raised in our nurseries as an ornamental tree, being highly esteemed for its beautiful, double, rose-colored flowers in spring. Its fruit does not ripen well in these countries, and it is seldom more than a mere shrub.

English Jews, when they cannot obtain palm branches for the celebration of the Feast of Tabernacles, carry a bough of flowering almond in their hands.

It is frequently alluded to by the classic writers of antiquity, it having then been extensively cultivated in Greece and Italy. The Greeks made a kind of almond-cake of its fruit—probably similar to our fruit-cakes. Several centuries before Christ, it was known among the Romans as the Grecian nut—*nux Græca*—having perhaps been introduced into Italy from Greece. Both ancient and modern writers highly extol the medicinal virtues of this tree and its fruit.

Almond blossoms were anciently supposed to be an indication of the fertility of the year. Virgil doubtless alludes to this, when, in his direction to farmers, he advises them to “observe likewise when the nut tree in the woods clothes itself abundantly with blossoms, and bends the sweet-smelling branches.”* There is a beautiful significance in the Hebrew name of the almond tree and its fruit; for the same word, *shaked* is used to designate both, and literally means “the waker” or watcher, so called, says Gesenius, because it is the earliest of all trees to awaken from the sleep of winter.† Hence the Lord, when He called Jeremiah to be a prophet unto the nations, showed him in vision “a rod of an almond tree” (Jer. i. 11, 12), symbolically setting before him the necessity of watching over the people committed to him, and exercising sedulous care to fulfil his commission “to root out and to pull down and to destroy and to throw down, to build and to plant.” In the same symbol we undoubtedly also have an allusion to the rapid approach of God’s threatened judgments. “Moreover, the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Jeremiah, what seest thou? And I said, I see a rod of an almond tree. Then said the Lord unto me, Thou hast well seen; for I will hasten my word to perform it.”

The almond tree has been known to the ancients from the most remote period of antiquity. It was one of the charms of the fertile lands of Ca-

* Georg. 1, 186, et seq.

† “*Shaked* est arbor amygdalarum, et sic dictur, quia flores mature profert ante omnes arbores.”—Cels. *Hierobotanicon*.

naan. The first mention of it in the Bible dates back to 1707 years before Christ. It occurs in connection with the touching scene in the life of the patriarch Jacob. His sons had returned the first time from Egypt with corn for their father, themselves and their little ones in the famine. But this limited supply was soon exhausted, and still "the famine was sore in the land;" and the aged patriarch said to them, "Go again, buy us a little food." They went, and according to the custom of these times, carried with them, as a present from their father to the lord of Egypt, "a little balm, a little honey, spices, myrrh, nuts and *almonds*" (Gen. xliii. 11). This is an evidence of the fact that, though famine was in the land, almonds did not fail. Jacob names them among *the best fruits* of the land; and as they were productions of the high and mountainous regions of Canaan, he knew they would be most acceptable to an Egyptian prince. The sad pleasure with which Joseph received his father's gift, may be better imagined than described. To him they spoke of his father's destitution. They made him forget for a time the enmity of his brethren, the wild wastes of the desert, the bonds of slavery, his undeserved prison-life, and his advancement to the lordship over Egypt. Joseph is a "lad" once more, "seventeen years old," feeding the flock, seeking his brethren in Shechem, and beholding, perhaps, the very trees from which these "almonds" were gathered by his sorrowing father.*

Artificial almonds constituted a part of the architectural ornament of the temple, and of its furniture; so also of that of the tabernacle before it, made according to the direction of Jehovah. "And thou shalt make a candlestick of pure gold—three bowls, made like unto almonds—in one branch; and three bowls, made like unto almonds, in the other branch" (Exodus xxv. 33, 34, and xxxvii. 19, 20). It is not clear what part, if any, the almonds performed in the typical character of the golden candlestick. Certain it is, however, that the candlestick itself, "with its knops and bowls made like unto almonds," was a type of Christ in His person, mediatorial character and grace. It foreshadowed the Incarnate Son of God—the great Antitype—the substance of all these shadows—Him who is Himself *the Light* of the world.

Aaron, the high-priest, was signally confirmed in his office (B. C. 1471) by means of an almond rod, when Korah and his company rebelled "against Moses and against Aaron." Twelve rods were taken, upon which the names of the twelve tribes were written, "every one of them a rod according to the house of their fathers,"—Aaron's name being written on the rod of the tribe of Levi. All these rods were then "laid up in the tabernacle of the congregation, before the testimony." "And it shall come to pass," said the Lord, "that the man's rod whom I shall choose shall blossom. And it came to pass that on the morrow, Moses went into the tabernacle of witness; and, behold, the rod of Aaron for the house of Levi was budded, and brought forth buds, and bloomed blossoms, and yielded almonds,"—a miracle which confirmed the priesthood forever in the family of Aaron and his sons (Numb. xvii). The place where the Israelites were at this time encamped in the wilderness produced the almond tree; and all

* Orchards of almond trees are to this day found in the fruitful valley of Shechem—lineal descendants, perhaps, of some that once furnished almonds to Jacob; and that afterwards sheltered "the bones of Joseph, which the children of Israel brought up out of Egypt."—Josh. xxiv. 32.

the rods were evidently of the same sort of wood, lest the miracle might be robbed of its intended effect on the minds of the unbelieving. This almond rod was afterwards laid up in the ark of the covenant, where it was kept "for a token against the rebels," and perhaps preserved to future ages,—but it seems to have been missing at the building of Solomon's temple, having probably been lost during the Babylonian captivity.

Thus God, in His wise providence, makes use of small means to accomplish His purposes. In His hand an almond rod becomes the instrument to silence and check the base designs of those, who would lay unholy hands on the priesthood, and to confirm the official authority of his servants who are sent forth by Him to guide and instruct His people, to feed the sheep and lambs of His flock, to bind and loose in His name, on earth, having the assurance that He will ratify their official acts in His heavenly kingdom.

The almond is once more mentioned in the Bible.* In Ecclesiastes xii. 5, we have a beautiful description of old age and its attendant infirmities. "Fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish."† Some writers suppose, that the profuse flowering and white appearance of the almond tree, when in blossom, are here referred to. Says one: "The hoary head is beautifully compared to the almond tree, both on account of its snowy whiteness and winter blossoming." The similitude is certainly very apt in some respects. White blossoms of a tree furnish an appropriate symbol of the hoary head of the aged man, descending to his grave. So Horace speaks elegantly of "the snows of the head."

The flower of the almond tree, however, is not purely white, but rose-colored. There are, moreover, excellent Hebrew Scholars who translate this clause thus: *and the almond is spurned*—that is, "rejected by the old and toothless man." So Gesenius. Scott, adding his explanation to those of others, who have employed their ingenuity on this passage, and agreeing essentially with Gesenius, says, in his Commentary: "In old age, the relish for all pleasures is lost, and men grow indifferent even to those objects which once occasioned the most agreeable sensations. The teeth, which used to grind their food, are most of them gone, and the few that remain are become nearly useless. They have little inclination to eat, as they cannot grind or chew their food without pain or difficulty."

How comforting to the aged and distressed disciples of our Lord, is the thought, that when bodily vigor fails, grace still thrives in the soul—abounding more and more unto eternal life.

The plants of grace shall ever live,
Nature decays, but grace must thrive;
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just and true;
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

Ps. xcii.

*If as Gesenius thinks it probable, the almond tree is denoted by the Hebrew *Luz*, in Gen. xxx. 37, it would take the place of the *hazel* in that passage, and thus exclude the latter entirely from our English Bible.

† So the Septuagint—καὶ ἀνθίστη τὸ αμυγδαλον.

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Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
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Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN will enter upon its XVth volume, on the first of January next. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. The True; the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. It remains under the editorial management of its founder, Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which characterize the family magazine.

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LIFE,
LIGHT, LOVE.

THE
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A Monthly Magazine,

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INTERESTS OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev H. HARBAUGH. D. D., Editor.

JUNE.

1865.

S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.
J. B. RODGERS, PR.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XVI.—JUNE, 1865.—No. 6.

EASTER THOUGHTS FOR EASTER COMMUNION.

BY REV. SAMUEL H. GIESY.

Christianity bases itself mainly upon four great facts—the Incarnation, Crucifixion, Resurrection and Ascension of its Founder—Jesus Christ. Like the central and principal personage in every painting or engraving of the crucifixion, the two intermediate facts are in the Scriptures made the most prominent, and dwelt on the most largely. But this we are not to take or regard as any disparagement of, or detraction from the importance of the first and the last. But for the Incarnation, the sufferings and death of the man Jesus would have been without any mediatorial and redemptive merit; no more, in fact, than the sufferings and death of an ordinary being. But for the Incarnation, the Resurrection and the crowning act of the Ascension would have been utterly impossible; our Good Friday dirge would never have given place to our Easter joy and song; the weeping Mary Magdalene would never have been gladdened by the sight of her risen Master.

These four facts, then, inseparable and indispensable, are like the foundation, superstructure and glorious finish of a temple reared and consecrated to God. A building cannot rest on airy nothingness. It must have a solid and substantial resting place; else, the more that is piled up, the more certain becomes the downfall and ruin of the whole. And so, the coronation of our Mediator, Surety, Substitute, and Saviour, which we celebrate in our Easter festivities, in anticipation of, and as finally culminating in, the act and fact of His Ascension, grows out of, and rests upon the reality of the Incarnation.

Or, to use another figure: These four great facts are the four links in the bright chain of human redemption. In our Lord's descent and His

assumption of our nature, we see the chain fastened to its celestial, eternal staple, let down to earth; in the passion and death of our Lord we have the chain passing through earth, encircling and infolding fallen humanity in its deepest wants and woes; in the resurrection and ascension of our Lord, His triumphant return in His glorified manhood to His own native skies, we see this chain of divine redemption carried up to heaven, and its other end fastened securely in that immovable staple—the throne of the great Jehovah. O, has this chain of grace inclosed us in the links of its redeeming power?

From the earliest ages, the Church has made great account of these four central truths. Hence its four prominent festivals—the joy of Christmas; the humiliation and sorrow of Passion Week; the gladness and gratitude of Easter, and the adoring work and wonder of the Ascension. By special and appropriate services the Church has ever sought to keep thus in lively remembrance, the marvellous beginning, the sanguinary work, and the triumphant finish of human salvation, as inseparably linked to the Incarnation, Death, Resurrection, and Ascension of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

National events made last Sunday a day for us of thanksgiving and joy. The joy of this morning—even amid our sudden national grief and gloom—is infinitely greater. The stone rolled away from the door of our Lord's sepulchre gives us the assurance of the grandest triumph ever achieved over malignant and envenomed opposition. The Mightiest Conqueror stands, though crowned with thorns, in our midst. Stands here to assure us, that all the fierce powers of darkness have been beaten and destroyed in their own dominions. Stands here to assure us that captivity has been led captive, and that now unfettered souls may sing this ancient Easter anthem: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

"Lo, the gates of death are broken,
And the strong man armed is spoiled
Of his armor, which he trusted—
By the stronger Arm despoiled.

Vanquished is the Prince of Hell;
Smitten by the Cross he fell.
That the sinner might not perish,
For him the Creator dies;
By whose death, our dark lot changing,
Life again for us doth rise."

These words of St. Paul: "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that *died*, yea rather, that is *risen again*," do for us precisely what our Easter communion does—join together the death and resurrection of our blessed Saviour and Conqueror. In juxtaposition, we have to-day, the cross and the empty tomb of our risen Lord; the altar of sacrifice, and the offered Isaac received again even from the dead; the communion-table, on which are placed the significant emblems of our Lord's death, by His own solemn act, on the night of His betrayal, consecrated to this high, and holy, and sacred use, and the sepulchre with its seal broken, and its rocky doorway torn away. These two dissimilar facts, the one sorrowful, the other joyful, we commemorate to-day.

"Who is he that condemneth?" What is it that consigns man to death

and perdition? Sin does it. The great penalty of sin is death. We learn this from the Divine threatening annexed to the first prohibition. "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." And subsequently it was said: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Thus, clearly, death is the penalty of sin. It has brought our entire race under this condemnation. By this same apostle, it is very distinctly asserted, that: "As by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."

This penalty of death involved this two-fold curse—death in its common acceptation and bitterness, and death in its spiritual sense and extent—eternal banishment from the presence and glory of God.

The bitterest fact in all our earthly life, is, that we and our loved ones must die; that every charming link binding our loving hearts to home must be broken; that the mother with the child must be buried out of sight, that the widow's only support—the staff whereon she leaned, will, even as in the case of the widow of Nain, be broken.

There is no shutting out from the mind this dark prospect—this certain issue of human life. At the end of every man's career, honorable or otherwise, is the grave. However widely different the paths of men, they all meet at last in the grave. This is the great convergent centre of all human energy. However endowed and honored, or humble and unknown, all finally come together in the grave, where all distinction is lost in the same low burial. The crowned head finds no exemption, nor do the beggar's rags move to pity the king of terrors. Nor station, nor age, nor sex, nor piety, nor villany is spared. In this regard all are dealt with alike. The same mean and contemptible inheritance awaits all.

"Side by side,
The poor man and the son of pride
Lie calm and still."

"It is appointed unto all men once to die." Death reigns here a universal conqueror. Because all men have sinned, therefore death has passed upon all men. Every step in life we take, in any direction, we come upon some object or some fact, which, by its relation to death and the grave, is adapted to remind us of our own circumstances and prospects in this respect. As we go to some loved one's grave to weep there, so others will come to our grave to weep there tears of solitude and sorrow. A common fate awaits Dives and Lazarus; the monarch and the peasant. Death finds man no less on Alpine heights than in the loveliest valleys; no less in earth's loftiest than humblest stations in life; no less in the country's capital than the remotest village along the frontier.

Our nation mourns to-day. How suddenly and sadly have our rejoicings been changed into deep lamentations. We throw our banners to-day to the breeze, but bound with crape. Well may we drape our houses with funeral badges. Well may we sit even in God's house with heads bowed down, and hearts too full for utterance. A great calamity is upon us. The noble head of the government has been suddenly smitten—smitten by an assassin's hand—and the nation is seated in ashes, and bitterly weeps—mourns his melancholy end—mourns his untimely loss, just when the interests of the country most needed his invaluable services, his counsel, his firmness and his ability. The people of this land may well mourn

that a prince in Israel has fallen—one on whom our country's welfare may have been said to have hung more than upon any other man—one who has ever shown himself so capable for the critical period in our country's history in which he was called to assume the reins of government—moved by events and not making events.

The fearful tragedy over which we mourn has clouded and saddened our Easter rejoicings. But a "sparrow falleth not to the ground without our Father's will," and much less the beloved ruler of a great nation.

Such, now, is our common destiny. Common, because of a community of life with the sinful and fallen head of our race. Because Adam sinned, he died. We sinned in him, and, therefore, we die. Sin has involved us in this bitter curse. This is the first form of the curse, and the one with which specially we are concerned at this time, in view of the great fact we are commemorating.

While the fact of our death is melancholy enough, it would be more harrowing still to feel and fear, that the grave was the end of our being—the ultimate boundary of all these mighty powers of thought and self-determination. This it would have been, but for that Mighty Conqueror who put Himself under the power of death in order to break its power. But for His victory over death, which is the glad fact and feature of this day—the key-note of our Easter song and joy,—the dying race of Adam would have remained forever under the power and bondage of death—there would have been no resurrection of the dead; death and hell would never have restored its fallen victims.

The fact here and elsewhere asserted—the death of Christ—was intimately and indispensably connected with the delivery of our race from this form of the consequence of sin. The undoing of sin's terrible work of destruction, required, on our Saviour's part—the second Adam, as St. Paul so emphatically calls Him—a personal submission to sin's penalty, His own death in order to, in His own resurrection, our recovery from that land of darkness and decay. Christ came to bring life to our dead race. But how does He bring it? In this way, by putting Himself in the incarnation under the inevitable necessity of death. He assumed our nature for the very purpose of coming under the power of this law of our sinful life; but coming under it, not to be holden by it, but to conquer it and triumph over it, and, in His victory swallowing up death, making room surely and ultimately for our triumphing over it. Hence, it is said: "When the fulness of time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made *under the law*, to redeem them that were under the law." Death is the *law* of our fallen being, the inevitable, inexorable law. Christ became incarnate that He might be in a condition to come under and triumph over this law of death; be able through His own death and resurrection to spring "new laws of life through the realms of death," which, we have found, pervades the whole sphere of humanity.

Thus, because we are under the yoke, He becomes incarnate, so that He may, nay, must by virtue of the realness of His humanity, come under the same yoke. But He puts Himself under the yoke to break it. He stoops to conquer. He bows His sacred head on the cross in death to show Himself, on the world's first Easter morning, the Prince of Life. He passes down into the cold prison of the grave, for we must pass into its gloomy cell, that rising again, and thus, "Destroying him who had the power of

death, He might deliver us who through fear of death were all our lifetime subject to bondage."

The necessity; thus, of Christ's death, lay in the very form of the curse resting upon our fallen race. His dying was not an incidental matter. It was the very form through which, and by means of which, our deliverance must come. It was the only way by which the terrific consequences of sin could be met, and met by One, who, by virtue of His supernatural character, could triumph over death. Expressive of this very necessity, is this strong interrogative, proposed by the risen Jesus to the two disciples on their serious and thoughtful walk to Emmaus: "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into His glory?" And at the first evening meeting of the disciples, the risen Saviour thus said to them: "Thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day."

From this, now, it is clear that it will not do to say that Christ suffered death in order to the fulfilment of the Scriptures. The necessity of Christ's death lay back of the Scriptures. His death, indeed, as man's Surety, and Substitute under the curse, is there demanded in hundreds of passages, in ceremonial types and figures, and in the most direct Messianic predictions. But it comes nearer the truth and fact in the case to say, that the Scriptures were themselves formed and shaped after this precedent necessity. The plan of salvation as actually carried forward and completed in the death of Christ, agrees with that plan of salvation as foreshadowed in prophecies and types; but those very prophetic and typical foreshadowings of a suffering and dying Saviour sprung from this *antecedent necessity*—that death in man, as the result of man's sin, requires the Saviour's victory over death, but only through His own death and resurrection. Our Lord comes down to death, not because the death of the great Atoner was *foretold*, but because the only possible method of our salvation lay through His death, *and for this reason*, you find it foreshadowed in prophecies, types, and bloody sacrifices, and at last actualized, when, of the incarnate Jesus, nailed to the cross, it is said: "He bowed His head and gave up the Ghost,"—in His representative and mediatorial character tasting death for every man. And this is the great thought which the apostle labors in so many passages to bring to the clear consciousness of our death-stricken race. Hence to the question, "Who is he that condemneth?" he triumphantly responds, Not Christ, for Christ has *died*.

But now, were that all; if the matter had rested at this point, would this physical penalty of sin have been met? Would the power of death have been broken? Dying, had Christ remained in the grave, it would only have demonstrated the defectiveness of His atonement. Evidently His work of blood would have come short of this first purpose; it would not have reclaimed our bodies from the grave. But the Redeemer had not only "power to lay down his life, He had power to take it again." St. Peter tells us, that "it was not possible that He should be holden of death." And so here, St. Paul does not rest in the fact of Christ's death, but hurries on to His triumph over death, "*Yea, rather, that is risen again.*" It is in the Lord's resurrection that he describes the culminating glory of His death. A dead Redeemer will avail our dead and dying race nothing. We want a living Saviour, a victorious Saviour, a risen Saviour—One who "has destroyed death and him who had the power of death,"—One who

has bound death to His own ascending chariot wheels—One who has despoiled, in His own dark dominions, the strong man armed—One whose voice, heard in the silent and numberless Necropoles of the world—the thickly populated cities of the dead, shall start the slumberers to life again. And just this is the significance of this joyful festival. The feelings of the disciples strike a responsive cord in our own hearts: “Then were the disciples *glad* when they saw the Lord.” Properly the reigning feeling of this occasion is gladness. Our hearts may well swell with glad and grateful emotions. Well may we sing:

“Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men, and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.”

“Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids Him rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise.”

In this one great benefit of “Love’s redeeming work,” the whole race of Adam shares. The Lord Himself gives us to know this. He tells us, “The hour is coming, in the which all that are in their graves shall hear His voice, and they shall come forth: they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation.” And in his immortal 15th chapter of 1st Cor., St. Paul tells us that, “As in Adam all die, *even so* in Christ shall all be made alive.” The resurrection of the race was bound up in the resurrection of Christ. His death was a representative death; and His glorious resurrection has the same representative character. The first fruits of the harvest were consecrated to God in token that the whole harvest was His. The risen Jesus is called “the first fruits of them that slept,” *i. e.* He is the pledge-sheaf of the mighty harvest of the resurrection.

But while all the dead, because of our Lord’s resurrection shall come forth from their graves, the moral character of each, and every one will determine the character of his or her resurrection, whether unto life or damnation. The sufferings, death and resurrection of Christ have atoning virtue and merit. But if this crucified and risen Redeemer be rejected, and a man dies in sin—dies with this sin of sins resting upon him—discarded mercy and a rejected Saviour—he cannot have part in the first resurrection—the resurrection of the just made perfect. His will be, not a resurrection unto life, but a resurrection unto damnation. For only those “who sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him” in the great coronation day. “Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection.”

Shall that blessedness, dear reader, be yours? Shall it? There can be no question that it may. If, now and here, you live by faith upon the Son of God, then “when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, you shall appear with Him in glory.” To be forever with the Lord, we must live and die in the Lord. The “Te Deum Laudamus” grandly says: “Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ: when Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven *to all believers.*” To all believers only, bear in mind. Are you a believer? Then, not only will Christ raise you up at the last day, but raise you up to life eternal.

Visibly our communion is broken to-day; not really, however. We miss the forms of some who were wont to stand with us here. Their bodies are absent, but their spirits are with us. They are with the "cloud of witnesses" now surrounding us. Unseen by us, yet the communion of the saints, which links together the Church triumphant and the Church militant in kindred fellowship around the cross and the tomb of our risen Saviour, makes us feel their presence.

"The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make,
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of His grace partake."

LAKE THAYANDEGA.

BY COSMO.

Search every modern atlas, map or terrestrial globe extant, and you will fail to find it. In vain you will peruse the glowing pages of Humboldt, Des Varges or Stevens, for mention of its existence. Still it is there—has been from time immemorial—perhaps ever since the earliest moment of creation's dawn; nestled away in its elevated eyrie, on the eastern slope of the everlasting Andes—the most mysterious, bewitching and beautiful body of water on the surface of the globe—*Lake Thayandega*; situated at the bottom of the superb valley of Icatamba, within the limits of what was once the realm of the mighty Incas—now on the outskirts of two South American Republics.

It is worthy of a more conspicuous place in the pages of history than the pen of a fugitive sketch-writer can bestow; a more lasting position in the memory of millions, than the indifferent description of a vagabond wanderer can beget for it; this mysterious crystal fountain of light—magnificent mausoleum of a fading race. Nevertheless, with what of descriptive faculty I possess—with a strict adhesion to the integrity of facts, I shall endeavor to tell you of Thayandega, its belongings, surroundings and associations, as I saw and heard them.

I remember to have read somewhere, whether in this or some European country, I have no present remembrance, what purported to be travellers' descriptions of the singular fountain, and the people, almost as singular, whose habitations environ it; and I have only to observe in regard to those descriptions, exactly to-day, as I thought at the time of reading them—if those travellers drew their information from actual observation and auricular communications, they must have viewed the premises from a far different stand-point, gathered their traditions from a source differing entirely from that afforded to my friend and myself during a three weeks' sojourn among the Monicans—singular descendants of the ancient Incas—on the very verge of the mysterious fountain.

Having left Potosi—the world's store house of silver, a month previously—my friend and fellow vagabond—Don Manuel Iturbide and I, with two *peon* servants, three Indian guides, and a mule train of ten animals, hampered with specimens, botanical, entomological, ornithological and mineral, together with our instruments—astronomical and mathematical, and our stock of dried meats and provender, we had followed due north the course of that most singular of all streams upon the surface of the globe; the unaccountable river *Desaguedero*, which, having its source in a curious bubbling fountain in the parallel of 20 degrees South latitude, takes a course in almost a right line, to the northward, along the very crest of the towering Andes, running with a strong current along a bed that looks always to the eye an ascending grade, increasing in volume at every furlong without the accession of a single stream in its entire course—laid along there like a vast liquid serpent, at an elevation of more than 11,000 feet above the ocean level; and finally, after a course of 130 miles, pouring its volume of water, that for the last ten miles would float the navies of the world, into the great Lake *Titicaca*, a body of water almost as singularly mysterious as itself.

Our original plan had been to turn to the eastward around the southern spurs of Titicaca, ascend Mount Illimani, the towering head of which overlooks all the neighboring peaks; and after having made our observations from that lofty look-out, visit and explore the extinct crater of Sorata, after which we would bend our course again to the northward and westward towards Cuzco, where we intended to remain two months, continuing our researches among the extensive ruins of the Incas' mighty temple, reared to their Sun deity; which we had somewhat abruptly abandoned fifteen months previously.

An incident of no special importance, but, in itself certainly a trifle singular, changed our programme of vagabondism somewhat, and introduced me to a miniature world, well worth the traversing the width of *this* wide world to make the acquaintance of.

We had completed our observations from the summit of Illimani, and were descending its northern side by a desultory, zig-zag course, pausing frequently as specimen hunters, bug gatherers, and often *hum-bugs* are wont to do, investigating as we went. We had dropped down, perhaps 1500 feet, and came to a little plateau, where, for some purpose that I do not now recollect, Don Manuel had thrust down his *Jacob staff*, that served him also as an "Alpin Stock," and crowned it with a beautiful miniature circumferentor. At the distance of fifty yards from the instruments, I had planted my tripod surmounted by a pocket theodolite. Don Manuel and myself were sitting on the ground near my station, writing down some field memoranda, our two attendants were stretched out at full length in the sun, a few yards from us, when suddenly there was a sweeping, rushing sound in the air above our heads, and there came swooping down one of those strange Andean vultures, called by the natives *Givate*, and popularly believed by them to subsist exclusively on gold.

Whatever foundation there might be for such a superstition, it was evident that our visitor had a decided proclivity for *brass*; for swooping down upon Don Manuel's circumferentor, the great bird snatched it in an instant from the staff, and grasping it in his talons, darted away down the mountain side, cutting the air with his immense sword-like wings, swift

almost as an arrow's flight, down—far down, into the valley between Illimani and Sorata, bearing away, however, a good ways to the eastward of a right line between the two peaks.

I was following with my glass the descending flight of the *Givate*, which I could distinctly trace by the bright gleam of the sun's rays glancing from the brass rim of the instrument, when suddenly the line of vision fell upon a microscopic picture, far down below the feathered plunderer, so vividly distinct in all details of imagery, that, gazing for a few moments in mute wonder, I turned to my companion, who had his glass fixed upon the magnificent valley vision, and inquired:—

“Santissima! Don Manuel—What is that, down yonder?”

“What, Senor Cosmo—the *ladrone* that has flown away with my circumferentor?”

“Pshaw—no—the beautiful picture there in the bottom of the valley.”

“Ah! yes—*amizo mio*,” and Don Manuel levelled his glass again, and took another long, earnest look at the magnificent diorama. Then he resumed: “Yes, Don Carlos, that is the Lake of *Thayandega*, and the village surrounding it is that of the *Monicans*, the last of the Incas. I have a brother and intimate friend, who some years since, visited the place, but as neither of them were of an inquiring turn, or very communicative, it was little, I think, that they learned down yonder, and certainly next to nothing that I gathered from them, but enough to excite in me a desire to visit the strange place and people. And now, Senor, that we are so near, let us go down.”

“Yes, certainly, Don Manuel. Why not? We have nothing to hurry us; so, as you propose, let us go down.”

Thus was a visit to the Lake Thayandega, and the village of the Monicans decided upon, and we went down, not by a direct route. That were an impossibility, unless we had the appliances of the vagabond vulture, or were equal to a plunge down a sheer precipice of a thousand feet at a single step. So, after descending to the level of the average Andean line, and forming a junction with our three servants and the mules, who had made the semi-circuit of the peak by its eastern base, we began the descent of the mountain for more than 10,000 feet below, and at least fifteen miles distant from us in a direct line—by the route we were obliged to follow, more than four times fifteen.

So tedious and devious was our downward clambering, that though we were ten times in full view of the brilliant miniature lake and its circlet of white Monican dwellings, gleaming like Parian marble in the distance, it was not until near sunset on the third day after we began our descent, that at the distance of a league from the village, and almost on a level with it, we were met and welcomed by a delegation composed of five of their *castos*, or chief men, who conducted us to the village, and through it to a sort of temple standing on the very border of the beautiful lake, we had so frequently looked down upon and admired from the mountain side; now slumbering in silence and darkness—for by the time we had reached our destination, the brief twilight had given place to night.

The temple, which the *castos* informed us had been prepared for us more than twenty-four hours, they having so early discovered us wending our way down the mountain side, and anticipated a visit, was neat and even elegant in its peculiar architectural beauty. The principal material

was *adobe*, laid so as to form tiers of light delicate arches, exactly in the Elizabethan Gothic style, perforating the walls like windows, and diminishing in size towards the ceiling, which was lofty, and of a fancifully woven fret work of bamboo, so that the upper arches were not above a foot in height, and five inches wide. The open spaces of all these arches were woven like the ceiling in fine lattice work of split cane, wrought artistically into beautiful patterns of birds, beasts and flowers.

There was prepared for us a tempting repast of broiled fish, dried mutton, and steaks of the lama kid, with nice brown cakes of beaten maize, and vessels of new milk and delicious coco; all served in earthen dishes of native manufacture. There were also tempting couches of the fragrant leaf of the *cayaso*, elastic as curled hair, and soft as eider down; huge earthen vessels filled with pure water for bathing, and in an adjoining apartment, all requisite appointments for the comfort of our servants.

Thus provided for, our *castos* guides again bade us welcome, and withdrew. Not a single individual had we seen in passing through the village, not the slightest sound broke the silence of the night after we entered the temple. Such, we subsequently learned, was their manner of welcoming and showing respect for strangers visiting them.

It was considerably beyond my usual hour of going abroad when I awoke on the following morning, and leaving Don Manuel still slumbering profoundly, I thought to have a morning look out upon the beautiful lake, and passing through an arch into a hall which had an opening towards the water, I passed along, my eyes down at my feet, admiring the beautiful marquetry of the floor, laid in brilliantly colored pebbles, equalling in effect the most perfect shell-work.

Thus occupied, I did not raise my eyes until I had passed out into an open verandah; and when I did so, there was before, and on either side of me, a scene so infinitely sublime, so bewilderingly glorious, that I was mute with mingled awe and admiration.

All along the beach of the lake, which was composed of the same beautiful pebbles as those composing the floors of the temple, knelt the assembled population of Monica, in family groups, all in garments of spotless white—old and young, male and female, kneeling there with clasped hands, faces turned towards the centre of the lake, and all tongues chanting some beautiful hymn of praise in the language of the Incas, of which I understood only here and there a word. Such earnest, devout, worship, I had nowhere else on earth, ever listened to or looked upon. If it was idolatry, it was beautiful, and in its simplicity, sublime. I, too, was almost persuaded to become an idolater, and seized upon by the influence—mesmeric, magical, or what you will—I fell upon my knees, and failing in the Inca chant, which somehow, I think I at first essayed, I grew eloquent in Christian thanksgiving, in my utmost of sincerity. I thanked the Giver of all good for his infinite mercies—remembering nothing that my matin worship was offered among a multitude of kneeling idolaters.

It is little wonder that these simple, pure-hearted barbarians, inhabiting an isolated world that no breath of our Christian religion had ever reached, should worship their idol deity, with all the enthusiasm of devotion they exhibited.

From the centre of the crystal lake, which was as regularly circular as if wrought by art of man, and six hundred yards perhaps in diameter, rose

to an elevation of a hundred feet, a prismatic column, opaque in its inner structure, gracefully tapering from base to apex, its surface brilliant beyond description, or even imagination, reflecting every color and tint that art ever produced. Gradually, as the sun rose higher and higher above the snowy crest of old Sorata, the Inca anthem subsided, the brilliant prismatic column faded, until within the space of half an hour, the chant was hushed, the phantom shaft was gone.

At the close of the singular worship Don Manuel joined me on the beach; and then led by their *castos*, the Monicans filed past in admirable order, each and every one bidding us welcome, and then they dispersed to their daily avocations.

Every morning, at the same hour, the strange worship of the singular column—or rather before it, was repeated, and gradually we made ourselves masters of the mystery of the prismatic shaft, and learned much of the traditions and superstitions of the Peruvian Monicas.

The centre of the lake was undoubtedly once the crater of a volcano, and being fathomless, was of course opaque from an elevation above its surface, while all around its shores, for the width of fifty yards, the inclination was very slight, the water consequently shallow, and transparent as air, the beautiful pebbles of a thousand hues and brilliant tints with which the bottom was paved, refracted the rays of the sun from a certain angle in the morning, and these concentrated refractions, finding their focus in the centre of the lake, wrought the magnificent column, which the same rays at a greater angle destroyed, exactly as the mirage of the Mediterranean is created and dispelled.

Something, through the *lingua franca* of the Andean regions, but more through the interpretations of my companion, Don Manuel, himself by the mother's side, a descendant of the Incas, I learned much of the traditions and superstitions of these singular people. Some of them are singularly beautiful.

To their traditions there are no periods, or dates. Nothing consecutive beyond their first Inca, named Aquilima, whom they claim was a white man, a great sovereign—Master of all Peru, and founder of the great Sun Temple at Cuzco; the ruins of which, every thing considered, is more wonderful than those of Baalbec. Aquilima, they say, taught them husbandry, and all the mechanical arts, until in these, Peru excelled the whole world.

The wife of Aquilima was a white woman, whom he drew from the depths of Lake Thayandega, and named after that beautiful fountain. Their white Princess, they said, was more beautiful than the sun, and taught the Peruvian women to spin and weave into splendid and useful fabrics the fibres of the cotton tree, and the fleece of the lama, with all the accomplishments of domestic economy.

Thayandega was an immortal, and when at length Aquilima died, she returned to the depths of the beautiful lake, carrying with her the body of her dead husband, whom, they believe, will one day rise from the lake in all his pristine beauty and vigor, and clothed in immortality, accompanied by his faithful Thayandega, will become the Sovereign of all ancient Peru, reigning there forever.

Many of their traditions refer evidently to things that had occurred centuries before the existence of Aquilima, and though they are all vague and non-consecutive, some of them are at least singular and suggestive.

For instance, they tell of the world having been once covered with water, and all mankind, save one good man and his family, drowned, on account of their great wickedness. Then they have a tradition of a whole nation of slaves fleeing from their masters, who had almost overtaken them, when the sun divided the waters of a great sea, so that the slaves went through on dry ground, and when their masters pursued, the waters returned and destroyed them. Again, they tell of a man who went forth and slaughtered whole armies of his enemies, and finally, when they caught, and blinded him, he threw down their temple, destroying more than he slew in all his life-time.

At greater length, they tell of a powerful Inca, in a far off country, whom the sun commanded to build a wonderful temple, and who, when the gold of his own country was exhausted, sent his ships to Peru for supplies, and that Aquilima sent many cunning workmen to assist the great eastern Inca, who, upon their return, brought plans of the magnificent temple, and Aquilima built many ships to bring the immense stones from the other side of the world, and began building the great sun Temple at Cuzco.

Is it dimly possible that the Ophir of the days of Solomon was Peru, and that these immense marble blocks imbedded in the walls of Cuzco's mighty ruins, came from the shores of Southern Europe? Certain it is, that those stones are of a quality and kind found nowhere in Peru. Whence those singular traditions? Whence all those Hebrew words, mingled with the language of Peruvian Incas? It seems worth an investigation.

All their ideas of a Supreme Being centre in the sun, and their latest tradition, having any presumable reference to another continent, is that their great Deity had a son, whom he sent to the earth to teach men who had become very bad, to live like brothers, and always love one another. That wicked men nailed the child of the Great Sun to a tree, where He lingered in great agony, and finally died. We saw several representations of the crucifixion among the Monicans,* and one, wrought in cane work, in one of the arches of the Temple where we had our quarters, was, I thought, a very good one.

The Monicans have a Sabbath—our Thursday, which they keep very strictly. They baptize all their children by immersion in the lake, and although they have no code of laws, or arbitrary rulers, crime or misdemeanor of any name, is unknown among them. Their dead they sink in the lower depths of Lake Thayandega, and that magnificent prismatic column, is, to them, a perpetual *in memoriam*.

If these descendants of the Peruvian Incas, these, sun worshippers, are not *Christian idolaters*, pray what are they?

* Pronounced *Me-nee-quins*.

Is the Lord my Shepherd, and am I his sheep? Then am I well taken care of; I am well provided for, both soul and body; He will nourish me richly, will protect and support me against misfortunes, will care for me, will deliver me out of all need, will comfort and strengthen me; in short, He will do all that the good Shepherd should do.

NOW BEHOLD ME, KING OF GLORY.

FROM THE GERMAN, "SIEH HIER BIN ICH EHRENKÖNIG."*

BY S. T.

Now behold me, King of glory,
Lying at Thy footstool low;
Weak essaying, childlike praying,
Bring I Thee, Thou Son of Man.
Let me find Thee, let me find Thee,
Dust and ashes as I am.

Oh! look on me, Lord, I pray Thee,
Guide me by Thy holy will;
Jesus only could atone me,
And His purchased heir I'm still.
Let me find Thee, let me find Thee;
In me Thy blest love reveal.

Naught require I, naught desire I,
But, oh Lord! to taste Thy grace,
Which Thou givest, where Thou pleasest,
Free to them who seek Thy face.
Let me find Thee, let me find Thee;
They have all who Thee possess.

Sun of Heaven, to us given,
Undefiled Lamb divine;
Let, in secret, still my spirit
Seek Thee, Bridegroom, Who art mine.
Let me find Thee, let me find Thee,
Hero strong of David's line.

Though believing, still I'm grieving,
While my soul Thy praises sings;
Hark! how gladly, and yet sadly,
My poor voice unworthy rings.
Let me find Thee, let me find Thee,
While my heart its prayer brings.

Earthly treasures, worldly pleasures,
In this time of vanity,
All earth gives me only grieves me,
Longing for eternity.
Let me find Thee, let me find Thee;
I'm prepared, great God! for Thee.

* This beautiful Hymn, which has been a favorite in the Church for nearly two centuries, was composed by Joachim Neander, whilst he was in great distress, in 1678. He wrote it in a wild, rocky ravine, near Wettman, on the Rhine. The translation here furnished by a contributor is quite successful.—ED. GUARDIAN.

LIFE PICTURES FROM CHURCH HISTORY, No. 22.

AUGUST HERMANN FRANCKE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF A. THOLUCK.

BY L. H. S.

“And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all-sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work.” 2 Cor. ix. 8. The sainted Francke pondered over these words when the news of the great distress of a friend reached him. He reflected and planned in his heart how God might enrich him; he did not, like many, simply look upwards, but also on and about himself, with the view of seeing whether the spade with which he could dig treasures, was not already in his hand. After mature reflection, he determined to take a part of the time usually spent at supper—because other duties occupied all the rest of the day—for the purpose of writing his *Observationes Biblicæ*, and, within a year, the result was not less than a hundred and fifty dollars for his friend. What Francke became for Christianity and for humanity, that he became chiefly through his faithfulness. He was in the habit of reflecting every morning that the past night might have been his last. God had graciously added another day to his life, and he sought to employ that day as became such a gift. With this view of life, faithfulness was required in little things. Hence his life brings prominently to the conscience of every Christian the question—Hast thou been faithful? For the interrogatory of the Lord himself is: “Who is that faithful and wise steward, whom his lord shall make ruler over his household, to give them their portion of meat in due season?”—Luke xii. 42.

What each can do for his Lord does not entirely depend on himself, but also on the age in which he lives. There are fruitful and unfruitful years in the Church. When Francke entered the world, a good year for the Church had just begun. An awakening to life, in the Lutheran Church, had taken place towards the end of the seventeenth century; such lively witnesses, as Arndt, Spener, H. Müller, and Scriver, had been produced, and here and there were similar instances among the laity. Francke was born in the year 1663, at Lübeck, but removed in his third year, with his father—a doctor of laws—to Gotha, where then, Duke Ernest the Pious, zealously labored to build up the Church of the country. The living spirit of piety descended from father and mother upon the son; when only ten years of age he asked his mother for a little room where he could learn and pray in quiet, and he often offered up this prayer: “Dear Lord, there must be different grades and employments in life, but all should finally tend to Thy honor; yet I pray Thee, that Thou wouldst suffer my

whole life, absolutely and entirely, to be devoted to Thy honor." But the rich shall hardly enter the kingdom of heaven—this is even true with reference to those rich in wisdom and scholarship. Francke had to learn that with his wisdom grew also ambition, and that then the tender plant of piety could no longer properly increase. In his sixteenth year, (1679) he went to the University of Erfurt, and in the same year to Kiel, and later, at the invitation of a wealthy theologian in Leipzig, who desired him as a room-mate, he went (1684) to that city. Spener had begun to reanimate the dead members of the Lutheran Church in Saxony; Francke was in Leipsic, in company with piously inclined theological friends, with whom he established a *Collegium Philobiblicum*, for the critical as well as devotional perusal of the Scriptures. But, as he himself acknowledges, he could not then declare: "The crucified one is my only love!" Christ was still not his all in all, but honor and comfort in the world were *along with* the Lord the end of his efforts. In his twenty-fourth year, during his stay at Lüneberg with the pious and learned Superintendent Sandhagen, he first felt remorse, and then made this confession: "My whole life passed before my eyes, like one who overlooks a whole city from a high tower. At first I could almost count up my sins, but soon there was revealed the chief sources, namely, unbelief or misbelief, with which I had so long deluded myself." As long as one does not perfectly understand himself, faith in a gracious God seems mere child's play. So was it for a long time with Francke. But when the selfishness and uncleanness of his heart were brought truly before the young man, the distress of this consciousness intervened between him and his God, and he was forced to exclaim; "O God, if there be a God, reveal Thyself to me!" The man who afterwards inscribed on his Orphan's House the words—"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles,"—passed through a period indeed, as he himself relates, when he was obliged to offer this prayer. He could preach no more, and, only after the severest travail, did the blessed assurance reach his heart, despite all opposition, that in his Lord Jesus Christ he had a reconciled God.

The Christian, blest in his faith, feels now also those words of the apostle—"For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." So he returns to Leipzig in 1689, anxiously longing to lead souls to his Lord. The Lutheran theologians of that time had deserted and forgotten the green paths of the Holy Scriptures in their dry, dogmatic contentions. Spener says, "I know those who have attended the Universities for six years without hearing a single exegetical lecture," and Francke relates that at that time neither a Bible nor Testament could be found in the book-stores (Knapp's *Lives of Pious men in the eighteenth century*, page 110). He delivered a course of practical, exegetical lectures on the New Testament, for which so great a hunger and thirst arose, that many of the burghers were attracted, and occupied places in the lecture room. But as soon as life from above began to manifest itself, there arose opposition also; the new sect name of *Pietists* was invented. Francke was pointed out as its head, and in 1690 his lectures were forbidden. At first he desired to continue his labors in this place, but another had been prepared for him by the Lord. Through his friend, Pastor Breithaupt, of Erfurt, a man of like mind with himself, he obtained a call to this city, which he

accepted. Here he showed how active was true love of the Lord and his Saviour. It was by no means sufficient for him only to perform the duties of his office in the manner laid down, that is in preaching, confession and instruction of children. For the benefit of the Erfurt students he delivered Practical Lectures daily on the Bible; established with the members of the Church, the habit of repeating his sermons at their homes; he ordered and distributed copies of the New Testament, Arndt's True Christianity, and other edifying works. As life was aroused, so was enmity also to the Gospel—the Catholic inhabitants secured an electoral decree from Mayence, which compelled Francke to leave the city after a most blessed activity of one year and three months. But now again, his place had been prepared for him by the Lord. On the same day that the order to leave Erfurt in two days' time reached him, an invitation also reached him, through his friend Spener, who had been transferred to Berlin, to visit the country of the Elector of Brandenburg, and soon thereafter a call as Professor to the University of Halle, which had just been organized.

In this city, the godly loving energy of the dear man found, from the year 1692 onward, increasing with the passage of time, a suitable theatre for its manifold activity, and established an enduring monument of the same. As preacher, professor, educator, foster father of the orphans, as director of the Missionary and Bible establishments, his active love opened up new methods of work in all these departments. Appointed preacher to the city of Glaucha, which is annexed to Halle, he entered upon a field that had lain completely uncultivated. Where *now*, on the Orphan House Place, the front of a row of buildings is seen, which he founded with the inscription, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles,"—there stood *then* only the most miserable huts, with a Beer House and Dancing Saloon, (one of them with the sign of the *eagle*), frequented by crowds of people absolutely rude and uncultivated. To these crowds he preached repentance and the Gospel according to his own views; there was no sermon in which there was not sufficient of the way of salvation to lead to its source, although it might be the only one heard. But in sermons the seed is rather sown than watered and nurtured, although these may also be attended to. For watering and nurturing there is the inexpressibly valuable institution of private confessional, wherever this may exist; at the confessional the general nature of the sermon is adapted to the individual conscience. Francke employed the confessional as the pulpit for the individual conscience, and with this end in view, as many seemed to remain away from the sacrament on account of the confessor's fees, he gave up this part of his small income in the spirit of sacrificing self-denial, after brief reflection. Another channel for conducting the water of life through a congregation, along with preaching, is instruction of the children. About the time of Spener this channel had become again obstructed. The clergy esteemed themselves too highly to become teachers of little ones. The child-like mind of Francke, on the contrary, took pleasure in the little ones. And, as experience had taught him how little was understood of the contents of sermons even by adults, he was driven to the use of catechetical instruction and catechetical examination in the family and church. Prayer meetings were established, at first in his own house, and then, in spite of opposition, in the church.

As *Academical teacher*, at first from 1692, Professor of the Greek and Oriental languages, and from 1698 Professor Ordinarius of Theology, he made it a main object, since theological science would only be properly understood through living faith, to employ it as a means with the view of awakening and furthering a life of faith through it and other means of salvation. He never considered the science as having its end in itself, but as a means for obtaining a still higher end—the proper incorporation of his hearers in Christ, and the greatest possible fitness for leading the people to Him. Thus, he added to his lectures, which were already adapted for practical awakening, “*parenetic lections*” with the still more definite object “of showing what obstacles prevent young theologians from attaining success in Christianity and in their studies, and how such obstacles may be removed.” These exercises were held on Thursdays, from 10 to 11 o’clock, in the large hall of the Faculty, when there was no other theological lecture, so that all the theological students could take part: in them the sainted man with frankness animadverted upon all the defects and sins of student life, and from them, as he says himself, he lived to see more fruit than from all the rest.

That, however, which gave his name more reputation than all else, was his *Orphan House*. Like every thing that is done in the spirit of the Lord, it is at first as a grain of mustard seed, and grows up from a small beginning, so this great undertaking of Christian philanthropy. It was the habit of beggars on fixed days, to ask alms at different houses. The man of God was not satisfied with breaking to them bread for their bodily wants, and he began to catechise them, old and young. So great was the ignorance of the means of salvation which he found among them, that the idea occurred to him to establish a School for the Poor. In a box, publicly placed for the purpose, he collected small contributions, and when once four dollars and sixteen groschen had been secured, he courageously commenced his small School for the Poor, first in his own study. In less than a year the space became too small; he noticed, with pain, that their domestic life destroyed what the School had built up. The idea then occurred to him (1695), to take the entire charge of the education of some. A house was purchased for the Charity School; twelve orphan children—his first thought had been only four—were received into this house. The next year a new house was needed, and the children who attended the Charity School for instruction were separated, and for those who desired instruction in the higher branches a separate department was created, to which, in 1699, the orphans fitted for such instruction were also admitted. Thus the Gymnasium of the Orphan House—the so-called Latin School—was developed, which in 1709 was attended by two hundred and fifty-six scholars, of which sixty-four were orphans. Both the houses employed being found inadequate for the increasing numbers, the foundation of the new building of the present Orphan House was laid in 1698. There was no capital, other than faith, upon which the construction of this new work could be based, as Francke himself writes: “From week to week, from month to month, the Lord has given me the crumbs for my necessities, just as one crumbles up bread in small pieces.” Many others, since his day, have wished to imitate him, and it happened with them as it is written of him who intended to build a tower, but could not finish it, so that the people mocked him. Empty thyself and I will fill thee, is the

first lesson for him whom God will make rich. Where humility renounces every dependence on self, there is nothing so great that the courage of faith cannot secure.

As one good thought and plan begets another, so inventive love cannot rest after the Lord has granted it so much. Other charitable institutions were soon added to the Orphan House. Four thousand dollars were intrusted to the founder of the Orphan House by a wealthy benefactor, for creating a foundation for pious unmarried women of the nobility, or the burghers. One of the taverns—the Corsair—of Glaucha, was purchased in 1704, and converted into a cloister devoted to this purpose. Further, in the year 1698 the pious Baron Canstein purchased a house for pious widows in Glaucha, and placed it under the superintendence of the Orphan House. Along with the institutions of instruction for orphans, the children of the poor and the burghers, a *Pedagogium* was next established for the wealthy and noble. This also had a small and unlooked for beginning; a noble widow lady having requested Francke to send her a pious private tutor, he offered to superintend the instruction of the children of Halle. The number of these scholars so increased under the direction of the distinguished teacher, that in 1713 a large separate building was erected for this Institution. In connection with the University a *Collegium Catecheticum* was created, to practise the students in the so much neglected art of catechisation with the scholars of the Orphan House, and a *Collegium Orientale Theologicum*, in which men should be educated for the higher offices of the Church by thorough training in the Greek, Hebrew, and Eastern languages. The more the *Pedagogium* flourished, the wish grew to possess such an Institution for the daughters of noble and wealthy families; and one was established in 1709 with the express design of leading these youthful souls to the Lord.

All these Institutions required aid of many young teachers, and as, when faith has once begun to devote all its powers to the Lord, one hand always helps the other, so Francke's academic activity was most beautifully furthered in that so many young students seized the opportunity to exercise their powers of teaching under his oversight, and that of congenial friends. In 1690 he established a free table for twenty-four students, who gave instruction in the schools, and as the number increased, the table was enlarged so much as even to accommodate some needy students who took no part in the business of instruction. Francke reports in 1714, "that one hundred and fifty theological students ate at the ordinary table in payment for two hours of daily teachings; and that arrangements were had for one hundred and forty-four poor students at the second table at noon, for whom no special work was done in payment of the same."

In the year 1705 the number of orphan children had increased to one hundred and twenty-five, that of the children attending the school to eight hundred and four, and this steadily increased from that time on to the middle of the century. Those opposed even contributed to their increase; for an investigation of these educational Institutions, ordered by the chamber of Deputies of Magdeburg in 1700, gave an additional credit to them. In May, 1714, one thousand and seventy-five boys and seven hundred and sixty girls were instructed by one hundred and eight teachers. This increase made many other establishments necessary, designed for the special supply of the personal wants of the Orphan House, which gradually ac-

quired considerable importance. This was especially the case with the Orphan House Apothecary Shop. Certain *arcana*, which were intrusted in chemical manuscripts by God-fearing people to the founder of the Orphan House, were prepared, after some fruitless efforts, and employed with extraordinary results. This was the case with the *essentia amara* and *dulcis*, the composition of which is still kept secret. Under the direction of that most devout and learned physician, C. F. Richter, who gave the profits of his labors, as well as his whole paternal inheritance to Francke—his spiritual father—this Apothecary Shop with its medicines acquired such a reputation, especially through the confidence reposed in it by the children of God, that its remedies were sought after and sent for from beyond the borders of Germany, even from America and Africa, and the income from the same in later times covered a large portion of the expenses of the Institution. Partly on account of the need experienced by the Schools and the numerous writings of Francke himself, an Orphan House Printing Press was established, which grew up so rapidly under that eminent servant of God, H. J. E. Elers, who gave all his income to the Orphan House, and was content to receive his food and clothing from it, that branches were established in other cities, in Stettin, Berlin, &c.

In less immediate connection with the Orphan House, although in fact fostered by it, there were two other great undertakings. There was established a Bible Institution for the distribution of cheap Bibles among the poor, which idea was first originated with Baron von Canstein; established in company with Francke, and founded through the employment of the presses of the Orphan House, it was undertaken by Francke alone after Canstein's death in 1719. In consequence of printing with stereotype plates, they succeeded in furnishing copies of the New Testament to the poor for 2 gute groschen, and of the Bible from 10 to 12, and the work of love extended even beyond Germany; Bibles and Testaments were printed through the assistance of charitable Christians, in the Esthonian, Bohemian and Polish tongues for the Evangelical Christians of those countries, and for this constantly increasing enterprise a massive structure was erected in 1727, and a second in 1734. And similarly the Danish East India Missionary Institution, in an unlooked for manner, arose with the co-operation of Francke. This was founded through the piety of King Frederick IV. of Denmark, but missionaries went forth from the Halle Orphan House, supported by contributions from pious Christians in Germany, and Francke devoted his heart with special zeal also to this work of philanthropy. In the year 1705 the first candidates from Halle, Ziegenbalg and Plütschau, were ordained in Copenhagen for this mission, and a large number of most worthy men—for the most part from the Teacher College of the Pedagogium,—followed them down to the first decade of this century. Finally the American-German Church in the United States owes also its special foundation to the Halle Institutions, which relations were first established under the son of the sainted founder, who sent thither Pastors Mühlberg and Brunnholz in answer to the supplicating requests of the Germans deprived of spiritual guides, and afterwards others followed, supported by German liberality.

We must add to this extensive practical activity of the indefatigable laborer, his numerous writings, partly scholastic, and partly edifying, many of which, for example, his—"Directions for profitable perusal of the Bi-

ble,"—have attained the widest circulation, and have been continually multiplied through the press of the Orphan House in repeated new editions, and finally his many distant journeys, during which his restless activity was as little at rest as when at home, and his extensive correspondence with all parts of the world on the most diverse business. It seems to have been too much for one human life, but his *faithfulness* shows us how God may cause us, "having all sufficiency in all things, to abound to every good work." When one asked his friend Elers, who had taught him every thing, he gave answer, "My mother—love." Love was also Francke's school mistress. Without helping and supporting hands he could not have done so much, but that makes him so much more worthy of notice, because, wherever a great light is kindled in the love of the Lord, a number of smaller lights begin to burn around. His shining and burning light enkindled around him such spirits as Richter, Elers, Canstein, Neubauer, Freylinghausen and many others. When Frederick William the First examined the Orphan House in 1713, and was carried through the Bookstore and their warehouses, he was struck with astonishment, so that he asked Elers the question: "What he received for all this?" "Your majesty," answered Elers, "my food and clothing." The king then tapped Francke on the shoulder and said, "Now I understand how he accomplishes it: I have no such people."

The end of a life so indefatigably devoted to the service of the Lord, arrived in the year 1727, when this faithful servant of God went to his Lord at an age of sixty-four years, after he had manifested his faith in the most edifying manner on the bed of sickness. The year of his death the Pedagogium numbered 82 scholars, the Latin school 400, the German Burgher school 1724, the Orphan House 134 orphans. Independent of the orphans there were fed from the treasury of the Orphan House 255 students and 360 poor scholars. In addition, there were 15 unmarried women on the Female-foundation, 8 in the Boarding House for young women, and 6 in the Widow's House. The magnificent, grand foundation still stands as a living sermon for the city of Halle; its departments still enjoy a widely extended reputation and large attendance. The Pedagogium numbers 100 scholars and 18 teachers, the Latin school 389 scholars and 24 teachers, the Industrial Real-School 378 scholars, the German school in the Preparatory Department for Seminarians 10 scholars and 8 teachers, the Burgher School for Boys 700 scholars with 35 teachers, the Higher Female School 130 scholars with 12 male and 4 female teachers, the Burgher School for Girls 490 scholars with 17 male and 6 female teachers, the Free School 680 Boys and Girls, the Orphan House 130 orphan children. It is related of the sainted founder, that he prayed the Lord in a child-like spirit, that the institution might always have at least one man, who should be a witness for saving faith; and so much is certain, that even during the reign of Rationalism this petition was granted, and the number of teachers who work therein at present in the faith and love of Christ, is not small.

It must be admitted, that the influence of such activity has extended out far beyond the boundaries of Halle, over all Germany. To all portions of the world the seeds of piety, sown by Francke and his co-laborers, have been carried by the scholars of the Orphan House, and by students of the University of Halle. The theological students of Halle have been in re-

quest in America and the German Evangelical congregations found in the commercial towns of Asia, yes, even in the Greek cloisters of Mount Athos. Wherever new institutions have been established, and aid in teaching is required, wherever God-fearing families have needed a family tutor, application was made to Halle. If it must be acknowledged that there has been no other period, when Germany and the German Evangelical Church in particular, possessed so great a number of active ministers in the true faith, as about the middle of the eighteenth century, these were the fruit of the seed sown by A. H. Francke. Even the Roman Catholic Church of Germany and France looked with envious admiration on this man, whom they, if he had belonged to them, would have promoted to the honors of canonization.

MY FATHER MADE THEM ALL.

BY THE EDITOR.

Behold the grand and gorgeous sky—
The silent orbs that shine on high,
Like glittering gems profusely set
Upon night's sable coronet;
How sweetly falls their twinkling light
Down on the drowsy face of night;
While joy and peace, and holy love
Seem stooping from their thrones above:

Those lovely orbs—
My Father made them all.

The moon, with all her starry train,
Majestic sweeps the nightly plain,
But stoops to every stream, and laves
Her image in the playful waves;
And sheds her mellowed twilight smiles
In glory out on ocean's isles.
On lakes and seas, on domes and spires,
Her beams reflect their golden fires:

The moon and stars—
My Father made them all.

See you the fleecy clouds that lie
At anchor in the evening sky—
Or glide like minnie shallops through
The evening's deep empurpled blue;—
Or yonder dark portentous fold
Which thunder from its lair has rolled,
To bring the cool, refreshing rain
To meadow, garden, field and plain?

Those friendly clouds—
My Father made them all.

From hill and field, from wood and vale
Comes perfume on the ladened gale,
Sent by ten thousand blushing flowers
From out their cool and freshened bowers;
Blest all the day with cheering light,
And fed by gentle dews at night,
They morning, noon, and eve impart
Their soothing charm to sense and heart:

The lovely flowers—
My Father made them all.

Hark, how, along the wood-bound lea,
The birds pour out their songs of glee,
In thanks to Him who gave them birth
On such a green and sunny earth.
From thousand varied voices rise
Wild anthems to the list'ning skies;
Let human hearts join as they sing,
And offer what they senseless bring:

Sweet singing birds—
My Father made them all.

Didst ever muse on ocean's shore,
When angry billows rage and roar—
Or when the little joyous waves
At eve "play homeward to their caves?"
Didst see the sun paint on the spray
The purple tints of closing day,
And thoughtful smile and weep between
The touching and the pleasant scene:

Dost love these sights?—
My Father made them all.

Hast ever dreamed of gems that lie
In ocean hid from mortal eye—
And beds of coral lone and deep,
Where poets say the Peri sleep?
What wealth and beauty yet untold
Must ocean's bed and caverns hold—
Placed by the wise Creator's plan
Perhaps to mock the pride of man?

For some wise end—
My Father made them all.

To climb the scale, didst e'er begin,
From living dust to seraphim;
Didst think—as holy men suppose
Eternity will once disclose—
That every twinkling star is rife
With happy hosts of sinless life,
Who live to love, and bless, and praise
The Ancient of eternal days?

Oh, sinless worlds!—
My Father made them all.

Oh! heir of Heaven, didst ever climb
The hills beyond the shores of time—
That Zion on whose golden steep
The saints their holy "pastimes keep?"

Didst ever see, in visions bright,
 The glories of that world of light,
 Which once so sweetly could beguile
 St. John on Patmos' lonely Isle?
 That happy world—
 My Father made it all.

Mercersburg, Pa., 1841.

THE ALOE TREE.

HEB. *Ahalim* and *Ahaloth*. *Excœcaria Agallocha*.—Linn.

BY I. K. L.

The name Aloes occurs four times and lign-aloes once in our English version—the *wood* being evidently spoken of in Psalms xlv. 8, and Prov. vii. 17, and the Aloe trees in Numb. xxiv. 6, and Song iv. 14, while their juice or gum is mentioned in John xix. 39. From the fact that the Aloe is not expressly mentioned as a tree in Psalms and Proverbs, some translators have inferred that the Aloes there spoken of was the product of an herb of that name. Pliny indeed describes a low and very bitter herb, yielding a juice called aloe, which constitutes a drug met with in the shops. This is the *Aloe perfoliata*, growing abundantly in Egypt, Africa and Arabia, and highly prized for the various uses to which it can be put. It contains valuable medicinal properties, and its leaves are made by the natives into ropes, bow-strings, hammocks, &c. Pliny also mentions a tree yielding a gum called aloes, which seems to be the Aloe of the Bible.

The true Aloe of Scripture is a native of Arabia, China, the spice-producing Molucca Islands, and the lowlands of India,* where it is called garo. Some writers think that it is not found growing in Arabia, but is brought thither from India, and thence carried to Europe. "Whatever other countries may produce this wood, India, by the confession of all, yields the best." To the Arabians, however, belongs the honor of first bringing it to the knowledge of Europe by their medical and botanical works.† By the Greeks it was called Agallochon, but, after the time of Ætius, a medical writer of the sixth century, Xylaloe. In modern times it has been known by the name of Paradise wood—*lignum paradisi*, and *lignum aquilæ*—Eagle-wood, the eagle being called by the Greeks the

* *Quod in depressioribus Indiæ tractibus nascitur*.—An ancient Arabian Geographer, speaking of India, says: "The aromatics which are found in this climate are Caryophylla, Sandalum, Camphora, and *Lignum Aloes*, none of which is found in other lands, but only in this, where even night and day are of similar temperature, and equal in the number of hours."—Cels. Heirob. *Ahalim*.

† Among other beneficial effects derived from its use, an old author gives the following: "Aloe wood constantly chewed purifies the breath,"—a desirable substitute for the quid of our day, which is the cause of many impurities and countless annoyances.

ruler and king of birds, by the Romans the queen of birds, and by the Arabians the lord of birds. "So," continues Celsius, "there is an admirable tree of excellent fragrance and great rarity in East India, which the inhabitants in their own tongue call the Eagle." The Hebrew has Ahalim and Aholoth, in the plural Aloe trees or Aloewood. It is the *Excæcaria Agallocha* of Linnæus.

Of the character and appearance of this tree we have been able to learn comparatively little. It reaches a height of ten to fifteen feet. Its trunk is knotty and crooked. Its wood is resinous, of a blackish color on the outside, and dark within, interwoven with irregular, gray, ash-colored veins. It is brittle, of bitter taste, sappy, hard and heavy. Its sap is of a pale white, milky color, of very acrid taste, which, as the tree grows old hardens into a fragrant resin. That is the best which sinks in water. The wood has little fragrance until it becomes dry, when, its inner or central part being burnt, it sends forth a very grateful aromatic odor. Held to the fire, this wood is said to soften so that letters can be sealed with it as with wax. The drier it becomes the more sweetly it smells. Its leaves resemble those of the peach. Its fruit is a berry, resembling pepper, but somewhat smaller, of a light yellow color, and of the excellent fragrance of the wood. Three varieties of Aloes reach the markets of this country; that of the Cape of Good Hope, the Socotrine, and the Hepatic. Of these the Socotrine Aloes most nearly resembles the Aloe of the Bible; it has even been asserted that both were identical. Of the Socotrine Aloes, growing in Socotora, an Island in the Indian Ocean, we have full accounts, a brief sketch of which we furnish, that the reader may observe its points of resemblance to the Aloe tree of the Bible. "It is a small tree about ten feet high; at its top is a large bunch of long, thick and indented leaves, broad at the bottom, and tapering to the top. Its blossoms are very fragrant, of a red color, mixed with yellow, and double like a pink. Its fruit is an oblong, triangular pod, divided into three apartments, filled with seed. Its wood is of three sorts. The first, or outer wood, is black, solid, and heavy; the second is of a tawny color, spongy, porous, resinous, and agreeably fragrant. The third, or heart, is strongly aromatic and esteemed in the East more precious than gold. It is used for perfuming garments and rooms, and contains valuable medicinal properties, used in fainting and epileptic fits."

Arab writers, like true Mohammedans, ever strongly inclined to date the origin of everything they admire from remote antiquity—from Adam, Paradise, or the Prophets—affirm that lign-aloes sprung up when Adam mourned his sin, or, according to another account, when he deplored with tears, the violent death of his son Abel. Accordingly, too, oriental tradition teaches—and the name *lignum paradisi* favors the tradition—that Aloe trees grew at first only in Paradise, but were carried to other lands by the rivers flowing from it, and caught up by the fishermen—a favorite idea, this, among the Jewish Rabbins. Asiatic poets, who are born, and live and die among aromatics, delight especially in comparing the fragrance of the Aloe with the pleasures of Paradise.*

We have no reason to believe that the Aloe grew in the Holy Land.

* See Celsius—a master in Rabbinical lore, to whose Latin Translation in his Hierobotanicon we are here and elsewhere indebted for the information we give from Jewish Rabbins and Arab authors.

Live Aloes may have been imported by Solomon, who for a time might have succeeded in delighting his eyes with its growth, Song iv. 14; but its mention by Balaam, David and Solomon does not prove, that it was indigenous in Palestine; for Moses in the Law, and Solomon in his Song, also mentions cinnamon and frankincense which were brought from other lands. By means of commerce its excellence became known to the Jews, who in all ages deserve the palm for perfumes. Even in the East the Aloe is rare—especially that kind found in China, which is never exported, and is of so great rarity in India as to be worth its weight in gold.* The Princes of India, to reserve it all for their own use, forbade its exportation under pain of death, “lest it might be carried to some other one than themselves.” It used to pass between kings as a valuable royal present. Modern travellers to the East tell us, that it is still an important article of luxury in that region. Sir John Maundeville, says that the Emperor of Tartary’s chariot was made of a wood “that comes out of the terrestrial paradise, which they call lignum aloes. It is full well smelling because of the wood it is made of.”

The fatness of the wood increases its value. The temple of Mohammed at Mecca, is said to have been supported by three columns of Aloe wood, of a man’s height. Among the Jews great quantities of this wood were consumed in religious worship and the pomp of funerals. In connection with myrrh and other aromatics, it was used to perfume the garments of Princes and Priests. “All thy garments smell of Aloes,” says the sweet singer of Israel (Ps. xlv. 8), as he celebrates the excellency and dignity of the Messiah:

“With cassia, *aloes* and myrrh,
Thy royal robes abound;
Which, from the stately wardrobe brought,
Spread grateful odors round.”

Even so the glorious garments of our great High Priest and King diffuse the sweet savor of His heavenly graces. His Palace, the Church—beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth—is filled with the odor of His beloved name, and the sanctifying presence of the Holy Spirit. The attractive character of the Church is elsewhere exhibited under the image of a garden, in which “aloes, with all the chief spices flourish,” Song iv. 14. The rich and luxurious employed aloes to perfume their beds: “I have perfumed my bed with aloes,” Prov. vii. 17. It was customary to treat garments of the rich in the same way. When the Patriarch Isaac blessed Jacob, “he smelled the smell of his raiment, and blessed him, and said, See, the smell of my son is as the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed,” Gen. xxvii. 27. Some of the Orientals perfume their bodies after meals and the bath, as well as their houses, the Arabians perfuming even the beard of their guests, and the head, and the inner part of the turban, covering the head.

The Lign-aloe occurs only once in the Scriptures: in the prediction of Balaam concerning the happiness of Israel, recorded in Numb. xxiv. “How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob! and thy tabernacles, O Israel! As the valleys are they spread forth, as gardens by the river’s side, as *the trees*

* It does not seem to have much depreciated in value in more recent times. The Turks still pay “*Magnas in hoc lignum impensas.*”—*Tavernier in Cels.*

of *lign-aloes*,* which the Lord hath planted, and as cedar trees beside the waters." Celsius wisely remarks, that any one diligently studying the text must at once see, that the language here employed relates to a great and beautiful tree, because it is said to be planted by God, and is named in connection with the cedar. If the inference be well founded, the *lign-aloe* may differ from the Aloe above described. The Hebrew term is, however, the same for both. Like these trees of *lign-aloes*, diffusing a fragrant odor, is the prosperity of God's Holy Church on earth, and the blessed, saving power it exerts on all who commit themselves to its maternal care. *The Lord hath planted it*, let not man rise up against it, lest he die.

The juice of Aloes was formerly used by the Egyptians and Jews in embalming the dead. Nicodemus brought "a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about one hundred pounds weight," to embalm the body of our Saviour,† John xix. 39. "Then they took the body of Jesus, and wound it in linen clothes with the spices, as the manner of the Jews is to bury," v. 40. The quantity employed was large, but it was the offering of a heart warmed by love, that desired thus to express its reverence for its Saviour.‡ That act of Nicodemus has its eternal reward. In kindness to his crucified Lord, he is a model man to thousands, whose means and opportunities for doing good may be greater than his, and who can still bestow their gifts upon the Saviour, in the person of His needy and spiritually destitute followers. Let then true charity not stop to calculate coldly the greatness of its gift, but rush with eager haste to lay at His feet itself and its all, whether this be mites or millions.

Wo Liebe lebt und labt, ist lieb das Leben.||

* Some translators read *Ohalim* for *Ahalim*, and accordingly translate "*tentoria*," "tents," *hütten*, "Atque sic Lutherus, cum plerisque aliis."—Cels, Hierob

† Quum Evangelista junxerit *σμυρνην* et *αλοην*, non de alia aloë videtur exponendum, quam de illa, quæ tribus aut quatuor locis biblicis juxta invenitur cum myrrha. Salmasius. Illud certum est, cum aloë inter aromata ponitur, intelligi lignum aloës, non herbam illam amarano, cujus in officinis usus est ad medicamenta. *Rivetius in Cels.*

‡ It was customary in ancient times to use great quantities of aromatics in the embalming and burial of the distinguished dead. Josephus tells us, that five hundred domestics, bearing spices, attended the funeral of Herod, the King.

|| A. W. Schlegel.

OUR life is like unto the sailing of a ship; for as the mariners in the ship have before them a port or haven, towards which they direct their course, and where they shall be secure from all danger; even so, the promise of everlasting life is made unto us, that we in the same, as in a safe port or haven, should rest securely and calmly; but seeing this ship, wherein we are, is weak, and the wind and waves do beat into and upon us, as though they would overwhelm us, therefore we have truly need of an understanding and experienced pilot, who with his counsel and advice, might rule and govern the ship, that it run not on a rock suddenly, sink, and go down; such a pilot is our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ.

THE WANDERING JEW.

BY THE EDITOR.

The legend of the Wandering Jew seems to be an embodiment of the deep sense which lives in the bosom of mankind, that sin committed and unatoned, cleaves to the life of the guilty one for ever. Whithersoever he may wander he cannot escape from himself. The sense of his sin drives him to wander in hope of finding release, but his sin and misery follow him always and into all lands. Memory and conscience, as ghosts, drive him from place to place, but never allow him to find rest.

This legend of the Wandering Jew is known in all lands; and has often been made the ground work of poems, tragedies, and romances. It has also furnished material for many fireside stories. In all these forms it has been variously embellished.

This Jew, who, according to the legend, never dies, nor can die, but is doomed for ever to a kind of lonely wandering, ever since the crucifixion of Christ, is said to have been of the tribe of Naphtali, and was born seven or eight years before the birth of Christ. According to the earliest version of the legend, his name was Cartaphilus, but later he was called Ahasuerus. According to some versions he was the son of a carpenter, whilst others make him the son of a shoemaker, which trade he is said himself to have followed.

Even in early life he manifested a very lawless and disobedient spirit. He ran away as a boy from his father's house and control, to follow the three wise men who had come from the east to visit the infant Saviour, accompanying them as they returned to their own country. After a time he returned to Jerusalem, where he had many wonderful stories to tell of what he had seen and heard in the Orient. Among other things he expatiated in glowing terms, on the rich presents which the wise men had given to the Infant Saviour, and on the fact that they had proclaimed Him the King of the Jews. This information so aroused the fears of Herod, that it led to the tragic massacre of the innocents in and around Bethlehem.

According to that form of the legend which makes him a carpenter, he helped to make the cross on which our Saviour died. On His way to Calvary, Jesus bearing the cross which Cartaphilus had made, had to pass the door of his carpenter shop. The soldiers who guarded Jesus, seeing that He was weary, asked Cartaphilus to allow him to enter his shop for rest, or at least to sit down awhile at the door; but the Jew cruelly refused this request, and added positive insult to the Saviour to his want of mercy.

Then Christ said to him: "Seeing thou wilt not suffer a weary traveller to rest at thy door, thou shalt not rest forever, but travel through the earth without ability ever to stop until my second coming."

From that time forth this Jew has wandered without ceasing, and though he has sought death in various ways, he has not been allowed to die, or to find any rest. The greatest conceivable calamities have at various times befallen him, yet he has never found the end of his life, nor the end of his weary wanderings.

Other versions substantially the same, yet still varying in some particulars, are given as follows:

"When Jesus was led to death, oppressed by the weight of the cross, He wished to rest Himself near the gate at the house of Ahasuerus. This man, however, sprang forth and thrust him away. Jesus turned toward him saying,—

"‘I shall rest, but thou shalt move on till I return.’

"And from that time he has had no rest, and is obliged incessantly to wander about."

"Another version is that given by Mathias Parisienthis, a monk of the thirteenth century."

"When Jesus was led from the tribunal of Pilatius to death, the door-keeper, named Cartaphilus, pushed Him from behind with his foot, saying,—

"‘Walk on, Jesus, quickly; why dost thou tarry?’

Jesus looked at him gravely, and said,

"‘I walk on, but thou shalt tarry till I come.’

"And this man, still alive, wanders from place to place, in constant dread of the wrath to come."

"Still a third legend adds that this wandering Jew falls sick every hundred years, but recovers and renews his strength; hence it is, even after so many centuries he does not look much older than a septuagenarian."

No ancient authors mention this legend. The first account of it has been found in the chronicles of Matthew Paris, in the thirteenth century, where the Wandering Jew is said to have been a servant of Pontius Pilate. On account of the terribly tragic and romantic, which characterizes the story, some adventurers, fond of notoriety, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, claimed to be the Wandering Jew.

There are many poor wrecks of humanity, floating about in the world, who, from what we may suppose might be the appearance which this Jew would present after his eighteen centuries of ceaseless travelling, could plausibly claim to be the veritable original. But it is a mercy to them that they are not truly entitled to that distinction. Though in tragic interest like his, their lives of misery are mercifully shortened to a mere fragment of his everlasting, determinate, and hopeless wandering.

By way of moral, we can only yet hope, that all insulters of the holy majesty of Christ, may have wisdom to understand the faithful warning, which lies in the substance of this strange legend of the Wandering Jew.

The Bible is my mirror, in which I see what I was in Adam, before the fall—what I became by the fall—what I am, and should be in Christ now, and what I shall be through eternity.

UNCLOTHED AND CLOTHED UPON.

On the Death of Frances Reichard, of Ringgold's Manor, Md.

BY C. H. BALSBAUGH.

Another jewel of the King of kings,
A sapphire burnished by the Holy Ghost,
Has been transported from the mine of earth,
And set into the diadem that glows
In peerless lustre on Immanuel's brow.
Another star which cast a radiant beam
Of holy light while in this nether sphere,
Has passed beyond the half-transparent vail,
That hides from mortal sight the galaxy
Of heaven, and moves in cloudless majesty
Round the effulgent Son of Righteousness.
A golden sheaf, reaped from the Gospel field,
For the immortal harvest fully ripe,
Into the Heavenly Garner has been stored,
Awaiting there the world's great Harvest Home.
A Saint—a lowly Pilgrim of the Cross,
Has gained a calm release from earthly toils,
And soared in triumph to the realms of light.

She whom the Angels gathered home was one
Whom God through much affliction purified.
Her cup of life had many bitter dregs,
Which often caused her soul to loathe the draught;
And yet the balm of Gilead mixed therewith,
Would turn the bitter into sweet, and fill
Her heart with "the superlatives of bliss."
Her choicest flowers and sweetest fruit were plucked
From thorns that sprung along her rugged path.
The "burning fiery furnace" but consumed
The dross, and left the gold more pure and bright.
Ofttimes the Star of Hope had nearly set
Behind the mist of doubt which Satan raised
To hide the Truth; ofttimes the gloomy pall
Of unbelief would o'er the eye of faith
Be hung, and veil the glory of the Cross.
Yet no sombre cloud of threat'ning aspect,
Ever cast its shadow o'er her trembling heart,
But had its edge with heavenly splendor lined,
Her sadness tinged with a mellow light,
And painting in her soul in fairer lines
The lovely image of her Saviour-God.
In all her trials and vicissitudes,
Her aim was still to glorify her Lord,

And strive to be an ornament of home,
 A "Living stone" in Zion's Sacred Walls,
 A self-denying follower of the Lamb,
 A living mirror of that holiness
 Without which none can see the Lord and live.
 Her praise is in the Church, and in the hearts
 Of loving friends her memory still lives.
 Her record is on high, where now she dwells,
 In ever-deepening rapture, with her God.

'Twas when the flowers their fragrant wreaths around
 The smiling brow of lovely May entwined,
 That Christ our sister hence removed, and placed
 Upon her head the Coronet of Life.
 When Nature decks herself in Easter Robes,
 Inwrought with emerald, purple, blue and gold,
 Our sainted sister cast aside the garb
 By mortals worn, and, in an atmosphere
 Which from Empyrean Fields came softly down,
 Spread forth the unseen pinions of her soul,
 And in the "fiery chariot" of faith
 Ascended to the Beautiful and Good.
 Her aged mother weeping stood beside
 The loved one's dying couch, and saw fell death
 Her virgin daughter's quivering heart-strings rend.
 Her friends in tearful silence crowded near,
 To gaze once more into those love-lit eyes
 In which life's flickering taper feebly burned.
 And viewless Angels hovered o'er the scene,
 To catch the last low note that softly breathed
 Along the trembling chords of life's hushed harp,
 And bear their charge in triumph to its rest.
 When near the portals of the Great Unseen,
 She felt the tides of bliss her spirit lave,
 Of her Celestial Bridegroom caught a glimpse,
 And heard the voice of Him whom her soul loved,
 She gazed into the bright beyond, and then,
 In Angel-tones, soft as the zephyr's sigh,
 Breathed from the lily's lip, she faintly said,
 "O COME, LORD JESUS, QUICKLY COME," and wept
My waiting soul into Thy blest embrace.
 One lingering look—one last, low lengthened gasp
 Stirred her cold marble bosom—she was dead.
 The radiant, pearl-wrought Eden-gate
 Now turned upon its hinge of harmony,
 To let the ransomed, blood-bought spirit through.

Are your hearts sad, and do your bosoms heave?
 Does grief with scalding tears your eyes bedim?
 Your harp upon the weeping willows hang?
 List to the cheering song of hope that comes
 In soothing cadence from the sacred page:
 THE GRAVE SHALL YIELD ITS SPOIL,—THE DEAD SHALL LIVE.
 While ye sit beneath the moaning cypress,
 May odors sweet your inner sense regale,
 Fresh from the alabaster-box of Heaven.
 We're hastening onward to the better land,
 And soon shall dawn the welcome, glorious hour,
 That opes the gate of Heaven, and floods the soul

With Light, and Love, and Peace, and endless Joy.
Consider this, ye chastened, favored few,
Who sigh and sorrow for the Sainted Dead:
Weeping days here, days of rapture yonder;
The sack cloth here, the spotless robe above;
The muffled harp with plaintive tones on earth,
The golden harp with Angel-lays in Heaven;
To swell the soul with transport evermore.
The ocean swept with storm and tempest here;
The Crystal Sea, unruffled with one wave,
Reflecting naught but happiness, above.
The tears of sorrow which you shed on earth,
Will sparkle yonder in the living beams
Of the Unsetting Sun of Paradise.

BONAPARTE'S OPINION OF CHRIST.

A foreign journal lately published a conversation related by Count De Monthalon, the faithful friend of the Emperor Napoleon:

"I know men," said Napoleon, "and I tell you, that Jesus was not a man! The religion of Christ is a mystery which subsists by its own force, and proceeds from a mind which was not a human mind.

We find in it a marked individuality which originated in a train of words and actions unknown before. Jesus borrowed nothing from our knowledge. He existed in himself a perfect example of his precepts. Jesus is not a philosopher, for his proofs are miracles! and from the first, his Disciples adored him. In fact, learning and Philosophy, are of no use for salvation; and Jesus came into the world, to reveal the mysteries of Heaven and the laws of the Spirit. Alexander, Charlemagne, and myself, founded empires; but upon what did we rest our genius? Upon force. Jesus Christ, alone, founded his empire upon love, and at this hour millions of men would die for him. It was not a day or people, that achieved the triumph of the Christian religion in the world. No, it was a long war, a contest for three centuries, begun by the apostles, then continued by the flood of Christian generations. In this war, all the kings and potentates of the earth were on one side; on the other, I see no army, but a mysterious force. Some men scattered here and there in all parts of the world, and who have no other rallying point than a common faith in the mysteries of the cross. I die before my time, and my body will be given back to the earth to become food for the worms. Such is the fate of him who has been called the great Napoleon. What an abyss between my deep mystery and the eternal kingdom of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, and adored, and which is extended over the whole earth,—call this dying! is it not living, rather."

NO ILLUSION.

Still they sing, with sweet voice, but perverse sense of Heav'n,
That this fondled world for illusion is giv'n!

We'll not join them, my John, in so misbelieving;
Nay, vital of God's breath, and ransomed by his Lamb,
A mock-boon 'tis withal in th' song's misconceiving,
And it boots not that Heav'n is true, bright and calm,
For it must all the more shut out such deceiving!

All but Heav'n the bold song or vilifies or mars,
Above as below the "cycles of the stars!"

Thinks the soul that so sings, 'tis heavenward soaring,
Wing'd on breath that bruits God, the dread founder, a cheat?
Unities, harmonies, prime systems uproaring,
It isolates Heaven, th' world's hope, to defeat—
Oh! is not this enough of rending, ignoring?

Nay, reason, life's graces, all of man's but false show,
Our smiles gay deceit, and our tears mimic wo—

Joy and grief like the Lamb's, all, all falsest seeming!
False the hope of fond love beyond the whited tomb;
False beauty's bright spirit, that bathes in its beaming,
Our life's budding here as in Heaven its bloom!
Sure, the song's a weird tale, or wilder'd, mad dreaming.

Ah, the brain! In ill mood 'twould sing God from the world!
Not so th' morning stars when His will was unfurl'd,

To evoke crude chaos, 'mid th' wild water's roaring,
And light it, and form it, and quicken, and adorn;

Oh, not so primal light the huge mass exploring,
Soon t' teem, glad as now, then inert void and lorn;
Not so the sons of God, all shouting, adoring!

Nor all Heav'n as God yearn'd to make man, then redeem,
Himself th' life's fountain, thence perennial th' stream!

None deem'd that endowments, forecast for the making,
Should be playthings of time, and castaways at last;

And deem we so, so hope the soul's anchor forsaking?
No, John, pow'rs conferred to crown life we hold fast,
Here living and dying, as in Heav'n rewaking!

Lo, conjoined in bright light, highest seen on life's roll,
Love, hope, and the faith through death's gloom lights the soul—

Lo, this world's lief-side, Heaven's bliss here beginning,
By these hallow'd in smiles and reassured in tears!

Would this side own the song, though suaged all its sinning,
In melody lured from music of the spheres?

No, John, truer its hymns Heav'n wooing, Heav'n winning!

NORRISTOWN.

TO DELINQUENTS.

A number of our subscribers owe us their subscriptions for the "GUARDIAN" for one, two and three years, and some even for volumes issued by the former publisher. Those who are included in this category, cannot but be aware of the fact. That there may be no excuse, however, on this score, we purpose enclosing bills in the July number for all those who are delinquent, and we trust they will make their arrangements to remit promptly the amounts they severally owe us.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

We have received quite an accession to our subscription list since the commencement of the present volume, for which we are truly grateful. A large additional number of copies, from the first of January, were issued to meet our expectations in this direction. We are, accordingly, prepared to supply about two hundred more subscribers with the numbers from January last, and trust we shall still receive them. Some have promised to make an effort for us in this direction, and we are sure they will not disappoint us. Let them send on the promised names, and let others add theirs still to the number. All are perfectly welcome, and will receive a full equivalent for their money.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1865.

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN will enter upon its XVIth volume, on the first of January next. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. - It remains under the editorial management of its founder, Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN will be published by **S. R. Fisher & Co.**, Philadelphia, Pa. Though comparing well in its present form with any publication of the kind, improvements are always possible. The Publishers propose something in this direction in the forthcoming volume, if they meet with proper encouragement. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. Though paper has advanced more than one hundred per cent., they promise to use a superior quality: and shall do all in their power, inco-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—
“Life—Light—Love.”

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future, if permitted to take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the church who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

Postmasters are requested to act as our Agents, to whom we will allow the usual per centage. Specimen numbers sent when requested.

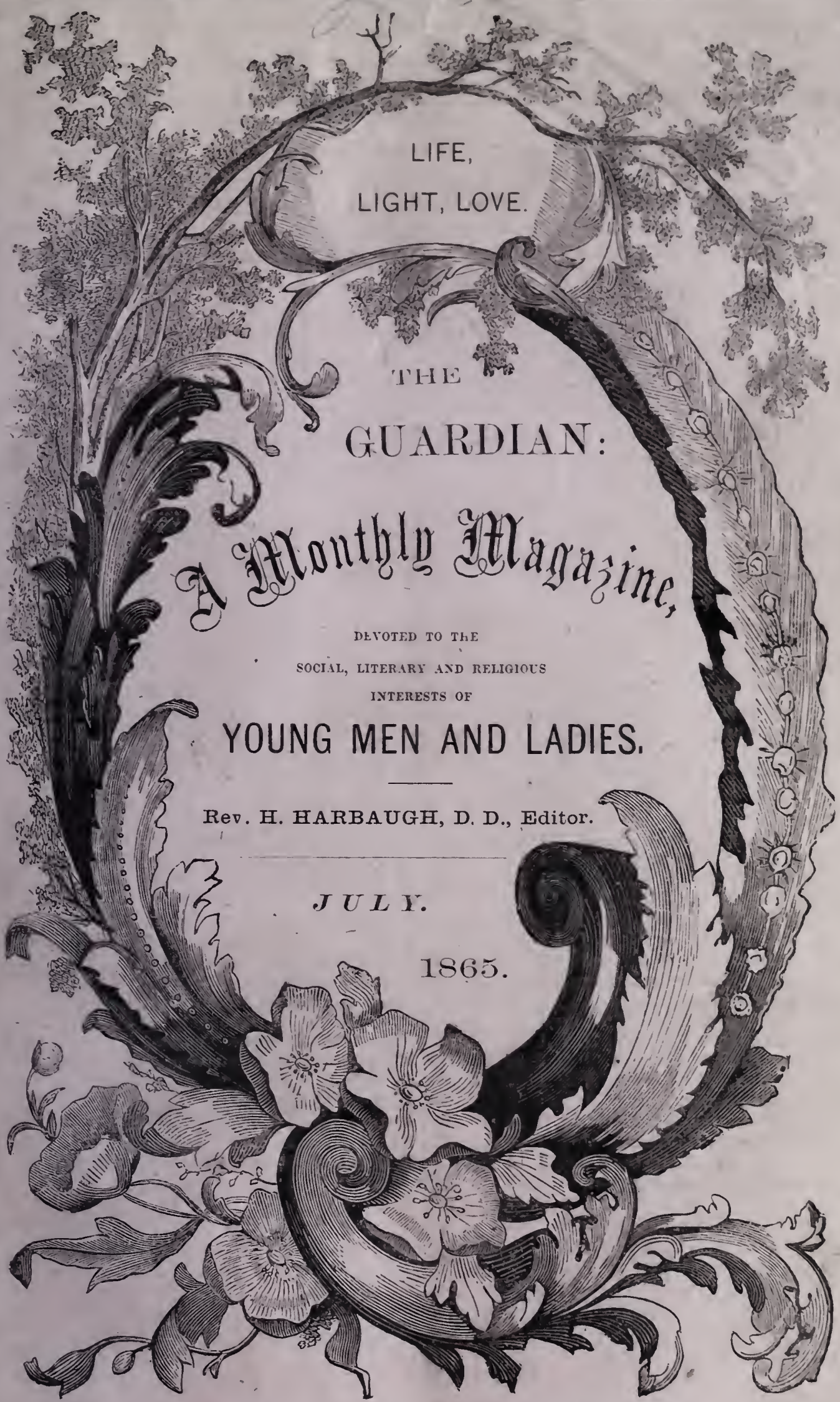
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Nos. 52 and 54 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.



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LIGHT, LOVE.

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Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

JULY.

1865.

S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.
J. B. RODGERS, PR.

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The Guardian.

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THE HIDDEN SEED.

BY REV. A. H. KREMER.

“The kingdom of God is as if a man should cast seed into the ground; and should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how; . . . first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear.”

In the economy of redemption, Christianity is presented to our attention as a life. It is not a mere notion, or sentiment, or even doctrine, but a living organism, just as real in the sphere of the Spirit, as is the growth and development of the body in the sphere of nature. Such is not only the teaching of the New Testament, but likewise of the Old. Aaron's rod budded and blossomed, and bare fruit, and continued in a state of greenness, and thus symbolized, not only the perpetuity of the holy ministry, but also the living character—the *vitality* of the true religion. It is not a *dead*, but a *living* sacrifice. Christianity grows and develops according to the laws of its own being. This is very clearly taught us in our parable. The analogy between the planting of the seed—its germination, and gradual growth, to full development—is at once striking and instructive. We are here taught the true covenant relations of our baptized offspring to the Church, our spiritual mother, and the gracious blessings to which such a relation entitles them. This relation should be duly appreciated by the religious teachers of our youth especially, whether in the family or in the departments of more public instruction.

The seed is sown or deposited in the earth, and thus placed in a condition to germinate, and by the force of its own peculiar life, to penetrate the soil. If the necessary conditions be present, such as light, heat, moisture, fertile soil, and the cultivating care of the husbandman, the stock will

develop, by the law of its own life, until matured in the full-grown and ripe grain. The husbandman need only discharge his peculiar and appropriate duty to *it*; then, though he sleep, or be on a journey, or employed in other vocations, it will grow to maturity—it has life in itself.

Thus it is with genuine religion—the religion of Jesus. It, also, is a life, and will as certainly grow, as will the living grain, corn, or wheat. This life is in Christ. Hence, says the great Teacher, “The kingdom of God is as if a man should cast seed into the ground.” The kingdom of God is the Church, founded in Christ, and of which He is the *life*. He pervades it, as the soul pervades the body. Hence, the Church, by its own secret energy, will grow, and overspread the earth, as the seed sown in the field, will, in obedience to the law of its being, grow, and cover the field with an abundant harvest. But it must develop from the seed—from the infancy, the germ of its being,—then onward to its full development. So, also, Christianity embraces the whole of our human life—our early childhood, as well as our maturer years. Accordingly, the promise of salvation is to our children, and a place is given them in the covenant.

Christ begins our salvation where our fall begins. We are conceived and born in sin, and go “astray from the womb, telling lies.” Now, just here begins our redemption. Christ is conceived by the Holy Ghost, and born of the Virgin Mary. In His person is the true life of men. This life is in His body, the Church, and no where else. The Church is the Lord’s vineyard, the gracious acre into which we must be introduced, if we would develop the Christian life and character, and become the heirs of immortality. Our relation to Christ must be organic and living. This the Saviour clearly teaches in the figure of the “vine and the branches,—also, in the figure of the body and its members. Here we are assured of a union with Christ as organic and real as the union between the vine and its branches, and the union between the head and members of the human body.

But what is the divinely-appointed method of being brought into this living and saving relation to Christ? Under the Old Testament economy, circumcision was the sign and seal of covenant blessings. This was the divinely-appointed mark of separation from the outside world. The circumcised constituted God’s visible Church and people, and none other. Under the New Testament dispensation, the sacrament of baptism is the sign and seal of our living relationship to Christ. Hence baptism is appropriately called the sacrament of the new birth. Not, indeed, the new birth itself, viewed merely as an outward rite; but it places us into such relations in Christ’s spiritual kingdom as to make sure to us the principle of a true spiritual life in Christ, which, with the presence of the needful and divinely-appointed conditions and means of spiritual growth, will develop the Christian life and character just as certainly as the grains of wheat will develop to maturity, with the presence of the proper conditions of vegetable growth.

“The kingdom of God is as if a man should cast seed into the ground, . . . and the seed should spring and grow up,”—“first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear.” These different stages of development, likened unto the kingdom of God, correspond with three stages of spiritual growth—*babes*, *youth*, and *full-grown believers*. We must be babes in the sphere of grace, as well as in the sphere of nature; born of

the Spirit, as well as of the flesh. We must be born in the *Church*, as our *spiritual mother*, and “nourished from *her* stores unto eternal life.” This state of things demands our *faith*. The husbandman deposits his seed in the soil, suitably prepared, then sleeps and rises, giving himself no further care, believing that it will germinate and grow up, though he cannot tell how. Thus the Christian parent lays his child in the bosom of Christ, in the holy sacrament of baptism. He believes that Christ will bless that child, as He blessed children brought to Him when on earth, so that it will develop *in* Him a Christian character, instead of growing up more and more a child of the devil, under the unchecked power of a totally depraved nature. He knows not how, any more than the husbandman knows how the seed germinates, and penetrates the soil, and in due time culminates in the full-grown corn. But he believes, as the husbandman believes. He believes that Christ really blesses his child—that He blesses it with a new and spiritual life, that will in the end mature in immortal blessedness, just as the husbandman believes that the seed he sows will produce a harvest.

But our belief must not be mere presumption. Though the husbandman believes in the inherent law of life in the seed, yet he must aid that growth by appropriate culture. Weeds may choke and destroy; these must be removed, and all possible external aid must be applied. Thus it is in the kingdom of grace. In the economy of redemption, we do not only have *grace*, but *means* of grace. The Church must nurse and foster her children—train them in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. But we cannot train a *dead* plant. It must have life—be in the soil, and in connection with the necessary conditions of vegetable growth. So, also, our children must sustain a *living* relation to *Christ*, who is the only life of men, if our nurture and care shall be of any avail. By nature our children are spiritually dead. They are under the law of sin, which is the law of death. Hence, unless they can be brought into living union with Christ, all our culture and care will be bestowed upon that which is dead, and, consequently, as fruitless as the culture bestowed upon a dead plant. It should, therefore, be our first and deepest solicitude to bring our offspring into living relations to Christ, who is the head and life of the Church—the life of its *infant*, as well as *adult* members. Then, in the faithful discharge of duty, may we hope to see them develop the graces of the Christian character and life. This is clearly taught us in the parable, noticed at the beginning of this article. Were this teaching better appreciated, and were there a firmer belief, on the part of parents, in the grace of the blessed gospel for their infant children, and were this faith honored with a corresponding practice, our youth would more generally than they do, grow up in the fear of God, and in the saving knowledge of the blessed gospel.

But children, even when given to God in baptism, are by too many regarded as little better than unsanctified heathen, destitute of all saving grace, children of wrath, and doomed to death eternal, hoping at best to be violently arrested, in their downward course to perdition, in some propitious period of their earthly probation. I need hardly say, that this is in direct opposition to the teachings of Christ. He died for infants, as well as for adults, and He has made provision to sanctify *their* corrupt nature, and place them in a condition to develop, in their growing childhood, the fruits of a new and holy life in Him. If He can renew and sanctify them for *heaven*, as He must in their early death, He can also renew and

sanctify them for *earth*. He is as deeply interested in the saving operations of His grace in the heart of a child, we firmly believe, as He is in the heart of an *adult*. We should, therefore, use all the means in our power, that our *children* may be the dwellings of the Holy Ghost. Let them be given to God and His Church in holy baptism, with a firm faith in the presence of His renewing and saving grace, and by prayer and Christian instruction, and holy living, foster and cultivate the "germ of a new life, implanted in the soul of the child," signed and sealed in holy baptism.

Hence, our children should always be in Christ. It is sad for *any* to know of a period, when they were not in Him. They should be as ignorant of their *spiritual* birth and childhood, as they are of their *natural*. A child is a human being long before it is *conscious* of the fact; so we should be Christians, *before* we are conscious of this great and precious truth. When we learn to know what Christianity is, we should learn it from the elements and attributes of the Christian *in ourselves*, just as we learn from the constitution of our own being that we are human.

"But," do you ask, "must not our children be converted?" Certainly. But what is conversion? It is a *turning* from sin to holiness; and in its higher development, it is a "mortifying of the old man, and a quickening of the new." Conversion is an essential element in man's new and spiritual life in Christ. If the corrupt nature of the little child be brought, standing in holy covenant with God, under the law of grace, and if it show, with its opening self-consciousness, the evidences of a Christian character, *there* will be found also, the elements of conversion. Just as the plant in the cellar, in obedience to the law of its life, turns away from the darkness toward the light gleaming upon it from some open window, so the child instinctively, under the hallowing presence of God's grace, turns away from sin to holiness. And if that child with its successive years, loves God and His service, growing better as it grows older, we very properly say, that child is converted—its face is set heavenward—it is in the way of life. If God in His mercy, imparted to it His grace, already in unconscious childhood, and signed and sealed it as His, in sacramental covenant, and put it already *then* in the right way, why all the better. God sanctified from the womb, John the *forerunner* of Jesus, and why will he not also sanctify His followers in the right use of His divinely appointed means of grace? Does not the very first question in our excellent, I might say incomparable, catechism, go upon the assumption, that our children, consecrated to God in holy baptism, and trained in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, are personally interested in the redemption by Christ?

Q. What is thy only comfort in life and in death?

A. That I, with body and soul, both in life and in death, am not my own, but belong to my faithful Saviour, Jesus Christ, who, with His precious blood has fully satisfied for all my sins, and delivered me from all the power of the devil."

This comfort is ours in childhood, as well as in riper years—in old age, in life and in death. God's covenant children are His in a real and living way, all the time they are in the covenant. They do not only have the external sign and seal of the invisible and saving grace, but the grace itself, or there would be nothing to seal. "But," it may be asked, "do all baptized children attest in their future life by a development of Christian

character, the presence of that covenant grace for which we are contending?" Many certainly do not. The divinely appointed conditions for spiritual growth may be wanting, such as careful Christian nurture in the family and in the Church. Many baptized children grow up in an entirely worldly atmosphere, with scarcely one favorable influence to foster the growth and development of that principle or germ of a new life in Christ—God's gracious gift to His covenant children. Or, our youth themselves may despise their sacred birth-right, and thus make of none effect the grace of God. Thousands professing Christ in adult age, who may seem to run well for a season, dishonor the cause they espoused, by inattention to its sacred claims. Parents and all religious teachers of youth, should take heed that they do not undervalue the promise of Christ's great commission to our children, as well as to ourselves. Let parents regard their baptized children as God's heritage—plants in the holy and life-giving soil of the Church, which they, by their prayers and faith, fidelity and holy living, are to foster and rear, as an actual growth in God's spiritual kingdom. Let it be impressed upon their opening consciousness that they belong to Christ, not only by purchase, but by actual incorporation into His mystical body, the Church. It is our manifest right to believe that when we apply the cultivating hand to the Christian nurture of our children, the seed of God's gracious covenant, there is present in them a principle to counteract the native and total depravity of their nature, signed and sealed in their formal consecration to God in holy baptism.

In this view, parents and pastors, and Sabbath School teachers, can give themselves to the work of Christian nurture and training with encouragement and hope. They are not in the vineyard while the children are without. The promise is not only to them, but to the children also; hence, their little ones are planted in the same soil as young and tender vines, needing the culture and care of a riper experience. For this work the Sabbath School offers a wide and promising field of usefulness. Here the private members of the Church can lend their aid to parental and pastoral training and nurture. And we are happy to know that this department of Christian effort has employed in its service large numbers of persons of the very first talents and refinement, and social position in the land. A few years ago, a clergyman from the South, in a visit to the North, made a considerably extended inspection of Sabbath Schools. In a statement of the result of his observations he remarks, "That in one of our Atlantic cities he found the Mayor of the city at the head of a class. In another, he found the Governor of the State employed in the same way. In another, he found an illustrious United States Senator at the head of a Sabbath School class. Indeed, wherever he went, he found men of all ranks and offices, and women of the first circles in society, laboring to impart instruction to the infant mind." And in this work, teachers are gathering a rich harvest for the granary of immortality! Think of the ecstasy of their dying hour, if they can look yonder to their bright home on high, and see sparkling in its celestial light their crown, gemmed with the souls that God gave them in their work of love as a Sabbath School teacher. Then labor on, labor faithfully, till you hear the welcome of your blessed Master: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

“Wie bist du mir so herzlich gut.”

BY W. J. S.

This Hymn, by Gerhard Tersteegen, who died 1769, was written under the following circumstances. After he had preached with much success for years, he fell into a season of doubt. At last he threw himself upon his knees, and prayed God, in mercy, to reveal Himself unto him. While praying, he was enabled to believe in the existence of God, and persuaded of a saving interest in the blood of Jesus, and wrote this Hymn before he rose from his knees. Hence the allusion to his former unbelief and deception in the seventh and eighth verses, and also of the Spirit's witness in the eighth.

How art Thou so entirely good!
Of all High Priests the best;
How dear and powerful is Thy blood,
It gives me constant rest!

When I am tempted to distrust,
And fear on Thee to build;
I know Thy blood hath made me just,
So all my fears are stilled.

It gives the burdened conscience ease,
And free access to Thee;
That I, in Thee, find truest peace,
However poor I be.

Have I done wrong, left undone good,
And doubts much ill forebode;
I feel Thine all-atoning blood
Remove my heavy load.

It mollifies pain's keenest smart,
With its balsamic power;
Gives comfort to the tortured heart,
New faith in every hour.

Here sinks to rest my trembling sense
Within Thy wounded heart;
And faith is now all confidence,—
Lord, can this be my part?

And can this be by grace conserved?
Is this deception, too?
For, awful sinner, I've deserved
Thy curse the ages through.

No, Jesus, this is even so,
Thy Spirit witnesses;
Thy blood doth blessed peace bestow,
I'm loved, and stand in grace.

Hence, sin! Be thou by me forgot.
Where this blood comes to stay,
There perishes each sinful thought—
Joy cheers the heavenward way.

Ye humble souls, by guilt cast down,
Come seek His smiling face;
The weary penitent shall own
The riches of His grace.

ON THE WAY TO EMMAUS.*

BY A FRIEND OF THE GUARDIAN.

Luke 24: 33-35.

These words form the concluding part of a very instructive narrative of an event which took place on Sunday evening—the evening of the day on which Christ rose from the grave.

Two disciples were going on foot to Emmaus, a village situated about six miles from Jerusalem. They were conversing on the all-absorbing theme of the day, the report, namely, that Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified and buried on Friday, had risen from the grave, and that He had been seen alive by certain women who visited the sepulchre early in the morning. The intelligence was astounding. They did not know what it meant, or how to receive it. Was it true or not? And if true, what did it mean? Questions like these they were earnestly discussing. It seems strange, at first view, that they were discussing such questions; for, before His betrayal, Christ had plainly taught His disciples that He would be put to death and rise again on the third day. But they could not understand this prediction.

They could not understand or receive the prediction for several reasons. The principal reason, no doubt was, that their minds were prepossessed with the idea of an external, temporal kingdom, a kingdom of a politico-religious character, which, in their opinion, the Messiah was to establish. Sanguine in their expectations of such a worldly kingdom, they were unfitted to receive the truth which Christ taught concerning Himself and His work. Connected with this prejudice was the unwillingness of the disciples to be separated from the society of the Redeemer. They loved Him. He was their Master, their Teacher, their Friend and Refuge. His bodily presence was necessary to their happiness. Hence they could not and would not believe that He would be crucified. Hence when the dark hour came, instead of seeing in it the evidence of the truth of His divine mission, they, shut up in wilful ignorance and prejudice, despaired and fled in dismay. And when, on Sunday morning, the wonderful report was circulated in the city of Jerusalem that Christ had risen, instead of rejoicing in faith, they continued to be cast down and perplexed.

* Discourse on Easter Sunday evening, 1865.

The depression and perplexity of these two disciples affords us an insight into the state of mind prevailing among all the disciples. How strong must have been their prejudices, and how obtuse their minds, to withstand all the instructions of Christ, and with the crucifixion and resurrection before their eyes to remain without any perception of the truth! In like manner do ignorance and prejudice now render ineffectual, both in the world and in the Church, the teachings of Christ's ministers and the administration of His ordinances. The fulness of grace may be taught in the pulpit, and you may hear and not understand. Christ may be set forth crucified for your sins, and risen for your justification in the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, yet for want of penitence, meditation and prayer, which fit the mind for receiving new communications of grace, you may fail to obtain that spiritual benefit from the Holy Communion which it is designed to confer. When the disciples had abundant cause for confidence and joy, they were desponding and confounded.

It was whilst walking towards Emmaus, and conversing together, that the risen Saviour overtook them. "But their eyes were holden that they should not know Him." Christ did not make Himself known, because the minds of these disciples were not yet in a fit state for an external manifestation. Their difficulty was an external one. They were wanting in knowledge and faith. Hence, in order to draw out an expression of their views and feelings, He questions them concerning the subject of their conversation: "What manner of communications are these that ye have one with another, as ye walk, and are sad?" Cleopas replies: "Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to pass in these days?" To draw them out more fully, Christ inquires: "What things?" Then they proceed to tell Him "How Jesus of Nazareth, a prophet mighty in deed and word had been condemned and crucified, how they had been disappointed in the hope that it had been He that should have redeemed Israel from the oppression of the Roman empire, and how they had been astonished at reports which had been circulated on that day, concerning His resurrection." Having led them thus to open their hearts to Him, He upbraids them for their ignorance and unbelief, their want of faith in the prophets, teaches the necessity of Christ's sufferings in order that He may enter into His glory, "and beginning at Moses and all the prophets, He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself."

Thus He opened to them the true meaning of the Scriptures of the Old Testament. Moses taught that Messiah must *suffer* for Israel. The sacrifices required by the ceremonial law show that there can be no approach to God without the shedding of blood—that the true Mediator between God and men must die for men. The prophets teach that the Deliverer of Israel must be despised and rejected of men, must be wounded for their transgressions, and His soul be made an offering for sin. All the Scriptures agree in this testimony. There must be an atonement. The necessary consequence of sin is misery and death. The curse cannot be excused or evaded. It must be borne. Sin is a power in men that must be destroyed, not by magic, but by bearing its penalty, and so bearing it that it ceases to have power in and over human nature. Death itself must be destroyed by dying, and the grave conquered by going into it—by one who surrenders himself to its power, and then triumphs over it. Satan him-

self must be met, his fierce temptations allowed and endured, and his dominion broken. To perform this work required deep humiliation, poverty, persecution, betrayal, agony, condemnation, crucifixion, death, burial and descent into Hades.

As Christ proceeded in His exposition of the Scriptures, the hearts of the two disciples burned within them. They saw the teachings of the prophets in a new light. Their notions concerning an outward, political kingdom gave way. They saw in the condemnation and death of Jesus of Nazareth, not a contradiction, but a fulfilment of their prophecies. Their dark understandings were enlightened, and faith in Jesus revived. Sadness gave way to hope, and sorrow to joy.

Now it was no longer necessary to confirm the reports of the women concerning the resurrection. But, their minds, relieved of error and prejudice, were open to conviction. The disciples constrained Him to go with them into the village; and, in the evening, whilst sitting together at the table, they recognized Him in the breaking of bread. Then, though he vanished at once out of their sight, they believed from the heart in the resurrection of Jesus. Immediately returning to Jerusalem, they found the eleven gathered together, and exclaimed, "The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared unto Simon." Their joyous belief in the resurrection was not forced upon them by external evidences of the fact, as in the case of Thomas, but it sprung from the deep conviction that Christ *ought* to have suffered these things, and to enter into His glory.

There is an inward connection between deep humiliation and great joy. "He who was equal with God, made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." Here is the most profound humiliation, with which the life of no man can be compared. But it was followed by the highest exaltation. "Wherefore God hath also highly exalted Him and given Him a name that is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth." Christ, as the God-man, God manifest in the flesh, was thus exalted, because, though He knew no sin, He put Himself under the law, was born of a poor virgin, and endured the whole curse, even to crucifixion and descent into Hades.

This is the order of life for every believer. Born in sin, penitence goes before spiritual joy. God would have us see and feel our misery, the misery of our fallen life, before He reveals in us the fulness of His grace. When we know ourselves to be lost and undone, guilty and condemned, we long for an Almighty Redeemer—for one who satisfies the demands of a broken law, and becomes our righteousness. Seeing every day that we are approaching the grave by the force of an irresistible power, yet instinctively averse to dissolution and the fearful darkness of the tomb, we sigh for one who is mightier than death, mightier than the grave—for one in whom we may conquer the last enemy.

To a mind thus sensible of its deep moral wants, how precious is the truth concerning the blessed Saviour—how precious is the certain knowledge of His sufferings and death for our sins, and of His resurrection from the dead, the pledge of our triumphant resurrection. The dark path of godly sorrow emerges into the beautiful and glorious landscape of heavenly joy.

The most of you, if not all, walk sometimes on the way to Emmaus. Sad from disappointment, cast down by the consciousness of your errors, and perplexed by your short-sightedness, you talk together of all the things which have happened unto you. You imagine yourselves to be alone. You well know that the Lord Jesus is great and mighty, and as loving as He is great. But you do not suppose that He is walking with you; for your eyes are holden that you may not know Him. But He is near, and overrules your sadness and sorrow so as to end in joy and gladness. Sorrow mellows your heart, weakens the power of the world, and makes you susceptible of the heavenly and divine. Your heart thus prepared, joy is greater for the sorrow you have felt, and the light of the sun is brighter for the darkness of the way along which you have been walking. When you come to Emmaus, the Lord reveals Himself to you in the breaking of bread, and you are filled with the conviction, *My Redeemer liveth.*

What is true of individuals, is true also, to some extent, of nations. For seven long years did the first struggle of the American colonies continue, involving great losses and sufferings and bloodshed; but it terminated in the joy of national existence. We became a free and independent people. Now, for four years has the greater calamity of civil war been upon us, with all its indescribable horrors. A wail of lamentation over burning towns and cities, over desolated fields, and over hundreds of thousands of the strong men of the land who have fallen by the sword, by disease and starvation, has gone up to Heaven from month to month, from fathers and mothers, from widows and orphans, in every part of our wide-extended territory. But the return of spring has brought with it the hope of a speedy restoration to law and order. God has heard the prayers of His people, and has caused the whole nation to rejoice over great and decisive victories.

How little did we think that our rejoicing was so soon again to be turned into profound sorrow! Yesterday was emphatically a day of gloom. Three different facts met. The natural day was lowering. The sun did not shine upon us. The heavens were covered with clouds, distilling mist and rain. The whole aspect of nature had a tendency to inspire feelings of sadness; as if the material world were in sympathy with moral and spiritual events.

Saturday was also the anniversary of the day, on which the crucified Saviour's body lay buried in the tomb, when Satan and wicked men were triumphing over the fallen Jesus of Nazareth, when Christ Himself went down into the under-world, the region of the dead, and when all His followers were scattered and cast down in despair.

Yesterday, also, the Chief Magistrate of the nation was borne a lifeless corpse into the national mansion, smitten down on Good Friday evening by the hand of a vile assassin—a crime and a calamity which has no parallel in the entire history of this country. These events conspiring, made it a day of extraordinary sorrow and depression.

But this morning the sun arose in beauty and splendor. The sombre clouds had disappeared, and the cheering light of day excited a sensation of relief and pleasure; and through all the hours of this Easter Sunday, the exhilarating light of the sun has prevailed over mist and clouds. This bright natural day symbolizes the joys of Easter—the joy which, like rays

of light, shall come to all nations, and kindreds and tongues, through the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. This bright Easter Sunday symbolizes also the greatness and strength and moral glory which await this nation, if it be faithful to its trust. The King of kings is walking with us, and teaching us even whilst we are passing through this last national affliction; and will overrule it, we may know not how, for the spiritual good of His believing people and the prosperity of the nation. All things work together for good to them that love God. Out of our profound grief and sorrow the nation will come forth in due time into a state of solid peace and joy.

This evening we commemorate the Christian's sorrow and the Christian's joy—the sorrow of Good Friday, and the joy of Easter Sunday—the death of Jesus Christ on the Cross, and the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead—His ignominious death for our sins, and His glorious victory over the powers of hell for our complete redemption. In the Holy Communion, the blessed Saviour is set before us as *crucified* and *risen*—as dying, and yet alive from the dead—as being our atoning High Priest, and our living, reigning King. We weep at the foot of the Cross over our sins, and we rejoice with the two disciples in the assurance that *The Lord is risen indeed.* When with believing hearts we draw nigh to the altar, and eat and drink the consecrated bread and wine, the signs and seals of the crucified One who is the resurrection and the life, we share the sanctifying efficacy of His death, and the immortality of His resurrection life. Here our forgiveness is sealed. Here we have the pledge of our victory over the grave, and of eternal life. The Lord Himself nourishes us in this outward administration of His most comfortable Sacrament. He nourishes us both in soul and body by the mysterious communication of His own glorified divine-human life. We commune in sorrow for sin, and in hope of everlasting life. This sorrow will be turned into joy; and this hope will pass into unspeakable fruition. Therefore, draw nigh to the altar of God with contrite hearts, and in the exercise of true faith in your *risen* Lord.

"IS IT WELL WITH THE CHILD?"

BY J. J.

God has implanted in the breasts of parents a love for their offspring. Even the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field, manifest the most tender care for their young. But the parental affection which God has implanted in the breast, the religion of Christ has a tendency, not only to sanctify, but also to direct to the noblest purposes. In the absence of true piety, however, there is no cementing bond; there are no promptings to the faithful discharge of those solemn duties growing out of the parental relation. Admitting this fact, it necessarily follows, that it is only Christian parents who can cherish for the tender offspring which God has intrusted to their care, the tenderest of all interests. This being the case, the greatest anxiety on the part of such will be, "Is it well with the child?"

in a spiritual point of view? Every Christian family is not only connected with the Church, but also with the world. Consequently it follows, that the influence of the family will be either for good or evil to mankind in general. Who can help but admire the language of one of our poets, who, in addressing parents, says,

"Go take thy sweet babe, and to Jesus confide him, •
He has dwelt in our flesh, He can feel for our fears,
Take this lamb to the Shepherd, who safely shall guide him,
Through the desert of perils, the valley of tears."

It has become a very common thing for many fathers to excuse themselves from co-operating with mothers in "training up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Such appear to think, that their business only is to provide for the bodily wants of their families. Their actions in this respect resemble that of the Shunamite father, who was engaged in the field with the reapers, and who replied, "Carry him to his mother." Let the mothers attend to these things.

It is the importance of the interest that should claim the serious attention of every parent, that we wish to present in the present article.

Every parent knows, or ought to know, that children born of sinful parents naturally belong to a race of fallen beings, and if carefully observant, will discover that the hearts of their children are averse to everything that is good, and inclined to everything that is evil, and consequently, that the child inherits a depraved nature. It can, therefore, be said to be well with the child only when he becomes an early partaker of the blessings of redemption. It can be said only of children dying in infancy, having not yet arrived at that period in life when they have added to original sin actual transgression, "It is well," because they are saved through the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now, while it is right for parents to sympathize with their children in their temporal interests and bodily afflictions, they should let their thoughts go beyond all this, and follow the undying soul as it enters the untried realities of eternity.

A writer tells of a mother, who, when looking upon her children, was led to ask this question: "Where shall I be with these children a thousand years hence?" Parents may provide for the bodily wants of their children, they may educate them, and—solemn thought—they may still die with unrenewed hearts. Without the spiritual change wrought by the Spirit of God, of what avail are all other external adornments, as it respects the end of their being?

But I would also remind parents of another solemn fact, viz.: "That the salvation of your children, has, in a peculiar sense, been committed into your hands. They are under your eye and your control. Oh, what a solemn responsibility has God thrown upon every parent! It is in youth that serious impressions are more easily made. The heart has not yet become hardened; the conscience has not become seared. Now is the time for you to exert a good influence upon your offspring. A French philosopher made this remark, "Give me the first five years of a child's life, and I will teach it to break every law of God and man." Surely parental unfaithfulness is one of the crying sins of the Church. How many parents,

professing Christians, who have solemnly dedicated their children to God in the ordinance of baptism, promising to "train them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," yet neglect their religious training? Oh, ye parents who have not been faithful to your solemn trust, think of Eli, the unhappy father, weeping over his neglect of parental duty. Such a sight, methinks, would have the power of a thousand arguments to arouse parents to a sense of the solemn and momentous obligations resting upon them. As you look upon your children, ponder well the question, "Is it well with the child?"

HYMN.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY THE EDITOR.

This glorious Hymn of META HEUSSER-SCHWEITZER was written in 1831, according to Dr. Schaff. It was first anonymously published in a collection of Dr. Knapp. It was afterwards taken into the new Württemberg Hymn Book, the last three stanzas omitted; and also included (ten verses) in the collection of Lange and Knapp. In the new German Hymn Book by Dr. Schaff, it stands as Hymn 149. It was originally the second part of a Spring Hymn which begins "Hör ich euch wieder ihr Töne des Frühlings erklingen." During the last two or three years we have a number of times attempted the translation of this highly inspired and inspiring hymn, but were as often compelled to lay it aside, not able to reach the "heights of its argument." Still anxious, however, that this Hymn should speak in more than one tongue, even though it might be in a somewhat stammering manner, we made another attempt on Good Friday last. Those who do not know the inimitable pathos of the original may perhaps think we have succeeded.

Lamb that hast suffered, and Lion of Judah victorious,
Conq'ror of Hell by a sacrifice all-meritorious;
Dying in pain,
Rising in triumph again,
Thou art exalted and glorious.

To awful depths Thou in love hast for us men descended,
Thy dreadful Godhead by veil of our flesh was attended,
"Worthy art thou,"—
Shouts all eternity now—
Thy praise shall never be ended.

Heavenly love which no poor words of earth can e'er measure,
Prince of high worlds where the holy adore Thee with pleasure,
Thou, Lord, didst go
Down into fathomless wo,
Bringing salvation's rich treasure.

O'er the abyss, and the horrors of regions infernal,
Wav'st Thou the palm-branch of victory, Hero supernal,
Who trusts in Thee,
Rises from sin and death free,
And wins the blest life eternal.

Son of man, Saviour, and Lamb of God merciful, holy,
In Thee may trust all the humble and penitent lowly,
From Thy warm heart,
Thou saving life doth impart,
Healer of sin-sick hearts solely.

Glorious wonder!—in Heaven the best and the purest,
Thou to Thyself the polluted and sinful allurest;
Bearest their sin,
Takest to heavenly joys in,
Even earth's vilest and poorest.

Into mine ears, sweetly winning, Thy calling has sounded,
Lord, to my heart vile and sinful, Thy love has abounded;
Yes 'twas Thy grace,
Found for my resting a place,
On the eternal Rock founded.

Praise, praise the Lord, who Himself hath so sweetly revealed,—
With happy life all thy wounds and thy sickness healed;
Peace in all strife,
Hope o'er this vain earthly life;
By Thine atoning blood sealed.

Now hope and love bear thee upward, faith failing never,
Sweet land of promise, thy light now shall cheer me for ever.
There Thou shalt rest,
Safe in the home of the blest,—
Thee and thy bliss naught shall sever.

Hail, blessed land where to vision is changed our believing;
Blest even here where our life in earth's darkness is grieving,—
As cheering signs,
To us the light of Heaven shines.
In this dark world we are leaving.

Join, my weak voice with the glorious hosts gone before us,
Join, with the Church of all lands in sweet anthem and chorus:
Gather Thy bands,
Jesus, Thy Church from all lands,—
With all thy ransomed restore us.

Shout, earth—thy fresh life with spring-tide in germ and bud springing,
Sing, world—let chorals be heard in thy fields and woods singing:
Shout, sainted host,
On yonder pearl-bestrewed coast,—
Glory to God on high singing.

THE GRAND REVIEWS AT WASHINGTON.

BY L. H. S.

The happiness, which every lover of his country feels on account of the return of peace, can find no words to express it properly. For four long years have the loyal men of our country labored to destroy the monstrous rebellion, that bad men had raised up for the overthrow of the unity and stability of our nation. Treasure and talent, and that which was worth more than these, blood had been freely given, because each man felt that it was a solemn duty to rally round the flag of his forefathers. At times hope was turned into despair, and we feared the expected fruition would never be enjoyed. Gradually a nation, solely given to arts of peace, was concentrated into a military power. The drum and fife became familiar sounds every where. Fathers and brothers, husbands and sons were bidden farewell to, and anxious wrestling in prayer for their preservation was known in almost every household. Mighty armies were raised, Generals were educated up to the magnitude of the grand task, and the vast machinery found a mind, capable of directing the whole, in the quiet, unpretending officer, who had placed his life and his services at the command of his country.

Out of the darkness, eventually, we emerged into the full light of day. Science, aided by a favoring Providence, enabled our brave soldiers to cope with the military talent of the Rebellion, and *then* victory with triumphant wings, perched upon our country's flag. Army after army was surrendered or battered to pieces, and finally the citadel of the rebellion having been conquered, and even saved from the fiery destruction to which the unprincipled leaders of the Rebel government had devoted it, the arch-rebel is caught while endeavoring to escape by cowardly enrobing himself in the apparel of a woman. Victory is complete for the right and the just; and humiliation complete for the willing and unwilling followers of the leaders of the rebellion. Was there any thing more? yes! a mighty debt, to the war-worn veterans who had relinquished comfort or luxury, was due, and the first installment has just been paid at Washington. The warriors, who had fought through the fires of shot and shell, must receive an ovation, at the seat of Government that should be a promise of the good will that shall ever be theirs throughout the land. One half of them could be spared from their previous fields of action, and, being collected around the city of Washington, they were to be reviewed, in the presence of the President and all the chief dignitaries, by the chieftain who had directed the whole. Hence the reviews of May 23d and 24th, 1865.

A large military review always has something of a weird-like attraction about it, that interests a people beyond any other pageant. The stirring music, the brilliance of well polished arms, the prancing of steeds bearing officers and cavalry, the gay banners flaunting in the breeze and the uni-

form dress—all please. It is not only the child who finds delight in these, but the gray-haired sire alike gazes and finds satisfaction in the sight. All this was intensified with those who witnessed these grand reviews. They were to represent the American army, that had toiled, struggled and fought for the life of the nation, offering up human life freely that man might enjoy hereafter the grand blessings of free government. It was not the pomp and circumstance of war, but the warriors themselves in their rugged simplicity, devoid of glare and show, that claimed attention. And so, people flocked from every State in the Union to witness the array. Hotels and private houses were filled to repletion, and the greatest anxiety was felt, that the weather should be favorable, and surely Providence never granted more beautiful weather for such purpose than was enjoyed at this time.

On the first day the Army of the Potomac, whose record would epitomize all the history of our armies, exhibiting the effects of blunders and mistaken plans, as well as of scientifically prepared campaigns and well fought battles, was reviewed. The very name brings feelings of pride to every one, who has been happy enough to have aided it in any way in its history. The writer looks back upon not a few days spent in its midst, with thoughts that fail to find words for utterance. Grand old Army! whose record of toil and trial, of losses on the field and from the barbarous treatment of Southern prisons, has been made all over glorious by the blaze of glory that surrounds the end of its career! May the patriotic lessons learned in it never be forgotten by America's sons! The names of its commanders, one and all, will be found by the historian, worthy of a place among those of the military giants of the world.

Eighty-five thousand veteran soldiers constituted the amount on review. The Sixth Corps was not present, being detached for special duty in Virginia. Had it been present, the number would have been swelled largely above one hundred thousand. It is not within the limits of the space allowed in the magazine to give a detailed account of the regiments composing the procession, and a sketch will only be presented. At the head of the column rode Major General George G. Meade, the commander, a thorough soldier and brave man, who has toiled on from the great victory of Gettysburg until the final surrender of the rebel chieftain—Robert E. Lee. He was accompanied by the staff officers required to control the different departments of the army. Then came the Cavalry Corps, commanded by Major General Merritt. This was a grand sight,—ten thousand men who had, under Stoneman, Pleasanton and Kilpatrick, learned to become, as it were centaurs, and had brought their knowledge, under the gallant Phil. Sheridan, to the highest practical results, in the Valley of Virginia and in the final struggles of the Rebellion. There was the eccentric Custer with his red-scarfed heroes, the division once commanded by our Bayard, a fit owner of the first Bayard (the chevalier who had neither fear nor reproach), and that which, under Averill, had won honors that will last wherever its name is known.

The Provost Marshal General's Brigade, now commanded by Brig. Gen. G. N. Macy, followed. This department, organized by Major General Andrew Porter, and brought to perfection by Major General M. R. Patrick, is one of the most complete that has ever enlisted. It is burdened with duties many and numerous. The entire police of the army is under its control, and it has been responsible for the guarding of prisoners

whenever taken in battle or otherwise. A record of hard and thankless labors has been made by it, and *the boys* marched as if they felt not ashamed of every page of the same.

Then came the Engineer Brigade, commanded by Brig. Gen. H. W. Benham. The regiments, comprising this command, have been employed in constructing permanent and temporary fortifications, laying pontoon bridges over streams of difficult passage, and removing the same when necessary. The men were hardy and showed a condition of high health as a result of their laborious lives. They carried with them two pontoons and all the necessary appurtenances, intrenching tools and other articles indicative of the duties and labors peculiar to their position.

Next followed the Ninth Army Corps, familiarly known as Burnside's Corps, now commanded by Major-General John G. Parke. Almost all the loyal states were represented in this command. The Corps-badge, a *shield* bearing on its broad face an anchor and a cannon, crossing each other at right angles, was the proud decoration which marked these sturdy warriors. Glittering muskets and well polished artillery were here shown, that had been effective on many a well-fought battle field. Let us pray that they may never again be employed except in the defence of a holy and just cause. There were flags, all tattered and torn by the shot and shell of the enemy,—some, indeed, consisting of nothing more than the mere fringe, and yet—*the whole flag was there* to the mind of the spectator. Men had died in defence of their colors, and their spirits seemed to be present joining in the general joy of the occasion. Eyes filled with tears as the recollection of hard-fought battles would present itself, and some were not indisposed to thank God for preserving the lives of so many who rallied around them.

Then the glorious old Fifth Corps, with its beautiful Corps-badge—the *Maltese cross*, henceforth the pride of all that have ever been favored with fighting under its colors. How many thousands from all the states had fought side by side in this Corps, the records of the Army will show. There is no record of cowardice on the pages of its History. The imbrowned countenances and warlike features of its men, their firm and steady step, and their tattered banners,—all told of hard service, of long sieges, desperate engagements, and finally of grand and decisive victory. Major Gen. Charles Griffin has the honor of commanding this corps,—an honor which might be envied him by any soldier, no matter how great his reputation. The writer knows how dearly their tattered colors were to its officers on the morning of the Review, having draped those of one gallant regiment with crape at the request of its Colonel (It is proper to state that in honor of the late President the colors were all draped in mourning), the latter said to him “I cannot look at my colors without tears; my brave boys have freely offered up their lives for the flag and every shred is precious.”

It is well to state, that a full brigade dressed in Zouave costume, attracted unusual attention along the whole line of march. Our uniform is very beautiful, although somewhat sombre, and the bright colors of the Zouave costume gave pleasing variety to the column.

The whole line was closed by the Second Corps, with its *trefoil badge* commanded by Major General A. A. Humphreys. This Corps had been originally organized by Major General French, and has acquired a grand

renown under the direction of Hancock, which has not suffered under its present leader. Enthusiastic demonstrations of love and respect were showered upon its members as they marched down Pennsylvania Avenue, and afforded so good an opportunity for every spectator to witness those who had won and defended the good name of the Second Corps. Every one had occasion to remark how free and firm was the tread, not only of this Corps, but of all in the column. The grand desideratum of an army, that its men should be converted into thinking portions of a vast machine capable of being moved by one main string, had been secured. No army ever marched better, nor gave better assurance of full and complete adaptation for all the purposes of war.

Thus formed, the Army of the Potomac marched around the Capitol, whose noble dome had been completed for the admiration of the nation, *while* this Army was struggling in the field for its conservation. Then, down the broad avenue, planned by the father of his country, gazed upon and enthusiastically cheered by their fellow-citizens, who thronged the side walks and filled the windows and doors of the houses,—their march enlivened by music from bands and drum-corps,—passing by the Treasury building to the front of the President's house, where they were reviewed by Lieut. General Ulysses S. Grant—the mighty genius who has directed the operations of our vast armies for the last year—and the President of the United States. These distinguished persons were surrounded by the elite of the nation and the diplomatic representatives of foreign countries, together, with thousands of the fairer sex. Loud huzzas, bright eyes, bouquets of choicest flowers, kind words, and good cheer marked the entire course of the procession from the place of starting until the stand occupied by the reviewing officer was reached. Then the Army marched back to its camp. A feeling of sadness passed over every one, for it was felt, that, having done its duty, having gained an imperishable renown, having served its purpose, the days of this gallant Army could not be many. But bright and glorious is its record, and future generations will boast that their ancestors served in its ranks or among its officers.

Another scene of equal interest was afforded on the 24th of May, when Sherman's command, consisting of the armies of Tennessee and Georgia, passed in military column before the same reviewing officer. These Armies are generally composed of sturdy men from the West and North West, whose stalwart forms and sun-imbrowned faces showed that they have endured the fatigues of campaigning in the Mississippi marches, of fighting battles *above the clouds* on Lookout mountain, and of pushing their way through the rice dykes of Georgia. Hard fighting, not harder, in fact, than that accomplished by the Army of the Potomac, and marches of fabulous lengths, had been so frequently related in our daily newspapers of this Army, that crowds, of probably greater size than those of Tuesday, had accumulated on the avenue to witness their march. It is not our object to compare the Armies critically. In fact, they are composed of the same kind of men, and under like circumstances each would be competent to perform what has been done by the other.

At nine o'clock, precisely, the head of the column moved, being preceded by Major General W. Tecumseh Sherman, U. S. A. His name is now enrolled among the world's great commanders. Valiant and judicious in battle, he has prosecuted a campaign, which reads like something of mediaeval

history, rather than a page of the present. Through the centre of the so-called Confederacy he marched his valiant men, with hardly a show of resistance to the momentum of his force. The want of solidity of this wicked imposition was no where more palpably shown than in the campaigns of Sherman. He might well be proud of the men who had enabled him to do this, and whom he now led, on the grand Review. Following him came Maj. General O. O. Howard, who has not been improperly designated as the "*Havelock*" of the American Army. Educated at West Point, he had, however, resigned his position and was reading for the ministry, when the needs of the country called him to offer his services. In the Peninsula campaign, an arm (the right one) had been sacrificed to his country, yet he did not leave the service; meeting a serious reverse with a Corps under his command at Chancellorsville, he still did not despair, and now with the success which untiring perseverance always deserves (when it is accompanied with genuine merit) he appears before his countrymen as the retiring Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Tennessee, having accepted the responsible position of Superintendent of the Freedmen of the United States. The career of this Christian soldier is something worthy of imitation by the youth of the land. It is possible for one to be a soldier *and* a Christian,—nay, the best Christian makes the best soldier.

The Army of Tennessee, composed of the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps, commanded now by Major General Logan, had the right of the column. It had fought at Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Lookout Mountain, Resaca and Atlanta, and on many other fields. Hard fighting, short rations and long marches had been its share. The Lieutenant General had won his stars with its brave boys and must have felt an honest pride in looking over its war-worn ranks. First came the Fifteenth Corps, bearing as its badge a *cartridge-box* with the legend "*Forty Rounds*". It was commanded by the brave and handsome Major General W. E. Hozen, who has risen from the position of captain in the 8th. Regular Infantry. At the storming of Fort M'Allister, he was at the head of the storming party. The colors of this command were tattered and torn, the result of many a shot from the insurgent forces. Inspiring music accompanied the veterans, who stepped as lightly as though they had never known what it was to be fatigued. The Engineer Corps, attached to this command, as indeed is the case with all Sherman's Corps, was mostly composed of negroes, who shouldered their shovels, pick-axes and spades, and marched with all the grave dignity becoming men who had helped to build breastworks and other engineering contrivances for the protection and assistance of troops.

The Seventeenth Corps, was commanded by Major General Frank P. Blair, who was surrounded by a brilliant staff of accomplished officers. His men were entirely from the West, and seemed not a little proud of their badge, a silver *arrow*. Friends cheered them as they marched along and flowers were lavishly given their officers, by those whose enthusiasm adopted that form of expression. Swift as arrows in the charge, they had no unpleasant memories of failures to perform any duty assigned them. With military tread and earnest countenances these veteran soldiers, passed in review before the high dignitaries of the land. They also possess the right to a page in the great book of History.

Next came what is technically known as "*the left wing*" of Sherman's Army—the Army of Georgia, composed of the Twentieth and Fourteenth

Corps and commanded by a soldier, whose record has been excelled by few in this great war, Major General H. W. Slocum. The Twentieth Corps contains representatives of all the States in the Union. It was formed of the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps of the Army of the Potomac, and its men had fought valiantly and well in Virginia, on the bloody fields of Antietam and among the rocky hills of Gettysburg, before they had been transferred to the West. The *Star* is the Corps-badge. Our readers may recollect the operations of this Corps at Lookout Mountain, under Hooker, when the battle was literally fought above the clouds. Both Western and Eastern states are represented in its ranks, and their deeds are as familiar to the country as the names of their Division-commanders—A. S. Williams and John W. Geary. The Corps itself was commanded by Maj. Gen. Joseph A. Mower, whose fame had been acquired in the Seventeenth Corps, before his assignment to the Twentieth. As this Corps passed along the Avenue, our thoughts were wandering back to the time when some of its oldest regiments were beginning their military life in the Army of the Shenandoah under Banks. A very large number of officers have been rewarded with the stars that indicate the rank of General; but few of the familiar faces are to be seen in their ranks: still their services in defence of their country should never be forgotten. Many have gone to render up their account for the deeds done in the flesh, and the tear of sad regret dims the sight as memory tries to trace the four-years' history of these brave boys. They have endured as much hardship as ever falls to the lot of soldiers, and now return to the duties of citizens with the same patriotic spirit that compelled them to seek the field. The grandeur of the pageant, as well as the earnest enthusiasm of the spectators, was somewhat affected as the Pack-mule Brigade, attached to Geary's Division, made its appearance. This was the comic portion of the Review. Several hundred mules and donkeys, all apparently chosen for their diminutive size, were led by colored boys, whose clothing and general appearance are beyond description. Nothing could be called *uniform*,—all was *multiform*. Two boys, with hats that beggar description, mounted on mules about 4 feet high, led the Brigade, then followed the motley herd, with their backs loaded down with pots, pans and "such like commodities", and among the culinary utensils were mixed the various articles that foragers collect wherever they go. To make the scene still more ludicrous—goats, coons and game chickens, with an occasional Poodle-dog were carried along on the backs of the long-eared quadrupeds. Cleanliness and order did *not* mark this Brigade, but its appearance removed the serious thoughts that were oppressing the crowd of earnest spectators, who will never recall its appearance without a smile.

The whole column was closed by the Fourteenth Corps, under Major Gen. Jefferson C. Davis, whose name is as suggestive of patriotic deeds as is that of his name-sake—the arch rebel—of broken faith, despicable perjury and horrible treason. The gallant Thomas first commanded this Corps, and disciplined it to that perfection of soldiery which has not lost a tittle of its glory under the present leader. The *Acorn* badge distinguished this fine body of men from their brethren of the grand Army, and they seemed not a little proud of it, as the ensign which had floated along with the national colors on many a sternly contested battle-field.

And now, the rear guard has passed and the Reviews—the largest ever held on this continent, have been closed. The nation has seen the survi-

vors of those men who have taken their lives into their hands at their country's call. The calm imperturbable Lieut. General, whose power of combination has made them irresistible, and whose disregard of self has enabled him to give honor where honor was due, has seen the last of the glittering bayonets of these world-renowned Armies. But grand as the spectacle has been, when we think that not more than *one third* of the Armies of the United States have been reviewed, the magnitude of the contest and expenditure of money and life to sustain the nation's integrity, begins to become clear to the thoughtful mind. What a treasure to us all must this country not henceforth be? Let children learn to respect the powers that be, to cultivate that subordination which will cause them to obey laws rather than the dictates of self-will. This vast body of soldiers will soon return to the duties of civil life. May they all strive to advance the natural resources of the country and the education, intellectual and moral, of its citizens, so that our fame shall not only rest upon our strength, but upon our character as true men, duly reverencing and cultivating every thing that is noble and good.

The whole world has been interested in these Reviews. We need fear no longer hostile conflict with foreign powers. We are *the strongest power on the globe*. Let us then learn to fear doing wrong, let us cultivate the right, and *then*—we may sing with honest pride—

The star-spangled banner, oh long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

BURIED AT SEA.

BY COSMO.

Very many times, when I have been relating to friends on shore the incidents of some ocean burial scene in which I have participated, and which faithful memory recalls vividly to mind, I have observed a sort of shrinking terror, an involuntary shudder pass over my listeners, as if there was something very terrible even in the thought of consigning the inanimate clay of even a stranger to the cold dreary depths of an almost shoreless sea. The very idea of thus bestowing the dear remains of a loved relative or friend, is to those whose home is ever on the land, most revolting, and the reality itself would be almost insupportable. It is to them a cruel thought, that the last resting-place of the loved and the lost should be in the mighty depths of the ever restless ocean, down—far down, in the cold green caverns, uncoffined, and their grave unmarked by lettered marble; the wild waves chanting their unceasing requiem, and fierce winds howling everlastingly their funeral dirge, till the last loud trumpet shall bid the sea yield up its dead.

It is our unfamiliarity with ocean burials, that always clothes them with

such dread. The sailor, grown familiar by long associations with such scenes, comes to look upon the sea as the only proper sepulchre of the dead, and shudders at the idea of a coffin prison, and the crushing suffocating weight of earth—the rotting of flesh and crumbling to dust of his bones, with ten times the horror that the landsman does upon a burial at sea.

Ocean-born, cradled by the ship, rocked by waves and lullabied by the winds—reared to manhood on the sea, I had from my earliest recollection been familiar with the burial of our dead beneath its blue surface, and learned to look upon its heaving, ever-restless bosom, as the only fitting final resting-place of man. Trenching deep into the earth, heaping on smothering clods, and crushing mortal remains beneath tons of conventional marble, seemed to me a desecration of God's image—a species of civilized barbarism, that brought always with the thought a shivering horror.

When my girl-wife first went to sea with me, I remember how at first, on our outward passage, her great terror was the possibility that death might seize upon her when thousands of miles from her childhood's home, and her burial beneath the white-crested waves become a necessity. But when I explained to her, that properly disposed, with heavy weights attached to the feet, the dead body always went far down into the everlasting, immovable, currentless depths, scores of fathoms below the possible range of ravenous fishes, or the possible reach of corruption, where no decomposing agency could ever come, and upborne by the briny density of the lower depths, as on atmospheric wings, the body floated perpendicularly—standing erect as in life—God's image still intact, waiting there unwearied, and unchanged in a single feature, until time shall be no longer, and the arch-angel's call shall summon it to come forth to judgment—then all the terror of such a sepulchre drifted from her, and my wife learned to contemplate with quiet pleasure such a final disposition of the dead. After she had become familiar with death and burials at sea by witnessing them, her earnest wish was, that, when God in his wisdom saw fit to summon her hence, the call might come in some mid-passage, and one day she exacted from me a promise, that, should she chance to die on shore, I would carry her far out to sea, and bury her there.

She had her desire accomplished. Her bright, young spirit took its Heaven-ward flight far away from the land, upon the bosom of the tempest-tossed ocean. She died and was buried at sea. Hers was the last ocean burial I ever looked upon, and with every feature of the scene as vivid as if engraved upon my heart in letters of living fire, I shall write briefly of it as it occurred. There is no need that I should draw upon imagination for a single thought. My journal, picturing the sad scene, lies open before me, and that which I shall write will be simply unembellished facts.

The demon of secession had driven us hurriedly from our Eden-home in the far Southern Gulf regions, and the hardships, exposure and vicissitudes incident to a fugitive flight of more than a thousand miles through a hostile country and population, in rough wagons, on horseback, and by times on foot, had so shattered my wife's health—never robust, that there was but one hope of re-establishing it, and that hope a faint one. But I laid hold of it resolutely, and was rewarded by results almost miraculous.

Very carefully, upon a mattress, we bore my invalid, semi-paralytic wife on board a ship bound for the West Indies, and thus for the last time, I took her, who had been my companion in so many voyages to sea. The effect of salt water-bathing, salubrious sea air, and old associations, were like magic. On the tenth day my wife was walking the deck, leaning on my arm, revelling in her old delights—watching the wheeling flight of snowy sea fowl, the playful career of the porpoise, the arrowy darting dolphin, and the cutting through the air of those beautiful ocean fairies—the glittering flying fish.

So rapidly did health and vigor come back to her shattered frame, that when we reached Guadaloupe, the roses of her young childhood again bloomed in her cheeks, her dark brown eyes sparkled again with all their girlish vivacity, and she was equal to the fatigues of her favorite equestrian exercise, so that we made long excursions into the interior, and I never heard her complain of weariness.

Four months passed, during which time we had visited the Windward, and all the Virgin Group of Islands, and were at St. Pieres, in the Island of Martinique, prepared to embark for the United States. We were offered a passage in one of our first-class steam sloops of war, which had called at St. Pieres, and was home-ward bound, and as the ship would touch at Key West, the Havana, Port Royal and Beaufort, affording us an opportunity of seeing a great deal of our new naval power, and something of blockade life, the invitation was thankfully received and accepted.

We sailed from St. Pieres at an early hour on the morning of the 27th of October, with the trade winds blowing a gentle breeze, a clear, cloudless sky, and the blue waves slumbering as peacefully as a rocked infant.

Twelve hours later, the stout ship was doing brave battle with one of those terrible gales, which sometimes sweep over the surface of the Caribbean Sea with such destructive fury.

Within two hours after the gale came on, my wife was suddenly attacked with violent vomiting and great distress at the stomach. It was not sea sickness—though several of the sailors, and among them some who had been upon the sea more than half their lives, were suffering severely from that malady. My wife had never experienced a moment's nausea from sea sickness in all her voyaging; besides, there was not a feature of the complaint apparent in her case. The symptoms were more like those of that dreadful scourge of the Northern tropics—the terrible *Vomito*. But then that fatal scourge had been no where in our course, and at Dominique, Mariegalante and Martinique, where we had spent the last five weeks, it so rarely occurs, that it seemed an utter impossibility that my wife could have become infected there. Still, fearing that such was the character of her disease, I resorted to such remedies as I had used in a great many instances successfully—for I was familiar with the monster and had twice beaten him back and overboard, when he had laid his loathsome death-grip upon a whole ship's crew.

The surgeon of the ship, in his kindness and earnest solicitude, was all that I could have desired; but he was young, inexperienced, and not profoundly deep in medical jurisprudence; so that he was wholly unable to afford me the assistance and assurance I so much needed.

If I could have had the clear, cool judgment, and scientific skill of D. Stanly Gloninger, M.D., of Philadelphia, or one as competent, I believe

my wife would have been spared to me. It was my great misfortune, that I had not, and so God, in His infinite wisdom, took her home to himself. From the first hour of her attack, my wife had a fixed conviction that she should never look upon the land again; but death had no terrors for her; and when I would seek to encourage her with a hope, that with the passing away of the storm would vanish her illness, she would shake her head, and smiling—always so serenely and as cheerfully as was her wont in her hey-day of health and happiness, say to me:

“No—no, my husband. I am going *home*, and you will bury me in the sea.”

The wild gale grew more wildly furious, until the third day, when it exceeded by ten-fold all that I had ever seen or read of in accounts of tropical tornadoes. Without—on deck, the scene was terrific beyond the descriptive power of language. Within, all was absolute confusion, terror and dismay. Strong men that had never succumbed to deathly sea-sickness before, were stricken down, utterly helpless—the Doctor, Purser, Pay Master, Cabin and Ward Room Stewards, were prostrated as helpless as new-born babes—stern necessity called the Captain, Lieutenants and other Ward Room Officers to their duties on deck, and I was left there in the closely shut, dimly lighted, stifling cabin alone with my now helpless, and fast sinking wife. Ten times during the first hours of that awful night, I was dashed violently across the cabin by the spiteful “send” of the tortured ship, clasping in my arms the loved form of my fading angel. Ten times we were washed from the sofa on which I was seeking to guard my treasure, drenched by the floods of brine that came pouring in upon us through shattered ports and broken shutters.

But always Minnie smiled, and whispered low—“Bury me in the sea, husband.”

At midnight, on that terrible 31st of October night, it seemed as if three of nature’s mightiest elements had massed and concentrated all their might for the total destruction of that gallant ship and every soul on board. The deep bellowing of thunder was continuous, the vivid flashes of electric fire so incessant, that the very heavens seemed in a blaze, while the rain poured down in overwhelming torrents, the mighty gale shrieked in more terrific gusts, the mad surges dashed down upon the reeling, quivering ship ten times more furiously, and amidst this awful elemental war, as the hands of the great clock on the bulk-head of the cabin pointed to midnight, Minnie smiled more sweetly, I thought, than she had done through all her suffering, put her arms about my neck, drew her lips close to mine and whispered:

“Bury me in the sea, love—Lord Jesus, I am coming,” and then she went to sleep so gently that for a quarter of an hour I did not know that my angel had gone home to her God.

Unaided, alone, unseen but by the All-Seeing eye of Omnipotence, I performed the last offices for the dead. All alone, I clothed my Minnie in her bridal robe and veil, sewed securely about her form the strong hempen ocean-shroud, lashed securely to the foot of the death-hammock, the heavy cannon balls that were to sink her far down to her coral tomb in the lower depths of the sea, and then all through the remainder of that dreadful night, and up to noon on the following day, I clung to the side of the berth in which I had placed my dead wife, and so far as I could,

held her inanimate form decently steadied against the rude shocks of the surging ship.

At high noon, on that—to me memorable Sabbath—November 1st, the solemn call passed fore and aft the ship—“*Ho! all hands to bury the dead.*” The body was placed on the plank at the lee gang-way and held in position by four of the Ward Room Officers, and all of the crew who could be spared from duty, gathered close around.

There was no chaplain in the ship; the great-hearted commander utterly quailed under the solemn responsibility, and—there was that Sabbath noon presented on the deck of that armed ship, such a scene as one looks upon but once in a life-time—a husband addressing an assembled crew of iron-hearted men, beside the body of his dead wife—reading the beautiful service of the Episcopal Church, devoted to the burial at sea, and the assembled crew standing reverentially with bowed, uncovered heads, the ship heaving and plunging like a mad monster, the red lightnings gleaming, the thunder pealing, and rain falling in torrents, and then with his hand giving the signal to launch into the mad, yelling waves all that was mortal of the angel he had so loved and lost. The inner end of the plank was raised, the shrouded form departed, the ship passed on, and all that was mortal of my angel Minnie, whose pure spirit had but twelve hours previously gone up to its Heavenly home, was descending there alone, seeking the sepulchre, that in life she had chosen, far down in the blue depths of the Caribbean Sea.

EARTH TO EARTH.

BY CROLY.

“Earth to earth, and dust to dust,
Here the evil and the just,
Here the youthful and the old,
Here the fearful and the bold,
Here the matron and the maid,
In one silent bed are laid;
Here the vassal and the king
Side by side lie withering;
Here the sword and sceptre rust—
Earth to earth, and dust to dust!

“Age on age shall roll along
O'er this pale and mighty throng,
Those that wept then, those that weep,
All shall with these sleepers sleep—
Brothers, sisters, of the worm,
Summer's sun, or winter's storm,
Song of peace or battle's roar
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more,
Death shall keep his sullen trust—
Earth to earth, and dust to dust!”

"THE FAIR GLEANER OF MOAB."*

BY MARY.

A certain writer on the history of Ruth says:—"This sweet picture of agricultural life is a rich, oriental gem, sparkling with clear and beautiful lustre; far down to us, from the distant, mutilated, dark and bloody records of the early history of our race." There is so much poetical beauty and so much instruction in this simple tale of rural life, that it may justly be considered one of the most beautiful and instructive of Bible histories.

In the character of "the fair gleaner of Moab," we behold all the beautiful and amiable qualities, which are so estimable in a young person, and which so endear to the hearts of friends the possessor. Her virtues shine more brightly, when we consider the trying circumstances in which she was placed so early in life; and the opposition she must consequently have met with in her efforts to maintain "a conscience void of offence." After all, the only test of character is found in adversity or affliction; when there is no temptation to evil, it is no difficult matter to abstain from it; and they *alone* who can, like our "fair gleaner," through sad change and heavy affliction, retain "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," deserve an eulogy on their virtues.

Not the least admirable trait in her character is the fortitude with which she was enabled to bear with sorrows, such as have consigned many hearts to years of hopeless melancholy. She had just emerged from a glad, beautiful, and hopeful girl, to a bright and blushing bride; she had known only the *pleasures* of life, and an early love; had "led the dance and song as careless as the summer leaf the wild wind bears along," and "her dancing step but kept time to inward gladness;" until by the hand of death she was left "a pale drooping widow in the depth of desolate and hopeless poverty."

Then she found herself transformed to a *woman* full of care and sorrow; yet "every disappointment taught a truth; for still is knowledge bought with wretchedness." "So sinks the spirit of those days, so do our early dreams fade unfulfilled, so does our hope turn into memory, the one so glad, the other such despair." The "sable pall" had changed places with "the flower-crowned bridal," and she found herself suddenly bereft of one, for whose sake she had forsaken her childhood's home, and in whom she had hoped to find a helper through the journey of life.

And her hopes for the future were so sadly changed, she must have felt that life had few charms for her; but, instead of idly brooding over her sorrows, and the darkness of the future, she endeavored to comfort, by her kindness, one who had felt the rod of affliction still more heavily than

* An Essay read at a recent Exhibition given by the Pupils of Marshall Collegiate Institute, Mercersburg, Pa.

herself. How like the blessed Saviour who, even in the agonies of crucifixion, remembered his afflicted friends! They display a very selfish spirit, who, forgetting their duties to themselves and their fellow beings, so wrap themselves up in their grief, as though they would say, "Was ever sorrow like unto mine." Let us remember that the best medicine for affliction is to do good to our fellow-men; and we shall find our sorrows heal while we endeavor to heal those of others.

The loveliness of her character is exhibited most strikingly in the affectionate deportment of Ruth toward an aged and widowed friend. It has been said that youth is never more lovely than when engaged in ministering to the happiness and comfort of age. Her affection is rendered more lovely by its disinterestedness; for, while she might have spent happy and prosperous days with her own family and in her own land, she cheerfully bade these adieu, that she might be with her friend, although she must have seen before her only poverty and toil. That love which would follow a friend only through good report, for selfish gain, and forsake him at an hour when sympathy and kindness are most needed and best appreciated, is as false as it is disgraceful and selfish.

What friendship could be stronger, then, than that which expressed itself in the words, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

Friendship has chosen for its emblem the ivy, which clothes the fallen tree and the ruined castle. The affection of our "fair gleaner" bears a striking resemblance to this beautiful evergreen, which nothing is able to separate from the tree around which it has once entwined itself; which clothes the object with its own foliage, in that inclement season when its blackened boughs are covered with hoar-frost; the companion of its destinies, which makes its posture its own, even though it be in the dust of humility. Many have a wrong idea of the character of true friendship; a friend will say to a loved one, "My life is bound up in yours. Should death overtake you, I could only wish to die with you; for life would be an intolerable burden, bereft of thee." They forget that each has a part to act "in the world's great field of battle," and that there are higher and nobler aims in life than living *only* for those we *love*. For such we would hold up the example of one of the firmest of earthly friends, who acknowledged that the king of terrors and naught beside, was able to separate her from her friend.

Plenty had again smiled upon the land of Judea, and, ere they arrived at the early home of Naomi, the ripened barley was waiting to be gathered in. In her character as gleaner of the fields, she is like

"A dream of poetry, that may not be
Written or told—exceedingly beautiful."

Pride may hold her calling low, but for her duty exalted it, and with a contented mind she cheerfully went to glean in the fields of Bethlehem.

The energy with which she endeavored to sustain her life, and that of her friend, by the labor of her hands, is worthy of example. She was not dismayed at the dark and future before her, but at once engaged in an ac-

tive industry, with the fruits of which she hoped to brighten its gloom. Let us remember that labor is the great law of life, that

“Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from the petty vexations that meet us;
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us;
Rest from world’s sirens that lead us to ill.”

Modesty, gratitude for kindness in her poverty, and humility in more comfortable circumstances, are also strongly portrayed in this beautiful character; but that which renders it *most* beautiful is her devotion to Israel’s God. It is this which gives to all other good qualities their brightness. It is probable that her first knowledge of the true God she received through her Christian friend, who was in this capacity a spiritual mother, and hence they were sisters in the faith. It was the power of Christian fellowship which prompted her rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than remain with her idolatrous kindred. It was by this blessed knowledge that she received comfort in her afflictions, and for which she was willing to forego the pleasures and follies of her girlhood. In meek submission to the will of Heaven, she engaged in her “humble toil and heavenward duty;” feeling the glow of love in her heart as she contemplated the works of her Father’s hand.

And the Lord rewarded her piety, even in this life, in raising her from her lowly condition to be the wife of him who had been her benefactor; and in raising up one of Israel’s best kings; who had reason to thank his God for the blessed precepts and holy example of his Christian ancestor. And last, though by no means least, she had the distinguished honor of having for a descendant the Saviour of mankind, at whose nativity the seraphic choir sang “Glory to God in the highest; on earth, peace; good will toward men.”

IN THE COOL COUNTRY.

BY THE EDITOR.

Not rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid nature.

There is a proverb which expresses exactly what we wish to say in the way of introducing the reader to our subject. Not for its classic beauty, but for its blunt plainness, we quote it: “Every dog has his day.” When properly widened, this proverb also means, that every man, and of course every woman also, comes to his turn in the bitter and the sweet of life.

We mean to say that in the winter it is rather pleasant to be in the cities. The houses break the storm, and the cutting north-west wind; while plenty of stoves make the in-door life of our city cousins rather com-

fortable. But, in due course of time, summer comes! The sun multiplies his heat by means of reflection from slate roofs, and brick walls, and paved streets. Vain is it to open windows and doors to get fresh air; it is only an invitation to the bake-oven temperature without. The air—if it may now be called by that name—has been breathed over, burnt over, dried over and reflected over and over till it is no more like air than chalk water is like milk. Ah! ye skillful city people, who manufacture so many wise and useful things, can you make a little fresh, cool air?

This is our time! Here, in the country, we have plenty of fresh air. Yea, not only fresh, but actually fragrant, balsamic, and balmy from the woods and the fields. As our day has come, do not, we beseech you, think it hard if we crow a little over you in our present better fortune. Cowper, the poet, has clearly shown that this is perfectly justifiable. Hear what he saith as pertaining to the point in hand:

“In such a world, so thorny, and where none
Finds happiness unblighted, or, if found,
Without some thistle sorrow at its side;
It seems the part of wisdom, and *no sin*
Against the law of love, *to measure lots*
With less distinguished than ourselves; that thus
We may with patience bear our moderate ills,
And sympathize with others suffering more.”

This last line is adapted to our case; and we do not disown the judicious instruction. After we have, from our present vantage ground, settled with you for the light remarks in which you sometimes indulge in regard to the country, we assure you that we have, nevertheless, a fellow-feeling. Here, under the cool trees, we think of you, ye perspiring thousands; though we feel that our sympathy is but a poor substitute for the fresh air you so much need. How gladly would we send you several miles square of it chopped right out of the neighboring mountains; for there would soon be plenty to rush in to fill the vacant place.

Our heart yearns especially toward you, ye men of the types—our fellow workers on the GUARDIAN. Cool as it is where we write, it would be a weary job to make copies with the pen for each one of our patrons! It is to you we are indebted for the faculty of multiplying copies by the thousands. But to accomplish this, ye have to pick up the letters one by one, and to do it in the midst of bake-oven surroundings! We pity you. But still we cannot avoid calling to mind the chuckle you had in your warm office last winter, when you were setting up that funny item about a certain country youth, who nearly froze his nose and feet floundering through snow-drifts on his way home from the house of his lady-love. You showed a little of your animus then. You know, also, how to crow over the uncomfortable fortunes of one of your fellow mortals; and it does not displease you to see your own advantage over one of our rural brethren in winter. That was your time—this is ours. So we will quote you a little more from Cowper, which, though you set it up in the heat of the city, it will read refreshingly in the cool country shade:

“’Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir

Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on th' uninjured ear."

But we forget. Some city people escape from the summer ills of city life by flying to the sea-shore, or to some popular, or perhaps fashionable watering place. Very well. Take your delights while the opportunity offers. Hie away to the scenes Elysian. We will accompany you—in imagination.

Here we go. No, not yet, we must pack up first, and shut up the house. This is not as soon done as said. What a pile of things it is necessary to take along! We must have one four story "Saratoga," and at least two other trunks, beside little box, big box, band box, and bundle, with a carpet bag, lady's travelling satchel and hand basket. These things, which will furnish us with at least one-tenth of the comforts and conveniences we are accustomed to at home, are finally on their way to the depot. After half an hour of crowding, and hurrying, and pushing through, we find ourselves seated in the cars—comfortable enough except that it is specially hot and dusty; but not all the passengers can sit on the shady side of the car, nor can we keep the black coal dust out when the windows are open.

So we go. But there is always a better time coming. We shall be at the sea-shore by mid-day, or at least in the middle of the afternoon. The sea-shore would no doubt be a pleasant place, were it not for the hot sand and salty soil which there abound, in which shade trees do not prefer to grow, or rather prefer not to grow. Around this lofty hotel, and upon its roof and sides the sun has a fair chance to exhibit his power. Besides, it is already quite well filled; for we are not the only persons who are seeking cool comfort at the sea shore. Where so many go space is an item; and this having been well considered by the builder of the hotel, he has very economically made the size of the rooms eight by ten. Into one of these rooms we are ushered, where we find about a quart of water to refresh ourselves with a wash. N. B.—Though there is much water in the sea, and plenty of it comes up to the shore, it is saline, and not pleasant to wash faces with. Hence the hotel is dependent on a cistern, and as there are many-faces to wash, economy in water is a necessity. Our eight by ten room contains a bed, a wash stand, and a chair or two. Besides, it is now to contain in addition, all the trunks and things before mentioned, and too tedious here again to describe. The rest of the room is for the free circulation of the inmates. This is our snug abode whilst we are enjoying the sea shore. It has one advantage over the house we left, this, namely, that not being so large, not as much hot air can get into it, but it makes up in quality what it lacks in quantity.

Besides this room, we have free access to a parlor, to which several hundred others have just as free access. We can also walk about on the verandah to be looked at by others. This is a pleasant ordeal. One looks at our clothes to see how rich we probably are. The next takes a glance at our hands with the view of determining our occupation or calling. Another scrutinizes our manners to rate our breeding. Three times a day, but at most singular hours, we have the privilege of going into the dining-room to participate in a cut of savory beef and fowl (the printer

must not print it *foul*), and wilted vegetables, all of which have been brought as far through the heat as ourselves. When night comes we spend the first half of it in enjoying the noise, and the second half in fighting the mosquitoes! When the "season" is over—if we stick it out so long—and we have paid well for our "accommodations," we pack up and go home, singing: "Sweet are the uses of adversity!"

O, ye poor sweltering city denizens! Why are ye so slow to be wise? Go to now, and turn your faces away from the sea-shore, and escape from the heat of your cities to the refreshing bosom of the glorious mountains. Here is cool shade—here are cheerful nooks of quiet—here are laughing streams and prattling brooks—here are singing birds and blooming flowers, here is fresh food to eat, and pure water to drink—here is health, peace and pleasure.

We are again reminded of Cowper, where he saith:

"God made the country, man made the town."

We may add, that if our memory serve us, the first man that made a town was a *bad* man—even Cain, the first murderer! He "went out from the presence of the Lord," and there "builded a city." We pursue this historical point no farther. We make no inferences, nor draw invidious comparisons! Perhaps that bad man devised a good thing—but the proverb is against this idea, "as is the man, so are his devices." We could only wish, that, in the original plan for cities, he had made some provision for a slight sprinkling of trees, fields, and mountains.

Finally, reader, did you ever sit down to tea before an open window, where, while eating, you could look out on fields of clover, waving white fields, and rows of young corn, with a mountain several miles off as a background? If not, step down stairs with us—as the supper bell has just rung.

CURIOUS ANCIENT ALMANAC.—Galignani has an account of a recent discovery at Pompeii. It is as follows:—

"A Roman almanac has just been found in an excavation near the Gate of Isis, at Pompeii. It is a square block of white marble, on each side of which are inscriptions relative to three months in the year, arranged in perpendicular columns. At the head of each is represented the sign of the zodiac to which the month responds. The almanac contains some curious information on the agriculture and religion of the Romans. At the top of each column, and under the sign of the zodiac is the name of the month and the number of days; next comes the nones, which, during eight months in the year, fall on the fifth day, and are consequently called *quintanae*; for the remainder of the year they commence on the seventh day, and are called *septimanae*. The *ides* are not indicated, because there are always seven days between them and the nones.

"The number of hours of the day and night is also marked, the whole number being represented by the ordinary Roman figure, the fractions by *S* for semi, and by small horizontal lines for the quarters. Lastly, the sign of the zodiac in which the sun appears is also named; the days of the equinoxes and of the summer solstices are also given. For the winter

solstice these are the words *hemus initium* (beginning of the winter). Next comes the chapter of agriculture, in which farmers are reminded of the principal operations that ought to be carried on during the month. The almanac terminates by the religious part; it points out the god who presides over each month; gives a list of the religious fêtes which fall during the lapse of time, and warns the farmer not to neglect the worship of those protecting divinities of his labors, if he wishes to have them prosper. On the upper part of the block of marble is Apollo, driving the chariot of the sun, and on the upper part Ceres reaping corn in the field, which shows that this almanac was more particularly intended for farmers. It has been sent to Naples."

SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

Saviour! Thy dying love
 Thou gavest me;
 Nor should I aught withhold,
 Dear Lord, from Thee.
 My sould would humbly bow,
 My heart fulfil its vow,
 Some offering bring Thee now,
 Something for Thee.

O'er the blest mercy-seat,
 Pleading for me,
 My feeble faith looks up,
 Jesus, to Thee.
 Help me the cross to bear,
 Thy wondrous love declare,
 Some song to raise, or prayer,
 Something for Thee.

Give me a faithful heart—
 Likeness to Thee,
 That each departing day
 Henceforth may see
 Some work of love begun,
 Some deed of kindness done,
 Some sinful wanderer won,
 Something for Thee.

All that I am and have,
 Dear Lord, for Thee,
 In joy, in pain, in life,
 In death, for Thee;
 And when Thy face I see,
 My ransomed soul shall be,
 Through all eternity,
 Something for Thee.

ERRATUM.—By some means or other, a serious error in the poetry, in the June number, entitled "Unclothed and clothed Upon," escaped attention. In the nineteenth line from the end, the word *waft* should be substituted for *wept*.

TO DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS.

According to our purpose, stated in our last issue, we enclose in the present numbers bills to all subscribers who are in arrears for the present, or previous volumes. We trust they will remit immediately the amount of their bills. We greatly need our money, as our terms are unusually low, and they will thus not only favor us, but also make themselves feel easier, even though their purses may be a little lighter.

The "GUARDIAN," we are glad to be able to say, fully maintains its interest, and we can promise that it will do so for the time to come. The matter for the August number is already in hand, and will furnish a real treat.

There is room still for a few more subscribers. We can furnish all the back numbers of the present volume, so that none need hesitate to subscribe now, because they do not wish an incomplete volume.

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A REQUEST FROM THE EDITOR.

To re-complete our files of GUARDIANS burnt by the Rebels in Chambersburg, we need still the following:

One January number.	1864.
Two February "	1864.
Four March "	1864.
Four April "	1864.
Four May "	1864.
Four June "	1864.
Four July "	1864.

Any one having any of these numbers to spare will confer a great favor by sending them to

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1865.

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN will enter upon its XVIth volume, on the first of January next. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. It remains under the editorial management of its founder, Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN will be published by **S. R. Fisher & Co.**, Philadelphia, Pa. Though comparing well in its present form with any publication of the kind, improvements are always possible. The Publishers propose something in this direction in the forthcoming volume, if they meet with proper encouragement. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. Though paper has advanced more than one hundred per cent., they promise to use a superior quality; and shall do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—
“Life—Light—Love.”

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future, if permitted to take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the church who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

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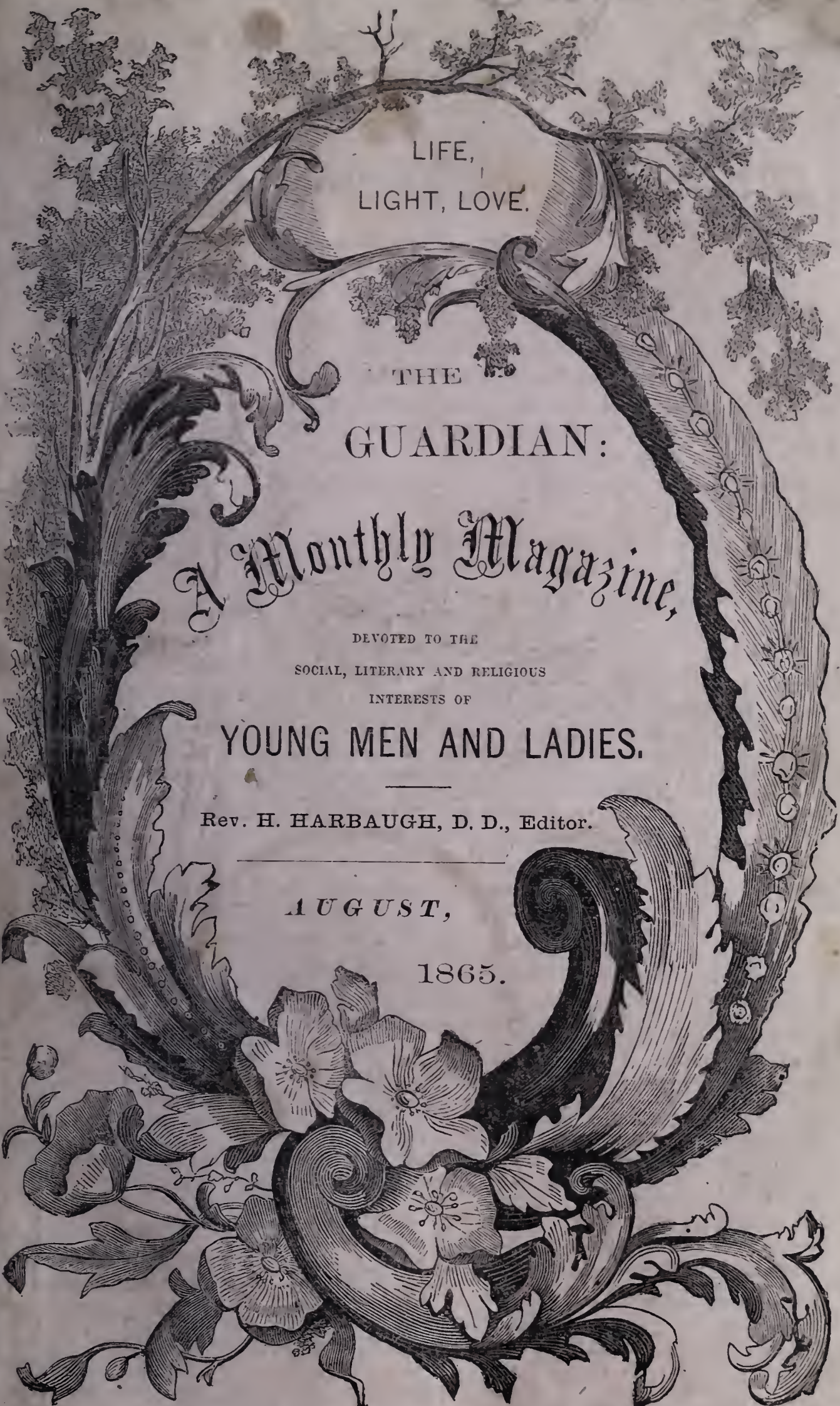
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DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
INTERESTS OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

AUGUST,

1865.

S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.
J. B. RODGERS, PR.

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Rev. F. Strenner, Berwick, O., 50 bal of 16	L. A. Weimer, Akron, O., 1 50 16
Miss A. Lawall, Hazelton, Pa., 1 50 16	Rev. J. Hassler, Shippensburg, Pa., 1 50 16
J. Lemberger, Lebanon, 1 50 16	Rev. J. A. Peters, Mt. Pleasant, 1 50 16
Martin Gruver, Flickville, 1 50 16	J. P. Runkle, Centre Hill, 3 50 14—16
J. J. Knappeberger, Hervey's Five Points, 3 50 14—16	M. J. Steever, Millersburg, 75 pt of 16
Rev. L. C. Edmonds, Beaver Spring, 2 50 15 & 16	J. Redinger, Jr., Chaneyville, 1 50 16
T. W. Newcomer, Lanark, Ill., 2 50 15 & 16	D. W. Gerhard, Mercersburg, 1 50 16

The Guardian.

VOL. XVI.—AUGUST, 1865.—No. 8.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

AN ADDRESS.

BY L. H. S.

UNALLOYED happiness finds no home on earth. Grief quickly follows joy, and the soul, sickened at such transition, is, at times, almost overwhelmed with despair. But to the Christian—both grief and joy are the gifts of a heavenly Father. Behind the frowning cloud there is the paternal care and solicitude of One who cares for His people, and whose ways, however dark and mysterious they may appear, are nevertheless the ways of Infinite Wisdom. Out of the darkness and gloom will come again bright and joyful scenes; and joy will follow grief once more. And so it must be in this vale of tears, for, to use the words of a Scotch writer, “Grief and joy, unlike as they appear in face and figure, are nevertheless sisters, and by fate and destiny, their verra lives depend on ane and the same eternal law. Were Grief banished frae this life, Joy would soon dwine awa into the resemblance o’ her departed Soror—aye, her face would soon be whiter and mair woe-begone, and they would soon be buried, side by side, in ae grave.” And this transition is but part of that preparation which is wisely ordained for man, in order to fit him for an abode where tears shall no longer have a place, but all shall be perennial joy.

This uncertain duration of joy and happiness is not confined to individuals or families. Communities, states, and nations are also exposed to its perturbing effects. The mysterious ways of Providence are manifested in them as well as in the lives of the humblest of their citizens. From the height of prosperity they may be plunged into the depth of misery and degradation; or the fair record of their honor and probity may be rendered

as black as night by the crimes of some who should have labored to uphold such record. From the jubilant outcries of joyous hearts and happy souls they may be compelled to turn away, and, in bitter sorrow, to pour forth wail after wail, each striving to give expression to that grief which, indeed, beggars expression. Then is heard the voice, as in Ramah in former days, "lamentation and bitter weeping; Rachael weeping for her children, refusing to be comforted for her children, because they were not." But there is a balm even for such wounded hearts, even the word of the Lord: "Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears; for thy work shall be rewarded."

Our nation has just passed through a transition such as I have described. Four years ago a formal outbreak against law and authority occurred, of such magnitude that our minds, unaccustomed to thoughts of war, could hardly grasp its details. The degenerate descendants of an aristocracy, that once proudly claimed respect on account of its virtues and valorous deeds, had nursed so carefully the idea of their own importance and superiority in all that marks the true gentleman—had learned to despise the man of low degree, no matter how earnestly and honestly he might strive to raise himself, intellectually and socially,—and had for years fretted under the laws which the growing power of the people was wisely enacting for the good of the land. These haughty and intolerant men associated with them another class, alike haughty and intolerant, but from a different cause. Sprung from obscurity, some had gained wealth and position by honest efforts and hard labor, but had then assumed an air of superiority over those with whom their early years had been spent, treating contemptuously the very class it should have been their greatest happiness to have aided; others, by fraud and dishonesty, had simply gained wealth, and, feeling how uncertain position, based upon money alone, was in a republic, affected to despise the honest mechanic and the deserving laborer, who, in reality, may have possessed more excellencies of head and heart than they could even appreciate. There were others, fretful spirits, restless under law of any kind,—Ishmaelites, full of guile,—the scum of cities and country towns, too indolent to work, too proud to beg, but not too honest to violate law in any and every form. Of such materials was a grand conspiracy formed. Years were required in its formation, and all the ingenuity of the diplomatist, with the appeals to interest and personal advancement, that the Evil One always holds forth as inducements for enlistment in His service, were employed to gather into the conspiracy other men, whose names and characters had never before been stained by the slightest dishonor. In the fulness of its time this conspiracy burst upon the nation. At first, those who loved their country and the starry ensign of its honor, considered the proclamations and early utterances of the conspirators as mere vaporings,—the empty declamations of thoughtless penny-a-liners or briefless barristers. But the storm clouds became thicker and darker, the atmosphere was saturated with the unwholesome breathings of treason, and finally it was received as a fixed fact that 'resistance to the powers that be' was fully inaugurated.

Then was manifested that love of law and order, that loyalty to nationality, that sense of responsibility to God and our forefathers for the government which had protected us so many long years in our peaceful duties as citizens,—that disregard of self and family,—that high-toned patriotism,

which filled our armies with men of all ranks and professions. Throwing aside the implements of agriculture, the tools of trade, and the books of the student, these extemporized soldiers began a war of *defence*. They felt that it would have been the vilest ingratitude to have hesitated to assume any duties that their country imposed on them in her hour of need. Every family, with loyal hearts, contributed in some way or other to the operations then deemed necessary. Armies were formed and instructed. Providence, when it was feared that there was no military talent adequate to the mighty problem, raised up for us, where we least expected it, wise, prudent, skilful and accomplished officers.

While our preparations were going on, those of the insurgents were not neglected. The very spirit of unrest and defiance made them at first more at home in war and warlike matters. Deluding the entire population of the States to which they belonged, with the idea that the war was aggressive on the part of the Federal Government, they coaxed, deceived and cajoled them into a belief that they must seize arms with them for the conservation of their own rights. And when such arts failed (there were some men that would not bow to Belial, no matter in what form he was presented), then force was employed, and a reign of terror prevailed throughout their borders.

At first the love of peace and quiet so filled the hearts of loyal men, that, at times, they were almost prepared to say to the insurgents, "Take your course: leave us, if you do not appreciate the heritage left you by our common forefathers." But to such weak hearts courage came, when the calm resolution, the earnest determination, and the high resolve of the nation's Standard-Bearer was seen. When all seemed dark, not a ray of sunshine, or even the faintest flicker of a star could be seen penetrating the political firmament, he stood undisturbed. He had sworn in the presence of the nation "to faithfully execute the office of President of the United States," and, to the best of his ability, "to preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States," and had called God to witness the oath. This oath he intended to keep, even though it should cost him his life. He feared to violate an oath,—a rare fear in an age when perjury had become a common vice in the land.

Oh, those four years of war, desolation, and misery! They are filled with a history of ruin and destruction. Millions on millions of property destroyed, fertile districts laid waste, thousands of homes desolated, and tens of thousands of fire-sides deprived of those who constituted all that made life dear to the bereaved. Oh, those terrible battle-fields, covered with the mangled corpses of thousands,—the air, for miles around, tainted with the sickening stench of putrefaction and sulphurous fumes! The scenes of suffering and pain amid crowded Hospitals filled with the fragmentary bodies of martyrs in a nation's defence! Some of us have seen these so frequently that we have almost forgotten how to weep,—but the scenes have been so indelibly photographed on the tablets of memory, that a century of peace cannot efface them. The land was becoming one vast Aceldama, and many a fertile region converted into a horrible Golgotha.

The earnest determination of the President, the patriotic valor of the army whose soldiers "gave their lives that the nation might live," the military genius of commanders whose knowledge of the science of war had been obtained in the field, and, above all, the propitious smiles of Provi-

dence,—all these at length began to secure victory after victory. The space occupied by the rebellion became smaller and smaller. Finally the seat of the rebellion falls, and the ablest military officer of the insurgent army, yielding to the stern logic of war, surrenders and offers to aid in the establishment of peace. The clouds have nearly all been driven from the sky, the sun shines once more serenely, and peace—fair, white-winged peace, with angelic grace is seen flying towards us with countless blessings in her train,—a strong government, liberty to every man in the nation to do his devoir for God and his native land,—and there, floating high over our heads, with her beauteous stripes the azure field of our country's flag, every star in place, and all bound together by a law that will allow them endless activity without possibility of rude contact or interference!

Was not all this cause for joy? No good citizen likes war, and the nation had undertaken it, as a man uses a weapon when attacked by the assassin, to save his life. The good news was quickly carried through the length and breadth of our land. Young hearts beat with joyous exultation; old hearts grew young again. The bells rang out their merry peals, the wild huzzas of an overjoyed people mingled with the clear strains of national airs as martial and civic bands joined in the celebration of the coming event. And that flag, once disgraced within Sumter's walls, was raised, amid honor and rejoicing; proudly over a region re-claimed from rebellion. Such an intensity of happiness is rarely the lot of any people. And no one, who was permitted the privilege of participating in the rejoicing that followed the events just described, can ever forget how the patriotic longings of the people then found expression. In the prospect of peace not only was resentment laid aside, but fraternal love for the rank and file of the conspirators began to manifest itself throughout the land. Victorious, we could afford to be magnanimous to those who repented of their crimes, having been deluded or forced into practical treason by the leaders of the Rebellion. The Commander-in-Chief of the Army had granted terms of unprecedented liberality, and the President had shown himself free from malevolent feelings towards those who had for four years cultivated the bitterest hatred and the most malignant feelings towards him. On the evening of the 11th of April, in an address to his fellow-citizens, he spoke of the surrender of the principal insurgent army giving "hope of a righteous and speedy peace, whose joyous expressions cannot be restrained," and reminded his hearers that "in the midst of this, however, He, from whom all blessings flow, must not be forgotten."

But, on Friday night, while seated with the sharer of his toils and sorrows, the blow is struck by the assassin's hand which closes the career of this great and noble-hearted man. So paralyzing was the deed that brave men were rendered, for the instant, powerless, and the magnitude of the crime was so appalling that the infamous perpetrator made his escape from those who would have perilled their own lives to have saved that of their President.—

"O horror! horror! horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee!
Confusion now hath made his master-piece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building."

The bells now toll forth the sorrowful knell of mourning, the sombre drapery of grief bedecks public and private buildings, flags are furled that had been floating proudly to the breeze, and one deep, impenetrable gloom gathers thick and fast over the hearts of all loyal citizens throughout the land. In the hour of triumph—when law and order were to be restored, when the enrapturing prospects of peace, all ablaze with the prismatic colors of the rainbow of promise, were widely extended before the patriot's eye,—the Standard-Bearer of the country, who had firmly stood unmoved in times that tried men's souls when an almost superhuman energy was necessary to resist the tide of treason,—the patriot and the lover of his country—is stiffened in the grasp of death. Victory seemed of no value, triumph empty, and success but a mocking phantom. Then was it first known, how dear to the hearts of the people the late President had become, how his life was associated with the life of the nation, and his death robbed every family of one as near and dear to it as any of those embraced in the ties of blood. Said a simple-hearted, honest, God-fearing, Christian woman, whose steps are now fast tending towards the grave, "I cried when I heard it, because it seemed as if I had lost a father." Yes! the nation has lost a father, whose every thought and prayer was devoted to its interests and welfare,—self-sacrificing beyond example in a selfish age. No one knew how great the reciprocal love existing between people and President, until the murderous act deprived us of the foremost man of the times. And, whereas, we have delighted to call WASHINGTON the father of his country, it is now our pride to place by his side, as of equal glory and renown, and equally endeared to the American people—the name of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. GEORGE WASHINGTON, under God's protection, led the American nation out of the stormy trials and persecutions of foreign injustice into the pathway of prosperity and renown: ABRAHAM LINCOLN, under the protection of the same God—the God of our forefathers—led the nation through intestine troubles, that threatened to efface all that made it great and capable for good, and taught its people to understand how great their birth-right and how sacredly it should be guarded. The former died in peace, surrounded by his family at Mt. Vernon,—the latter fell a victim to the murderous hate of wicked patricides. Had such an act been predicted to us, we should have felt like using Shakspeare's words—as we scouted at the prediction,—

This Duncan hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off."

But, my friends, I must hasten on. Let us now see who was this man, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, whose death has made a nation mourn, and each loyal man feel as though he had lost a father.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was born in Hardin county, Kentucky, February 12th, 1809, of parents who struggled honestly with poverty and toil for the support of their family. While the future President was quite a boy his parents removed to Indiana, and there, amid the wilds of primeval forests, a log hut was constructed, and a home created for the Pioneer's family. We know of but few incidents of his childhood: it is probable from these that the child's hands were employed to assist the father in his daily

toil, while his mother taught him to read, using God's Holy Book as the text-book in her teachings. Although he lost his mother when only ten years of age, yet her teachings constituted the seed that, under the vigorous influences of Western life, developed eventually into those startling qualities of head and heart which gained him not only the respect, but the love of all with whom he was subsequently thrown into contact. How many of the world's great men have owed all that was noble and praiseworthy in their future lives to the instructions received at a mother's knee! Oh! mothers of this nation, how great a responsibility has been imposed upon you by Providence! On your quiet and unobtrusive labors the hopes and future glory of our land depend. See to it, that you implant principles of morality, honesty and religion, with love of country and devotion to its rights, in the bosoms of your little ones. Pray for strength to accomplish the tasks assigned you. Yours, not the labors of the rougher walks of life, not the attractive honors of the bar, or the pulpit, or the tented field,—but the more glorious duties of preparing those who shall go forth with stout hearts and honest souls to undertake all such labors.

In a cabin, where a school had been opened by one of the settlers, MR. LINCOLN pursued his studies in additional branches of knowledge. He was faithful and laborious as a student,—a boy of but few books, but thoroughly acquainted with those that could be procured. His mental training was accomplished amid such literature as Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, "*Æsop's Fables*," "*Weems' Life of Washington*," and a campaign life of that other great commoner, Henry Clay. These were books calculated to develop hard common sense, disregard for ornaments of style, and love of right and honor. They aided in the formation of a character which challenged respect from all, as rugged in its honesty and unwavering in its love of truth.

Trained in all the work of the farm, he acquired a muscular frame and Herculean constitution, that seemed adequate to all the work that might fall to his lot in life. At times employed as a clerk in a country store, or in boating on the Mississippi, he acquired a reputation as a youth of promising business talent. At the age of twenty-one, he removed with his father to Illinois, and two years afterwards was made captain of a company of volunteers, raised for service in the Black Hawk war. Here, his biographer tells us, "He was an efficient, faithful officer, watchful of his men, and prompt in the discharge of his duty, while his courage and patriotism shrank from no dangers or hardships."

His fellow-citizens send him to the State Legislature in 1834, and two years afterwards he obtains a license to practise law, and opens an office in Springfield. He was three several times elected to the legislature, and in 1847 was one of the Whig representatives in the National Congress. From this time to the year 1860 he was engaged in the business of his profession, and actively interested in the various political movements of the day. His reputation was, however, mostly confined to the West, and but comparatively little was known of him in the East. His nomination to the Presidency was made in 1860, and was followed by an election to the highest position in our gift. Naturally, all felt anxious with reference to the future, when a new leader was placed at the head of the nation. The prayers of the good and the loyal were freely offered up to the Most High, that He might look with favor upon him, imbue him

“with the spirit of wisdom, truth and mercy, and so rule his heart, and bless his endeavors, that law and order, justice and peace, might every where prevail.”

Then the plotted treason of decades of years appeared fully ripe for action. A government, composed of the people, based upon a constitution springing from the people—the whole people, was that which he was called upon to administer. Fragmentary portions of it, more alive, selfishly alive to their own interests than to those of the whole, demanded the *right* to break the bond uniting all together, and thus put in jeopardy the lives and dearest interests of every one. Treason stalked abroad through the land, but LINCOLN, while imploring thought and reflection on the part of those disposed to rebel, still stood firm amid the tumult of the times. Said he in his inaugural: “In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government, while I have the most solemn one to ‘preserve, protect, and defend’ it. I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic cord of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearth-stone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.”

The President’s firmness gave vigor and strength to the national cause. His term of office was one of the most exciting character. The war was undertaken for the conservation of the government, but loyal men were very much divided on points that seemed to be of minor importance. In its course, the necessity of doing many things, which would not have been thought of at first, forced itself upon the nation. The Union was to be saved, and every thing that interfered with this must be given up. This principle MR. LINCOLN laid down, and it was endorsed as sound doctrine by the loyal men of the land. The life of the nation was at stake, and whatever interfered with it must be abolished. There could be no compromise with wrong for the sake of right. “To secure a peace that should be lasting, or of any value at all, the eternal principles of justice must alone be consulted.” This was high ground, but it was the only true ground to be occupied by the armies of the United States—a nation constructed on the theory of furnishing to every one of its citizens life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The war had thus an educational influence on the loyal people of the country,—they learned to occupy a higher plane on the broad field of history.

The deadly struggles that ensued between the defenders of right and the rebels, were more numerous than in any war of modern times. The whole land underwent a baptism in the blood of patriots, and the dear flag, carried through the fires of many a bloody fray, became an ensign of meaning to every citizen. And the survivors felt how precious *that* had become, for which such sacrifices were made. But no one felt this more keenly than the Chief Magistrate himself. In his speech at the dedication of the Cemetery at Gettysburg (Nov. 19, 1863,) he said: “The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it (the ground) far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long

remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government *of* the people, *by* the people, and *for* the people, shall not perish from the earth."

In MR. LINCOLN there was a singular union of some of the brightest characteristics of the true man. A word as to these:

I. *Honesty of purpose, and freedom from deceit.* This, to our infinite shame, be it spoken, is a rare virtue at the present day. The age had so tolerated pretence and meaningless show in high places, that the contrast at first was striking. Here was a man who knew not how to lie,—a curious characteristic, and one making him unfit for diplomacy and the intrigues of State, says the diplomatist of the old school. But where the need of deceit and intrigue when one loves truth, and is only anxious for right? Hence, the representatives of foreign governments respected this man, because they could confide in him. However much they might differ with him, they could rely on his position, when once defined, as the result of an honest belief that he was right.

II. *Disregard of self.* There was a wonderful absence of self-love or egotism in this man. He delighted to advance others—to lend a helping hand to merit wherever found, and whenever prosperous results attended military operations, to attribute such to those who planned them. In his last speech, when speaking of the successes of the campaign, these words were employed: "I, myself, was near the front, and had the high pleasure of transmitting much of the good news to you. But no part of the honor for plan or execution is mine. To Lieut. Gen. Grant, his skilful officers and brave men, *all* belongs." This disregard of self led him to overlook those precautions, which his friends desired him to take in order to prevent attacks from his enemies. On the face of the globe there is no prince or potentate whatever, who would so fearlessly expose himself to danger as our late President. When the public demanded that he should be attended by a body-guard, he submitted for a little while, but soon practically rid himself of it by not employing it.

III. *Kindness of heart for the whole race, conjoined with a forgiving disposition to his enemies.* The former was seen in his family and social relations, and the readiness with which he aided the poor, whether in the army or in civil life. When the news of his nomination for the Presidency in 1860 reached him, he was with some friends in the office of the State Journal in Springfield,—while the cheers of his friends were given with a will, he put the telegram in his pocket and quaintly said, "There's a little woman down at our house would like to hear this—I'll go down and tell her." When Ellsworth, who had been a student in his office, was lying dead—one of the first victims of the war—the President wept over his remains with bitter grief. I do not wish to lay the scenes of any man's family circle open to the public gaze, but this man's gentleness with his beloved ones at home, and how he used to read his favorite poet to wife and children after the labors of the day were over—these have been told

me by one who knew the facts, and it is not wrong to state them now. With an ear ever open to tales of woe, he was often induced to use executive clemency, when a real case for punishment was involved. His magnanimity disdained to trample on a fallen foe, and with victory, he readily forgave those who had been his bitterest enemies. He had no anger for the South, no resentment for those who vilified his character, caricatured his personal appearance, and poured forth all the foul slanders that the father of lies could produce from his own arsenal. Little souls indulge in malice and jealousy. This man was above such feelings. In the language that has been attributed to Gen. Lee himself, concerning Mr. Lincoln's character—"he was *the epitome of magnanimity and good faith.*"

IV. *Industry and Patient Perseverance.*—Much of these was required of a man at the helm of state during the tempestuous years through which we have just passed. The exhausting character of the labors that devolved upon the Chief Magistrate of our nation, even when peace reigned throughout our borders, was such as to demand a strong constitution and a willingness to work possessed by but few men. But when the machinery of Government was increased in quantity and complexity by the needs and requirements of a state of war, then almost superhuman energy, industry and perseverance were required to superintend the whole so as to obtain the maximum of activity with the minimum of friction. Fortunately, with the will to work, Mr. Lincoln possessed an iron constitution and indefatigable industry, and no man could have more faithfully labored to do the work allotted him. In season and out of season, day and night, he knew no rest; there was a great task assigned him and it must not be slighted.

V. *Genial Flow of Spirits.*—Amid all this earnestness and honesty, and freedom from self and gentleness of soul, he was pre-eminently endowed with great elasticity of spirit, which enabled him to throw off the cares of his station, even when most weighty, and to enjoy the society of friends or strangers. It is true his manners were not fashioned after the Chesterfieldian School, he was too truthful a representative of nature's nobleman for that; nor was his conversation in imitation of any special model of what rhetoricians would consider classic English, he had grown up among men whose rugged thoughts and colossal ideas defied expression in any of the tawdry refinements of dandified English. He was the type of an honest, great soul that disdained the decoration of art, that employed words to convey, and not to conceal ideas, and he hesitated not to join in the merry laugh or the humorous joke when they might be introduced by others. And here a word is necessary as regards his fondness for anecdote. The press very unwisely has created the impression that Mr. Lincoln constantly employed anecdotes in all his conversations and speeches, merely as means of provoking laughter, or giving amusement to company. Hence, many have hardly understood the real serious side of Mr. Lincoln's character, and only looked upon him as a man given to continuous joking. This was not the case, and great injustice has been done him by such an idea. With Mr. Lincoln anecdotes were employed either as means of ridding himself of troublesome bores, or in the place of illustrative arguments. The habit had been acquired in his Western life, and his illustrations always carried a force with them that few abstract arguments could. His freshness of thought and novelty of illustration made his conversation acceptable to men who were weary of the set phrases of meaningless conventionalism.

VI. *Love of Country.*—This was all-absorbing. Every faculty of mind, all his powers of soul and body were absorbed in this. He allowed no party prejudice to prevent him doing justice to all who seemed actuated by a similar feeling. His appointments were frequently made from those who had been his bitter political opponents; and no man was thrown lightly aside who seemed willing to labor in his country's cause. He had consecrated his time, his talents, his life, his all, to the service of that country. Hear him at Independence Hall, February 22, 1861, and how singularly prophetic are his words, when looked at in the light of recent events—then happily unknown to him, and unsuspected by the nation:—
 “I have never had a feeling, politically, that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence. * *

I have often inquired of myself what great principle or idea it was that kept this Confederacy so long together. It was not the mere matter of the separation of the Colonies from the mother-land, but something in that Declaration giving liberty, not alone to the people of this country, but hope for the world for all future time. * * This is the sentiment embodied in the Declaration of Independence. Now, my friends, can this country be saved upon that basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world, if I can help to save it. If it can't be saved upon that principle, it will be truly awful. *But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it.* *

* * *I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, and, in the pleasure of Almighty God, die by.”* Here was the language of one who went, with high resolve, and unwavering trust in the mission of his country, to undertake whatever tasks might fall to his lot. And, if these imperilled his life, he will not shrink from his fate. Like the Roman Knight, he will willingly leap into the gulf, if the nation can be saved by such a sacrifice. Here is an example for you, my fellow-countrymen, worthy of all imitation.

“Let all the ends thou aim'st at be—thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's!”

Standing at the grave of this martyr to the cause of free government, ask God to kindle into a bright flame whatever sparks of patriotism may be lurking in your breasts—pray that you may be worthy of your birthright as citizens of a republic, and that you may be able, whenever restive under law and authority, to take to heart these words of inspiration: “Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God: and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation. For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil.”

VII. *Faith in God and His protecting Providence.*—From the first, Mr. Lincoln, in addition to his love of country had a strong and enduring faith that it was designed by Providence to perform a great part in the history of humanity, and that God might chasten—how much no man could tell—but would bring it out of the fire purer and better fitted for its work. In bidding farewell to his friends in Springfield, he said, “A

duty devolves upon me which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never could have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him, and on the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support, and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain." This faith kept him firm when the darkest horrors were impending. Reverses, defeats, even utter routs did not cause him to waver. The issues of the whole were in the hands of God. It was our duty to defend the liberties he had given us. There was, at times, in this firm faith much that resembled Cromwell's command to his men—"Put your faith in God and—keep your powder dry,"—that is, trust in God, but employ all the means placed within your reach to execute the task he has assigned you. Prayers went up for him, not only from those old friends in Illinois, but all over the land. We learned to love the man whose purpose was so high, and whose claims to our confidence so justified by his own inherent fitness. Resting on these prayers offered up to a prayer-hearing God, he tired not in well-doing, but was ready for any sacrifice. This faith is the brightest jewel in the character of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Let us all try to cultivate faith in God, who has thus far led us on our way amid clouds and perils, through the dangers of the field, and the far greater dangers of evil spirits at home, in whose breasts the evil One has sown the seeds of disobedience to law. Then shall the shining example of our late President not be lost upon those who are left behind, and the God of our fathers will be with us through whatever dangers may hereafter beset our path.

I have endeavored, my friends, to present in a brief manner, some idea of him who was called in the providence of God to be the foremost man of the age. It has been impossible to dwell upon all points of his character, because hours only would suffice for the task. Hence, I have not said any thing about those intellectual qualifications which shone so brightly when pure statesmanship was required. It has been my endeavor to give you an idea of the man—ABRAHAM LINCOLN—and those qualities of spirit and soul that made him the object of the nation's love. His name was a household word at home, and those foreign nations that had once held him up to scorn and derision, were now honest in their expressions of admiration for the earnest, great man.

The ship of state had been guided through the storm and tempest in safety, and was approaching secure anchorage; the shout, 'land ho!' was heard from those on the look-out, when the inhuman assassin does his work, and the helms-man is carried away at the moment of triumph. Rest on earth from his labors was not granted him; but his spirit is now in His presence, who is a righteous God, and one loving mercy, and *there*, in humble submission, bowing our heads low in the dust, we leave it, and pray that we may be able to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

His works shall live, and his example must ever be one for imitation by all who love their country. Thus, although dead, he will continually be with us as a guardian spirit to that country for which he lived, labored and died.

But, while love causes us to linger by the remains of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, let us not forget the stern duties which his assassination imposes upon the nation. These we cannot throw off, even if we shrank from their performance. It is not vengeance we counsel, but justice. Look at the act, evidently the result of much thought and careful deliberation, coolly and skilfully planned, completed under circumstances that made it most appalling to the partner of his life, in the midst of an assembly of his countrymen intent on pleasure, and exultant at the prospect of peace. See the assassin deliberately eyeing his victim, quietly stealing behind him, and over the very shoulders of the wife firing the deadly weapon that forever should put out the life of the family and the hope of the nation. Picture to yourselves the gallant young officer vainly endeavoring to seize the murderer so as to secure instant punishment for his diabolical crime, forgetting his own wound in his efforts to bring to punishment the assassin—that piercing cry of the young woman—‘*Stop that man—the President is shot,*’—the assassin’s leap on the stage, rending his country’s flag in the effort, the shrieks of horror, and the cries of agony from all present, and his cool deliberation in escaping from the hands of those who would seize him. Is not the scene one that would make angels weep, and the malicious demons of the lower world shout in hellish triumph, that a human being had rivalled them in a deed of black malignity and horror?

But these are not all the horrors of that night. See an accomplice, alike on murderous deed intent, forcing his way into the presence of the Secretary of State (stretched on a bed of pain and suffering), and doing that which the sentiment of both civilized and savage life pronounces the most cowardly of all deeds—striking a man when he is unable to defend himself—and dealing serious if not mortal wounds to sons and friends who rush to the aid of the defenceless victim.

In all the annals of crime, even in the times of the French Revolution, when horrors accumulated so fast that the very soul sickens at the thought of those dark deeds, there has never been more horrible pictures than these. Well may the Secretary of War ask that “the stain of innocent blood be removed from the land by the arrest and punishment of the murderers,” and exhort “all good citizens to aid public justice on this occasion. Every man should consider his own conscience charged with this solemn duty, and rest neither night nor day until it be accomplished.”

The whole series of crimes, however, demonstrates with almost mathematical certainty that the direct perpetrators of these have been aided by numerous *active* accomplices. And here the question naturally arises—how great the extent of this conspiracy? Has its main object been accomplished, or will blows, secret and cowardly, yet be struck? Who shall be the next victims? What man of prominence or quiet citizen shall next be the mark for the assassin’s knife, or his deadly pistol? I am not an alarmist, but these questions are important; they concern our future security. No man can at once become an assassin. The process of demoralization is slow, but sure when once it begins, and in the end the man loses all the moral attributes of his race, and becomes a wild animal, subject to the influences that regulate and determine the acts of that class of beings. The taste of blood once experienced, and all control over the animal is gone. He rages and riots in blood. Swift, speedy and terrible punishment can alone afford security in the future for the nation.

How many are justly chargeable with a direct agency in producing the demoralization that culminated in these crimes we know not; but the horrible fact stares us in the face that in December, 1864—an advertisement appeared in the Selma (Ala.) *Dispatch*, offering for a million of dollars to secure the assassination of the President, Vice President and Secretary of State, and this advertisement failed to create that horror in the region where it appeared, that should have been at once produced. And back of this—has not every man, woman and child, throughout the length and breadth of the land who *actively* or *passively* took part in the rebellion against law and authority, either by open participation in the bloody war that has been waged against the government, or by secret sympathy with the same, has not every such person some responsibility for the demoralization that terminated in this crime? Does not the blood of the murdered President cry aloud to each of these—ye had a share in this deed, and aided in the crime that now pollutes the annals of our history?

“Not all the perfumes of Arabia” will sweeten the land on which this innocent blood has been shed. Repent, ye that have wandered from the practices of your forefathers—and have set at defiance the holy teachings of the Book of inspiration. It is manly to acknowledge error, it is manly to beg forgiveness and to ask God’s help, that you may henceforward walk as in His sight, pleasing God and obeying the authorities set over you by His appointment; it is more than manly to do all this, for thereby you join the band of those returning prodigals which a merciful Father will receive with a forgiveness freely extended for their sins, for the sake of Him who died that penitent sinners might live, and who said to the malefactor on the cross, “To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.”

One word as to the duty of good citizens in this perilous crisis. If ever there was a time when faith in God’s divine protection was needed it is now. In Him alone can there be found protection and defence, and He has taught His people to come to Him at all times with their sorrowful burdens. Prayer, for guidance to our rulers, prudence in the hour of trouble, strength to bear our afflictions, wisdom to direct the machinery of government, justice to punish malefactors, mercy to pardon minor offenders who are penitent, and patriotic love for our dear country,—prayer for these is now a duty which is not to be neglected by any Christian.

We cannot afford to do wrong in the name of right and justice. These need no such adjuncts. Let the sentence, which Congress has ordered henceforth to be stamped upon all our national coins, be indelibly impressed upon our hearts—“*in God is our trust.*”

Let the closing words of the late President’s last Inaugural be taken to heart and appropriated by all:

“With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation’s wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans; to do all that may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.”

And now, my friends, in closing this tribute to the memory of President LINCOLN, and this sketch of the lessons taught us by his life, with the obligations imposed by his death, need I add one word of apology because it has been given you in the house of God and on His holy day. The

lesson of the times has been presented for our perusal by the Father Himself. I have endeavored to spread it before you, as a Christian man would to his brethren, in the spirit of Him, who, although He forgave His persecutors, foretold the day when the *wicked* should be banished "to eternal fire prepared for the devil and his angels." Justice is tempered with mercy to those who repent from their sins,—but to the impenitent justice in all its naked terror shall be meted out.

May God grant us all grace to perform the duties assigned us here, to serve Him in truth, and to cherish a love for that country where freedom reigns and a refuge is afforded to the oppressed and persecuted of the earth!

OUR FALLEN BRAVE.

BY THE EDITOR.

The battles are o'er, and the soldiers rest
 On the fields which their valor has won;
 But their sleep in those tent-like mounds is blest,
 For their work has been bravely done.
 The sentinel stars, with a proud delight,
 Stand guard o'er each honored grave;
 And their soft weird light, through the holy night,
 Smiles down on the sleep of the brave.
 A tear for the noble, the brave and the true,
 Best tribute the millions can give,
 To the mem'ry of those, who in glory repose,
 Having died that the nation might live.

The battles are o'er, and a stillness reigns
 O'er the scenes where our brave heroes fell;
 But the silence that sleeps round those honored fanes,
 The tale of their glory shall tell.
 A presence of peace and of love, like a spell,
 Shall charm in that hallowed air;
 And the whispering breeze at night in the trees,
 Shall sigh for the slumberers there.
 A tear for the noble, the brave and the true,
 Best tribute the millions can give,
 To the mem'ry of those, who in glory repose,
 Having died that the nation might live.

The battles are o'er, and the old flag in glee
 Waves proudly and freely again,
 From the Lakes to the Gulf, from the sea to the sea,
 The Hydra of treason is slain.
 Sleep, heroes sleep, by the shore of the deep,—
 On river, on mountain, in vale;
 Your brave deeds of glory, shall long live in story,
 And music shall tell the proud tale.
 A tear for the noble, the brave and the true,
 Best tribute the millions can give,
 To the mem'ry of those, who in glory repose,
 Having died that the nation might live.

THE HOLY MINISTRY.

BY THE EDITOR.

The office of the holy ministry is a high office, it comes from God. It is a weighty office, it has immortal souls in charge. It is a responsible office, it is connected with eternal consequences. A good and faithful pastor must, therefore, be the greatest of all blessings to a congregation; a bad one must be the greatest of all curses. It is an old proverb, and a true one, "Like priest, like people." All experience proves that the people of a congregation are apt to imbibe the spirit of their pastor: as he is, to a great extent, will they be. As he thinks, acts, and represents religion, so will they follow by unconscious but exact imitation. Exceedingly solemn and momentous, therefore, both to himself and the people, is the position of a pastor.

The position which the minister occupies in the Church must be viewed from two sides. One side of his office stands related to Christ, and the other side stands related to the people. He stands as a kind of mediator between Christ and the people; and he is responsible both ways. Let us consider, in the present article

How the minister stands related to Christ.

The relation he sustains to Christ is that of *servant*. Strange to tell, though it is a high and honorable office, such as the loftiest angel need not stoop to assume, yet it is the office of a servant. The Saviour himself has decided that he who will be greatest shall serve the rest. He occupies the highest and most honorable position on earth who best serves God and man.

The name which the disciples gave to Christ was Master. He Himself gave them the injunction: "Be not ye called Rabbi; for one is your Master, even Christ." In another place Christ says to his disciples: "Ye call me Master, and Lord: and ye say well; for so I am." Just as common as it is for the apostles to call Christ Lord and Master, so common is it for them to call themselves "servants of Jesus Christ." The same relation which existed at first between Christ and His ministers, exists still; they are still His servants. As His servants, He has the entire control over them; from first to last they are under His authority and care.

He calls them to this office as His servants. This He did at first. He selected, from among men, those whom He designed to make His ministers. Hence, Paul says of Himself: "Paul, a servant of Jesus Christ, called to be an apostle, separated unto the Gospel of God." He does not now, it is true, call them in audible voice, as He did then; but He so impresses upon their minds a sense of this duty, and so arranges His providences in reference to them, that they cannot mistake as to His will. He so opens the door to them, that they cannot fail to see it to be their duty

to enter the ministry. He makes them feel, by a strong spiritual pressure upon their hearts, like the apostle when he exclaimed: "Wo is me, if I preach not the Gospel." They are "bound in the spirit," and can go no other way than where God directs, without doing violence to their sense of duty. Very frequently they are led through obstacles, difficulties and trials, but are carried forward by a power beyond themselves, and have no rest till they enter the ministry.

He prepares them also for the holy ministry after he has called them. No one is of himself sufficient for these things. So weighty and solemn are the responsibilities of this office, that one who is conscious of his own weakness will shrink from it as did Moses and Jeremiah; but He who calls them, will be strength in their weakness, and wisdom in their ignorance, and in every respect prepare them for the office.

For this purpose the Saviour took His disciples under his special care. For three years He had them with Him, instructing them in public and in private, in the mysteries of His kingdom. It was only at the end of His life, and after His resurrection that He commissioned them fully, and sent them forth with full authority to make known the nature and design of His kingdom and mission. It was after they had enjoyed His instructions for three years, and not before, that He said to them, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." Even then He did not send them forth with only a theoretic knowledge, but commanded them to wait till they had received the gift of the Holy Ghost—"Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high."

This is necessary still. Those who are called must also be prepared. This Christ still does for all His servants whom He calls; He makes them mentally and spiritually, outwardly and inwardly, qualified for the great work to which they are called as His servants.

He also invests his servants with authority to act in His name.—No one can take this office upon himself. It requires not only a fitness for it, but also an actual investment. Not any one who may be qualified for it in an intellectual, or even moral point of view, has a right to perform the functions of the ministry; no more than one who is qualified to fill an office in the civil government has a right to do so till he is invested with lawful authority to do so. What would we think if men would, of themselves, set up for Justices, Legislators, or public officers of any kind, just because they felt qualified to discharge the duties of those offices? There must be an actual, orderly, and legal investment with the power to fill that office; and this must come from those who have a right to confer it. It dare not be assumed upon personal responsibility.

So it is in the Church. Christ alone invests His servants with the authority of their office. Their power to act is not from man, nor from themselves, but from Christ. Christ gave it at first to His disciples, and they according to His orders committed it to faithful and worthy men. Hence, we read that Paul and Timothy ordained others to this office by the "laying on of hands"—not the hands of the people, not the hands of any one, but the hands of the presbytery—that is, of those who before had the office in a regular way. Thus Christ gives this office to those whom He calls and prepares for it, and commands them in their turn to commit it, by the laying on of hands, to their successors; and thus, age after age, He chooses and invests the ministers of His Church with authority and power to act in His name. Thus they are His servants, and they alone.

He assigns to his servants the posts at which they are to labor.—When He sent out His disciples, He did not permit them to go where they pleased; He told them where to go, and where not to go. “Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not. But go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel.” Peter was sent to Cesarea to preach. When the Jews would not at first receive the Gospel when Paul preached it to them at Corinth, he said he would now turn to the Gentiles; but the Lord told him in a vision at night, that he should not; and, in obedience to the vision, he remained yet a year and six months at Corinth. When the elders of Miletus and Ephesus besought him with tears to remain with them, he declined; for he was “bound in the Spirit to go to Jerusalem.” No one can read the history of the ministry of the apostles, without feeling and seeing clearly, that they did not pass from one place to another at random, or according to their own caprice, but that a higher hand directed them to their fields of labor.

It is so still. Christ shows His ministers where to labor—to what part of His vineyard they are adapted, and in what field they may be most useful. Having a call from God to go to a certain place is not an idle cant phrase. It would indeed be strange, if God took care of sparrows, and suffered not a hair to fall from our heads without His will, and yet did not direct in the settling of a minister at his post, when such great, such eternal consequences, depend upon it. Does God take care of sparrows, and yet not concern Himself in directing His ministers to such fields of labor as are suited to their capacities and gifts? Who can believe it? Surely the interests of a congregation of immortal souls are of more value than many sparrows. Surely the Master shows his servant where He desires him to labor.

Christ tells his servants what to preach.—They must receive the word from His mouth. They must preface all their teachings with, “Thus saith the Lord!” If even an angel from heaven should preach another Gospel, he is accursed. No one dare add to it, or take from it. If he adds to it, God will add to him the plagues that are written in it. If he takes from it, God will take from him his part out of the book of life. He must in no way soften down its strictness, or make its awful threatenings less terrible. He dare not pervert it to suit itching ears. He may not prophesy smooth things, and cry peace, peace, when God hath not spoken peace. He must in no way accommodate it to the tastes and wishes of men. The word is not his, but the Master’s who sent him. In preaching this word he must be the faithful servant of Him for whom he acts.

Christ alone blesses his labors and makes them effectual.—What can man do to dispose the wills of men to the truth? What can man do to work faith in those who hear? What can man do to change the carnal mind and make it spiritual? This is all beyond his power. He can sow the good seed, but he cannot create the soil, and make it fruitful, so that it shall produce fruit to God’s glory. It must be mixed with faith in them that hear; but this faith cannot be produced by the minister; it is the gift of God. Without this faith the “word profiteth nothing.” The inefficiency of all that the minister, of himself, can do is strongly asserted in that oft-quoted passage: “Who, then is Paul, and who is Apollos, but ministers by whom ye believed, even as the Lord gave to every man? I have planted, Apollos watered: but God gave the increase.” This shows

that ministers have nothing of their own—they are not Masters, or sources, but only servants for Christ.

As we have now seen: Christ calls His ministers to their office—He prepares them for their work—He invests them with authority to act in His name—He assigns them their proper field of labor—He gives effect and increase to their ministry. Here then they stand—nothing in themselves, or of themselves, but all things in Christ. What humility, what faithfulness, what child-like dependence on Christ does this office require! Highly responsible is the work, and glorious its eternal reward.

THE LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER AGAIN.

As the readers of the *GUARDIAN* will remember, we for some years have been collecting and publishing all we could find in illustration of the little prayer beginning,

“Now I lay me down to sleep.”

Rev. M. Sheeleigh, of Stewartsville, N. J., to whom we have before been indebted for similar favors, kindly sends us the following incidents. The second incident is from an unknown writer in the *Lutheran Observer*. In transmitting them to us, Mr. Sheeleigh says:

“The following paragraph has just fallen under my eye on turning over a file of old papers. It possesses a double interest, as its subject became a pious and useful minister, and composed many hymns, numbers of which are found in the hymn books of all churches. Such as these are widely and familiarly known:

“How sweet the name of Jesus sounds;”

“Safely through another week;”

“One there is above all others;”

“Lord, I cannot let Thee go;”

“O Lord, our languid souls inspire;”

“Oft as the bell with solemn toll.”

Mr. Newton was born in England in 1725, and died in 1807. He lost his mother when he was seven years old, and his conversion to God took place in early manhood.”

I.

THE POWER OF EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

John Newton—a name known to all the friends of religion, both for the remarkable features of his religious history, and for the usefulness of his religious life—broke away in his youth from the restraints of a religious education, and became profligate, addicted to every vice, connected himself as a mariner with a vessel engaged in the slave-trading—and will you look in a mind so deeply debased for any remaining traces of a pious

education, and of a mother's prayers? Behold him wandering upon the sands of Africa, so debased and wretched in character as to be despised and cast out by the negro savages. And can the memory of a mother's influence reach him here? He lies down upon the sands for his repose for the night—his thoughts stray back to the scenes of childhood—he finds himself repeating the little prayer, conned in the nursery:

“Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.”

The influence of other days rushes back over his mind with overpowering impressions. By the grace of God his soul is renewed; and the sequel you know. It may seem a small matter to you now, ye mothers, that your children are fixing upon their minds the impression of these simple forms of religious thought. But if you are binding upon the hearts of these children the cords by which, after wandering so far, they are to be brought back to hope and heaven, ye are doing a great work.

II.

“NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.”

“Mrs. Ross, may Luther go home with me and stay to-night?” said little Alice Bell to the minister's wife, who was visiting, with her husband and children, among the members of his congregation.

The family, of which Alice was the youngest, made no profession of religion. Mr. Bell was a good man *in his way*, that is, he was honest and kind, but he had never become a child of God.

Luther went home with Alice, and a pleasant romp they had. At last the children's bed-time came. Now, Luther had been taught to kneel down by his papa's knee and to repeat his prayer before going to bed. So the artless child, in the absence of his parents, walked confidently up to Mr. Bell and knelt down, folded his little hands, and, in a clear voice repeated—

“Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take,
And this I ask for Jesus' sake. Amen.”

So quietly did the child act, that the old man was scarcely aware of his intention until saying “Amen.” He arose, and going to each he kissed them good-night.

Little Alice stood in childish astonishment, wondering what the strange proceeding meant.

When the children were fast asleep, the family sat in quietness. Each seemed to be pursuing an absorbing train of thought. At last Mrs. Bell broke the silence, as a tear sparkled on her cheek, saying, “What a sweet child!”

Mr. Bell took no part in the conversation thus started, but leaving the family circle, retired to his bed room.

He passed a restless night, and to the oft-repeated question of his wife, "If he was ill?" he only replied "No."

Morning came, and while breakfast was being prepared the cheerful "good-morning" of the children, and their playfulness, seemed to drive away the singular gloom of kind Mr. Bell. The chairs were placed, and they sat down to breakfast.

Luther, wondering why they did not have worship, looked from one to another as they began to eat without the "grace" they always had at home. Thinking, no doubt, that they had forgotten, he turned his eyes to Mr. Bell and said, almost in a whisper, "We didn't pray." It was too much. The old man left the table. Going to his room, he fell upon his knees, and wept and prayed.

Mr. Bell and most of his family now stand at the Lord's table with their neighbors, showing how God "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hath perfected praise." Luther did what many sermons and exhortations had failed to do; and now he and Alice may both repeat their little prayers by Mr. Bell's knee, while with his hands upon their heads he smiles and echoes heartily the amen; and the family altar is erected and loved.

"Feed my lambs," said Christ; and it may be that the tender lamb may lead the straying sheep into the fold.

OFFICIAL AND INDIVIDUAL.

BY THE EDITOR.

The individual and the official, either in Church or State, though comprehended in the same person, cannot be made wholly identical, neither can they be entirely separated from each other. An office-bearer, whether in Church or State, cannot act wholly as if he were a mere individual, nor wholly as if he were only an official. It is a mistake for a pastor to act as if he had *no* office; but it is just as great a mistake for him to act as if he had *only* an office, and had ceased to be an individual among his fellow men.

A minister who always acts with only his official character in view, isolates himself too much from his fellows, and becomes stiff, formal, if not imperious and tyrannical. Instead of being truly a head of a social body, infusing his spirit into all around him and under his care, he is really a mere power, holding itself outside of and aloof from the sphere which he is to animate by his whole life.

Of the mere official the Pharisees may be taken as the type. Those of them who stood in office seem never to have practically remembered that they were also men. They practically acknowledged no relation to the people except an official relation. Hence, their life flowed not in sympathy with the mass to whom they ministered. Instead of a ministry, which though over the people was still the organ to the people, and of the people, they were a

mere caste, whose official acts were only a power, but not a life. They were men who stood aloof from the people in the cold dignity of their office. They were afraid of the contamination of the multitude, and regarded those who knew not the law in all the subtle technicalities in which they learnedly involved it, as hopelessly accursed! and thus refused to sympathize with the very classes of men, whom they were commissioned to elevate and save.

Of the true pastor, who in the *office* does not leave out of view the *man*, Christ is the beautiful type. He never suffered his high office to be out of His mind, nor did it fail to appear in all His acts; but it did not appear as mere office; it was always humanized, and adjusted with true and proper sympathy to the state and condition of those to whom He ministered. He sunk, merged, diffused his office with his daily life. He entered our nature truly—entered into flesh and blood—became one among men—mingled His life with the lives of men. He made His life to be felt, not merely in synagogue and temple, but in hearts and homes, on highways and among fishermen, among the sick and sorrowing, among the devout and the sinful. He touched the people at all points with His hands and His heart. His presence every where was holiness, and strength, and consolation.

Hence, when we review His life and ministry, we scarcely know which, whether His office or His individual life, makes the strongest impression on us. Both seem completely and symmetrically mingled into one blessed whole. In His official acts He is never cold, formal, or imperious; in His individual acts He is never without a sense of dignity and authority. The solemnity of the office, and the sympathy and tenderness of the man always appear in due proportion.

When the pastor fails to cultivate the social, he is sure to become officially imperious. Not mingling with the people, he loses that sympathy which alone enables him, like his Master, to be touched with a feeling of all their infirmities and needs. Acting only officially, he will treat all alike, without that adaptation for which the Gospel so sweetly provides in its varied resources, and of which he is the bearer to needy man. The varied needs of the people with which his familiar sympathetic intercourse with them keeps him always deeply acquainted, is the element in which all his official functions must be humanized—in which, through his official acts, heaven becomes earth, that earth may become heaven—the divine human, that the human may become partaker of the divine. Thus, his official acts will not be stiff, starched, isolated, imperial, but truly human while they remain no less divine.

The idea we have sought to present is forcibly illustrated in civil official life by an incident and a remark of the late President, whose words were always full of point, and often profoundly wise. Among the crowd of plain and humble people, who constantly sought access to the President—often on most trivial matters, as viewed from the standpoint of his high office, but of deep and earnest interest to them in their humble state,—was an old lady, who called on him to get an order to stop the pay of a Treasury Clerk who owed her a board bill of \$70, so that she might get her pay. As was his custom, he listened to such cases with patience and true sympathy. After showing her in the most careful manner, that he could not possibly engage in collecting small debts, and advising her to appeal to the regular courts, he politely dismissed her. When she was

gone he remarked to a Major, whose turn it was to see him next on business: "What odd kinds of people come in to see me; and what odd ideas they must have about my office!"

This led to a somewhat general conversation, in which the Major expressed surprise, that he did not adopt the plan in force at all military headquarters, under which every applicant to see the General Commanding had to be filtered through a sieve of officers—assistant Adjutant-Generals, and so forth; who allowed none in to take up the General's time, save such as they were satisfied had business of sufficient importance, and which could be transacted in no other manner than by a personal interview.

"Of every hundred people who come to see the General-in-Chief daily," the Major explained, "not ten have any sufficient business with him, nor are they admitted. On being asked to explain for what purpose they desire to see him, and stating it, it is found, in nine cases out of ten, that the business properly belongs to some one or other of the subordinate bureaus. They are then referred, as the case may be, to the Quartermaster, Commissary, Medical, Adjutant-General, or other departments, with an assurance that—even if they saw the General-in-chief—he could do nothing more for them than give them the same direction. With these points courteously explained," he added, "they go away quite content, although refused admittance."

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Lincoln, gravely—and his words on this matter are important as illustrating a rule of his action, and, to some extent, perhaps, the essentially representative character of his mind and of his administration. "Ah, yes! such things do very well for you military people, with your arbitrary rule, and in your camps; but the office of President is essentially a civil one, and the affair is very different. For myself, I feel—though the tax on my time is heavy—that no hours of my day are better employed than those which thus bring me again within the direct contact and atmosphere of the average of our whole people. *Men moving only in an official circle are apt to become merely official—not to say arbitrary—in their ideas*, and are apter and apter, with each passing day, to forget that they only hold power in a representative capacity. Now this is all wrong. I go into these promiscuous receptions of all, who claim to have business with me, twice each week, and every applicant for audience has to take his turn as if waiting to be shaved in a barber's shop. Many of the matters brought to my notice are utterly frivolous, but others are of more or less importance, and all serve to renew in me a clearer and more vivid image of that great popular assemblage out of which I sprang, and to which, at the end of two years, I must return. I tell you, Major," he said—appearing at this point to recollect I was in the room, for the former part of these remarks had been made with half-shut eyes, as if in soliloquy, "*I tell you I call these receptions my public-opinion baths—for I have but little time to read the papers and gather public opinion that way; and though they may not be pleasant in all their particulars, the effect, as a whole, is renovating and invigorating to my perceptions of responsibility and duty.* It would never do for a President to have guards with drawn sabres at his door, as if he fancied he were, or trying to be, or were assuming to be, an emperor."

These remarks of the President beautifully illustrate the idea we are setting forth. They show not only that the official may still remain a man,

but they also aptly illustrate how the official is really benefited and better fitted for his official work by keeping up all his sympathies as a man. If the civil officer needs constant "*public-opinion baths*," as the President so laconically expresses it, the pastor needs no less to have his whole spirit repeatedly and perpetually immersed in the very life of his people—so that their peculiar state forms the very element around him, in which all his official activities obtain their truly humane character, and thus come really near to men's business and bosoms, and receive their true adaptation to all their needs. It is only thus that the official activities flow truly in and through the individual, and that the pastor becomes not merely a priest *for* and *to* the people, but really a minister *among* them and *with* them.

What if many things with which the pastor meets, in his free and friendly intercourse with the humblest of his parishioners, seem trite and trivial to him, they are not so to them. Little things are great to little men, is a truth which the pastor of all men must be last to forget. Some one has beautifully said, "that Jesus Christ, even now, in heaven, as truly sympathizes with the sorrows of a child, which grieves over a broken toy, as He does with the millionaire who mourns over a broken fortune." In the same spirit does the true pastor enter into the small griefs and cares of the humble of his flock. If he does not learn science from them, he learns what is equally important to him in his work, namely—what the material is, into which he is to infuse the elevating, sanctifying and comforting life of grace divine. It is only in this way that his life, and through his ministerial activities, the life of grace, can flow out beyond his official acts, and take true hold on the lives of the people. In his life the grace of the Gospel must become incarnate anew, living afresh among the people, and go about among them doing them good.

All this lies in the very idea of the ministry. It is not an office merely for the performance of certain divinely prescribed official duties at stated times and places, but a free flexible ministry, which reaches out into all the circumstances and relations of individual and family life. It looks not merely to the flock in general and in its assembled capacity in the church, but to every individual member in his individual circumstances. It lies in its nature, that it should make itself felt in all the details of life. The pastor is what the shepherd is to his flock, and the father to his family—in both of which lies far more than the mere functions of office.

The very nature of the pastoral office implies, that the pastor's life must flow out in sympathy with the people. His consenting to accept the office means that he loves the people. It means, moreover, that he loves them *as they are*, not merely as they *ought to be*. It is not merely the love of an equal which is required, but the love of compassion—the love that condescends—the love that sees what the degraded *may become*—the love which, from love to Christ, seeks to make them what they may be and ought to be. In this respect also Christ is our pattern. His sympathies went out toward us *as we were*. As sinners, ignorant and vile, He died for us; and as sinners still, through weakness and temptation, He still deals mercifully and tenderly with us. To Him our low and wretched estate is no reason for official isolation, but a reason only for a nearer and tenderer approach.

When this sympathy is wanting in any pastor, it is evidence that he has sought the ministry, if not from wrong motives, still surely in the wrong

spirit. There is a radical defect in his qualifications for its sacred work. It is a defect more serious than lack of learning or mental ability; and just as one who, from lack of mental abilities, finds himself unable to acquire the necessary knowledge, may safely take that fact as an evidence that he has mistaken his calling, so one who feels that he does not really sympathize with the people, ought to see in that deficiency an equally great barrier to his usefulness in the sacred ministry.

We must, however, not forget, that there may be true sympathy with men, where there is not the full free ability always to externalize it. There is constitutional reticence and backwardness—a natural repression or introversion of life, which is neither selfishness nor official isolation. The truth that what is in man manifests itself, has its limitations and exceptions. Some men are constitutionally more friendly, genial and approachable than others. But this is still a defect and a hinderance, just like want of talents, which must as far as possible be overcome. It is a defect, moreover, which the earnest pastor will overcome more and more by grace and practice.

Such a pastor, though with disadvantage, will still reveal his true sympathy with the people. But he will do it only *by time*. His faithfulness and devotedness, even without all the common outward manifestations of love, will gradually reveal his true life and love to his people. When they learn, by time, to love him in this way, it will be often a deeper and more lasting love. But a settled, incorrigible, incurable misanthrope can only be, in the eyes of the people, an imperious official tyrant, never a true pastor. He has mistaken his calling.

From what we have said of the necessity of thus mingling the office into the personal life and activities of the man in the proper pastoral work, it must not be concluded that the unction of the sacred office does not enter into these activities. Ministerial power and grace go with all the private sacred acts of the pastor. If there is special virtue attending the word proclaimed from the pulpit as the official, prophetic function of the minister—or in the administration of the sacraments as priestly functions, so also in like manner does virtue attend his words of instruction, warning and comfort at all times in his more private pastoral ministrations; and just as truly have his priestly activities in prayer at the bed-side of the sick the unction of his sacred office. Hence, while any Christian ought to pray with the sick when no ordained ministry is within reach, the true and proper order is that when any one is sick the *elders* of the church are to be sent for, that they may minister to the sick as the specially anointed ministry of the Lord.

A solemn sense of the abiding presence of this unction the pastor must bear with him always. He must be always conscious of his ordination and the virtue of his office, and not feel as if it were left behind—or as though it belonged only to the pulpit and altar, and attached to him only when he stands in those places, and is engaged with those particular official acts. It is this that will give him confidence and assurance in all his more private sacred acts and ministrations.

Thus the *office* is in all the sacred acts of the *man*. In these acts the divine and heavenly again become flesh and blood, dwell with men, and form the medium and means through which, and by which, Christ with His life and grace enters and lives in all the life of men. To him, not

only in the pulpit and altar where word and sacraments are dispensed, but also in all his personal interviews with the ignorant, the wayward, the sinful, the sick, and the distressed, the word applies: "He that heareth you, heareth me."

THE POTOMAC.

BY THE EDITOR.

Some duties lately brought us to Clearspring, Md., a beautiful village on the great National turnpike, which leads from Baltimore to Wheeling. Clearspring lies at the foot of the Blue Mountains, about eleven miles west of Hagerstown, and about four miles from the Potomac, right opposite the memorable Dam No. 5, which Stonewall Jackson in vain attempted to break with powder and artillery in the early part of the war. This village has received its name from a beautiful and *clear* spring in the middle of the town, now nicely walled and shaded, the property of the town.

We had not seen this town since 1840, twenty-five years ago, when we passed through it in the celebrated stage line of "Reesides & Co." What a thoroughfare this road was at that time! And how changed the scene now! Six or seven stages passed along this road daily at that day; whilst white-covered wagons were visible from every hill, plodding and rolling over the well-worn pike. Hotels every mile or two, all astir with arriving and departing teams and stages, and all the towns and villages along the road full of life and motion. Railroads have long since changed all this busy scene to a ghastly quiet. Stages and wagons are gone, and the grass is intruding from both sides upon the old, well-worn, and dusty great National Road. The company of "Reesides & Co.," who at that time occupied a place in the public mind something like the Baltimore and Ohio, or the Pennsylvania Central Rail Road Company, is fast passing into the silent land of forgetfulness, legend, and myth.

But we must not forget our caption—the Potomac. We were about to say that, after our *business* was attended to, a friend proposed to us the *pleasure* of paying a visit to the Potomac. It is only a short and pleasant drive; and the road we took, led us right to the memorable Dam No. 5. This is a beautiful river. The truly massive works of the Dam itself, with the splendid Lock in the canal on the Maryland side, and the ruins of a five story mill, burnt during the war, on the "sacred soil" just opposite, together with the steep and craggy banks up and down covered with venerable trees, constitute a rare scenery. To add to the interest of the spot, the imagination calls up again the serried hosts who contended with each other in earnest warfare across this historic stream, and especially at this spot, where large and solid trees bored clear through by shell, still speak in silent eloquence, of danger and heroism witnessed here by the now silent hills.

How changed the scene now on this river! When meditatively sitting and looking across upon the peaceful and green hills of Virginia, one can hardly realize that there treason should have run so wildly mad as to attempt the separation of lands, which this noble river so pleasantly unites.

But now—thanks to the God of our fathers, who has given us victory and peace—gleaming bayonets, thundering cannon, and the rush and rest of armies are all gone. With the exception of the lock-tender, and now and then a boat driver on the tow-path, and a steers-man at the helm of a canal-boat, we saw no man during the half day we spent on the spot. Unconsciously we found ourselves humming,

“All quiet along the Potomac *to-day*.”

Our pen would fain linger amid these memories of the great struggle, which has so happily ended in the restoration of the glorious old Union—a Union—now not old, but young again, having passed through the baptism and regeneration of suffering, sacrifice and blood. But it is not this feature of our visit to the Potomac, that allured us into the writing of our present article.

We may as well confess, that it was as a disciple of the good old Izaak Walton, that we went to the Potomac. Most persons have the weakness of being fond of some kind of recreation, especially in the heat of summer. Claudius says, “Every bird whistles according as its bill has grown.” On this principle, therefore, it happens, that our weakness has always been a fondness for the hook and line; and as fishing is an apostolic practice, we claim that our taste in this direction may be treated with due respect. We confess that to feel the bite, and to bring out the fish, is to us one of the greatest luxuries. It is the only recreation that is able fully to decoy our “thoughts from the graver channels in which they are wont to run.” It is so intensely absorbing, that we are able to forget completely all that we ever learned, or ought yet to learn from men and books. The very best evidence of this is, that, after having watched the motions of the cork all day, we can still see it bobbing after we close our eyes at night. This kind of recreation makes our thoughts simple—reduces our whole life to one point, and hence is philosophically a complete enjoyment.

The only thing that ever interfered with our pleasure in this thing was, that the fish, when removed from the water, did not only seem to show signs of unwillingness, but even of positive pain. But this the fish that the apostles caught must have manifested, and we would not by our sentimentalism indirectly charge them with lack of humane feelings. But what chiefly relieved our minds in regard to this lingering unpleasantness was, that we once read in a very learned and scientific book that fish, *having no nerves, are incapable of suffering pain*. We hope the learned man who wrote this understood the experiences of fish. Yet, even after science has thus relieved us of our trouble, we confess ourselves still somewhat under the power of the vulgar *préjudice*, that fish can suffer pain. They have, when flung out, to say the least, a striking way of imitating man when his relations to things which interfere with him are not exactly normal.

But what does the reader care for our troubles in regard to this point. We are making no progress in the main business of our present article. We may as well begin the principal story at once.

We went to the Potomac to catch BASS. For there are plenty of Bass in this river at present. We say *at present*, because there was a time

when this fish was entirely unknown in that stream. The books say that this fish is only "found every where West, from the basin of the St. Lawrence to the tributaries of the Ohio," and it is of course found in the Ohio river itself. The books also say, "he varies from a few inches in length to rarely over eight pounds weight, and is an excellent fish."

How did this fish get into the Potomac? The supposition, that he walked over the Allegheny Mountains of his own motion, and got into the Potomac at its head waters, is incorrect! This is contrary to the habits of fish. The real state of the case is this: Ten years ago, Hon. Frank Thomas, now United States Senator from Maryland, and Hon. McKegg of Cumberland, with some other gentleman whose name we could not learn, brought some of this species of fish from the Ohio river across the mountains in the water tank of an engine, and put them into the Potomac at Cumberland. In the brief period of ten years the river has become abundantly stored with them, and they are now caught in great plenty weighing from two to five pounds! What a good thing it was which those gentlemen did!

The Bass, like all other fish, have their kinks; and there are therefore days when anglers sit on the bank "like patience on a monument," waiting in vain for the coveted Bass to fulfil their part of the contract. Not a bubble or a bite do the gliding waters indicate; whilst at other times the delighted disciple of Walton returns rejoicing in a string of from twelve to twenty, two and three pounders. There is a tide, not only "in human events," but also in "fisher's luck." We happened on a day when they were very chary of their favors; yet besides some fall fish, and a more than respectable eel, we—our friend and ourself—had the pleasure of flinging out on the bank a two pound bass. This was sufficient, if not to satisfy our ambition, still to convince us that this beautiful fish is there, and can be had when fortune favors. Besides, we were justified in relying freely on the assurances of our friend, that he had caught them there by the dozen, of even larger size. The fact is they have propagated so fast in ten years, that they are as plenty now as any class of fish are in streams to which they are native—and even much faster.

The introduction of this fish into the Potomac, and its great and speedy increase there, is a confirmation of what the books say on this subject: "Fish readily adapt themselves to new localities, both marine and fresh water species; pickerel were easily introduced into the ponds of Berkshire county, Mass., and the great pike of the Northern Lakes has been transplanted to the Connecticut; the salt water smelt lives in Jamaica and other ponds in Massachusetts; and the tantog has found a new home in Massachusetts bay, north of Cape Cod." So the Rock Bass, "originally peculiar to the St. Lawrence, has come down the Erie canal, and become common in the Hudson river, where it is freely taken."

These being facts, why should not the bass be introduced into the noble Susquehanna? To say nothing of the fact already mentioned, that all fish easily adapt themselves to new localities, there are no two rivers known to us more alike in character than the Susquehanna and the Potomac. Both head in the same range of mountains, both flow in the same directions, and through the same kind of country, are alike rocky and clear, and free from the disturbances of steam navigation. Just the waters for fish. There is every reason to believe, that this excellent fish, if introduced into the Sus-

quehanna, would, in like manner, in ten years fill its waters with plenty of sport for the angler, and the pans of rich and poor, with sounds of the fragrant and delicious fry.

Since we learned the facts related in this article, our head has been full of it. Here is a chance for some of our friends to immortalize themselves, as did the Hon. gentlemen of Maryland. We thought at first of grabbing this honor ourselves, by silently transferring some specimens. But being disinterested, and willing that others shall have a chance for glorious fame, we throw the field open to others. But we confess to our strong desire that this honor may be seized upon by our whilom friends at Lewisburg—a spot to us of early and precious memories—a place, however, not a whit behind any of the towns on that glorious old river in enterprise and public spirit.

Allow us, then, to propose:

1. That this article be transferred to the columns of the enterprising and always wide-awake *Lewisburg Chronicle*, so that the facts may be known.

2. That thereupon there be an extemporaneous meeting for consultation in one of the offices; which meeting ought to result in the appointment of a delegation and general committee of "Ways and Means" for executing the transfer of the piscatorial representatives and progenitors of the future generation of Susquehanna bass. We shall be willing, if so honored, to be guide, spy, and co-operator of the Committee on the line of the Potomac.

3. That the said bass be placed in the Lewisburg Dam, with such formalities as the Convention may deem appropriate to the occasion.

To this disinterested proposal to our Lewisburg friends, we append this our public proclamation, that if this liberal offer be not accepted in such reasonable time as shall be necessary for this proclamation to become known, we, the editor of the *GUARDIAN*, shall ourselves take immediate and effectual measures to have the project executed through ourselves or through others. In that case the fish shall be put into the river *below the Shamokin Dam*!

P. S.—September would be the best time in which to execute this purpose, as the young bass can at that time be readily taken about the length of a man's hand.

JOHN'S DEATH BED.

Why so loath, my dear John, to say you'll soon leave me,
 When 'tis shown by my tears, I count the hour nigh;
 Haunts dismay your wan thoughts, lest as foam-flakes at sea,
 Parting here, all our bands forever disappear?
 Nay, the faith that we are held by a vitalized tie,
 Whose essence undying binds beyond earth and sky,
 Should chase from our adieus the intrusive, base fear!

Let the bridal ring break, say 'tis bootless in heav'n,
Since we enter not there as husband and wife;
But oh, our wedlock'd love, think not this may be riv'n!
Nay, 'tis a mystic might, that meets death, but survives!
'Tis consecrate, my John, where godliness is rife—
An infinite power, ever quick in our life,
That coheres, and surmounts, howe'er death roars and rives!

Ever gladsome, thank God, we have trod heaven's ways,
And this faith of the soul loudly utter'd till now,
Hand in hand, filling out the measure of your days,
Reach'd nearer, still nearer the sweet home of the blest!
Darkens timid distrust in this hour your blanch'd brow,
Think you now 'tis all vain, our earliest made vow,
To love here, and love on evermore in God's rest?

But answer me not now; sped beyond sin and woe,
Its verity this faith to your sight will prove—
Ev'n where darkness God makes his pavilion, and lo!
By our Lord, nearest by, with his own in bright light!
Oh! the hope of there meeting in new life, enhanc'd love,
Oh, my John, let this hope the hour's doubting reprove,
And for mourning give joy, on your way glad delight!
—NORRISTOWN.

THE OAK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

You know the story of the birds choosing their king. They gathered themselves together in a great field and flew upward in emulation of each other. It was decided that the one who should fly highest should be king. They chirped and fluttered. The hens soon remained behind. The sparrows, the robins and finches flew somewhat higher, but they soon sank down again to the earth. The doves and ravens, the herons and storks flew up as far as the first clouds; but the eagle soared high above them, and looked down from the clear, blue heaven upon all the rest. The birds cried, "The eagle is king, for he can fly the highest!"

So also the plants once gathered in a great wood, and wished to choose over them a king. It should be he, so it was determined, who could grow the highest. All lay yet as little seed-kernels in the earth; here hazel-nuts and beech-nuts, there acorns and flower-seeds. The snow was still spread over them as a covering, so that one could not begin to grow earlier than another.

Now was counted, "One!" Then the south wind began to blow—"Two!" Then the rain fell and the snow melted. The seed-kernels all took quickly a fresh, hearty drink and made themselves ready—"Three!" Then the loving sun shone so warmly from the blue heaven that all the birds began to sing for joy, and all the gnats to dance.

Now all the seeds began to spring up and grow. The nuts burst, the oat-grains, and the rough seeds of the wild carrot; all the many hundred different kernels extended their roots and pressed upward in emulation of each other. Some put forth at once two leaves, others only a single green spike. All are still of nearly equal height. But now some seek to surpass the others. The convolvulus and the beans twist themselves up with great rapidity. They wish very much to be king of the plants. Every day they mount a span further and bring new leaves and blossoms.

Two months are passed. How various are now the position of the plants upon their emulous course! The beans and convolvulus have wound themselves aloft to twice a man's height. The hop is still higher. He will surely be king. The willows and poplars, the hazels and golden-rods have shot up to the height of a man. They will at least come to be maids of honor and chamberlains of the new king. The young oaks and beeches are still very small. They have remained far, far behind the rest. The high white flowers of the convolvulus, the fiery-red blossom adorning. They look down compassionately upon the little oaks far beneath them.—Even the grass blades stretched themselves up much further than the little oak-plant. They propose to obtain some where a place in the court of the king. Only a little moss enlists itself in favor of the young tree.

It is itself much too modest even to think of striving after the king's crown. Warmly and kindly it wraps the young stems, protects them from the hot rays of the sun, and reaches fresh water to them when they are thirsty.

Again more weeks pass. The sun rises later and goes earlier to bed. The air is cooler. Now it is all over with the proud flowers. The hops and convolvulus feel very weak, the beans are faded and cannot support themselves. The grass-blades sink down—the blossoms decay. Snow-flakes fall. Nothing now remains of all the summer splendor except here and there a withered stalk which the wind drives rustling before it.

But the oak has a little stem ready, which is indeed so small yet that the little hare can easily spring over it, and a robin can scarcely seat itself upon it; the leaves also are brown and withered, but upon the little rod sit many fresh buds clothed in firm, brown shells. Provided with such an armor, they may well bid defiance to the severest Winter frost. The next year they all break open and continue calmly growing.

The vines and grasses begin the strife again in the spring. Once more they triumph, but in its turn the Autumn makes an early end of their vain existence. The little oak-stem becomes larger and stronger, and puts forth little branches from its sides.

So the emulous strife is renewed each year. Each year the oak grows higher—yearly it fashions in its trunk a new ring of wood, and makes that already formed firmer and thicker. Yearly, also, it wraps about its trunk a new layer of bark, the old no longer sufficing.

It continually puts forth new branches and new leaves, and at last, after many, many years, it stands as a mighty giant in the wood. Many men could scarcely span its trunk. It wears a great, green crown. Now is the oak the king of the wood. Thousands of twigs and branches extend on all sides like a wide temple-dome. Innumerable leaves rustle in the wind, green clusters of blossoms, and ruddy spires hang, in Spring, in their midst, and, in Autumn, many exquisite acorns with tiny cups. Far, far

beneath grow the flowers and the grasses, and can scarcely look up with their party-colored little eyes to the head of the oak. Round about stand the beeches and aspens, the maples and service-trees—the court officers of the king.

You will perhaps remember what a joke was played when the birds held their trial flight. Just as they all cried, "The eagle is king!" a little bird, which had concealed itself among his feathers, flew forth and fluttered a very little higher, and so wished to be king. But all the birds laughed and called it in derision King Hedge-hopper—another name for the wren. At the selection of the king of the plants, it happened almost in the same way. When all the plants of the wood swore allegiance to the oak as their king and were bowing themselves before him, there grew forth from the topmost branches of the mighty tree a tiny plant. It exerted itself to be strong, and made itself as broad as possible; yet in spite of all its pains it grew no more than two inches. It wished to be king. Then the trees shook their tops with laughter, they knew the little mistletoe too well, and knew that the thrush had carried its glutinous little seeds up there. Therefore was the mistletoe the enemy of the green forest. Every where it hung itself upon the twigs of the trees and fed itself upon them. To the fowler it furnished, from its white berries, bird-lime with which to catch the beautiful birds the dwellers among the green foliage. Therefore no one can bear the mistletoe, and the forester tears it from the trees wherever he finds it.

But now how did the oak conduct himself as king in the realm of the plants? We know indeed from the Bible, by the example of Saul, that it is not enough in order to be a good king, that one be merely taller and larger than other people, and our Lord commends him as the most distinguished who best serves others.

In the first place, the oak thinks of its youth and early insignificance. It remembers its benefactor—the little moss—which nourished it so faithfully when it was still an acorn; which kept from its delicate shoot the cold wind and gave it drink. It now extends over it its protecting branches, and sends down to it every year its leaves for covering and nourishment. It invites it to mount to it, and proffers it its rough bark for support. Modestly the moss climbs aloft. It hangs in beautiful green tufts on the branches and winds itself about the trunk like a soft, silken mantle. The oak also allows the tresses to fasten themselves upon its bark. So a long white beard hangs down upon it like gray hair, and ever-green ivy twines itself in through the midst.

What a multitude of animals the mighty oak takes to itself and royally cherishes! Wood-lice drink the juice of the green leaves. Ants lay out for themselves a highway upon its trunk. Snails creep slowly upward to feed upon the fresh foliage, while at the foot of the tree the blind worms lie in wait to devour them when, satiated, they descend. The lady-birds chirp upon the oak and give their eggs into his keeping. They know that their young ones will find abundant nourishment upon the insects which live upon the leaves of the tree. A varied multitude of caterpillars eat of the foliage and turn to a chrysalis upon its trunk. Spiders and sappers creep forth, and butterflies flutter about. The oak is their father-land and their support. May-bugs banquet here; beetles drink the sap of the tender twigs, which they rend with their pointed horns. Birds come and catch

the flies and butterflies, and the many insects which the oak nourishes. Fly-snappers and shirkes seat themselves upon the branches and lie in wait for the beetles. The tree-frog conceals himself among the green leaves and seizes his repast. The wood-pecker comes knocking upon the trunk and draws the fleeing vermin to the light of day. Wood-lice spy after the eggs which the great moths have laid in the chinks of the bark. When the acorns are ripe, the jays with beautiful blue wings, hold here their harvest holiday. Squirrels build their pretty houses between the broad branches, and gather for the winter a store of acorns. The ring-dove has her nest not far off, and leads her young ones out among the boughs. The martin spies after eggs, the cuckoo watches for caterpillars, and the owl hovers about the tree in the night-time, seeking for a little bird.

Upon the highest summit of the king of the trees the eagle has his eyrie. Out of dry sticks he has built himself a nest here, and brings to his little ones young partridges and rabbits for food.

Toward men also the oak shows himself bountiful, dispensing gifts like a king. His superfluity of withered boughs he throws down to poor people, to warm for them their little room and cook the supper for the children.

A mother comes carefully gathering the acorns under the tree. She will make acorn-tea for her sick child who will be cured by it. The oak gives his bark to the tanner and his wood to the carpenter, who hews out of it strong beams, which bear the iron bands of the rail-road. He drives also mighty oaken posts into the ground and builds upon them the high, beautiful houses. Whole cities are built up so, together with the churches and towers. On the sea-shore men make of the oak wood strong dikes, which restrain the wild waves and protect the whole land from overflowing. At the dock they fashion from it great beautiful ships that sail to distant lands and bring home coffee and sugar, chocolate and tea.

Thus mightily works the oak for the advantage and pleasure of men. No sharp thorns to wound the skin of man—no poison in its sap. Therefore it is greatly beloved by all. It is invited to every feast. Garlands and wreaths plaited from oak leaves adorn the city. When a valiant commander returns from bloody war, the enemy, after a hard conflict, being driven out of the land, all the warriors are decked with the foliage of the oak, and even upon the monuments and coins which commemorate the victory, oak leaves are twined about the names of the gallant braves, who, for the sake of others, nobly consecrated themselves to death.



THE BIBLE.—Too few consider their indebtedness to the Bible. As there are persons who are daily blessed by the genial beams of the sun, who never think of that luminary set in the firmament to shed light upon the earth; so all over our land may be found persons benefited by the Holy Scriptures, who never think of that heaven-descended book.

TO DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS.

In our last number, we enclosed bills to such subscribers as are in arrears for the "Guardian." A few promptly responded, to whom we are much obliged for their attention. The majority, however, have not yet been heard from. May we hope that their duty will not be longer deferred? We are at considerable expense in serving them; and having to pay cash for materials and labor, it is only by a prompt and general payment on the part of the subscribers, that we are enabled to meet our engagements. Our subscribers receive the worth of their money; and though the sum due in each case is small, yet the amount is considerable in the aggregate. A periodical paid for, also, is always read with more pleasure and interest than one that is not paid for. There is, therefore, every consideration, both of interest and justice, in favor of prompt payment, and we trust it will not be without its effect.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1865.

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN will enter upon its XVIth volume, on the first of January next. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. It remains under the editorial management of its founder, Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN will be published by **S. R. Fisher & Co.**, Philadelphia, Pa. Though comparing well in its present form with any publication of the kind, improvements are always possible. The Publishers propose something in this direction in the forthcoming volume, if they meet with proper encouragement. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. Though paper has advanced more than one hundred per cent., they promise to use a superior quality: and shall do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—
“Life—Light—Love.”

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future, if permitted to take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the church who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

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LIFE,
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THE
GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
INTERESTS OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

SEPTEMBER.

1865.

S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.
J. B. RODGERS. PR.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XVI.—SEPTEMBER, 1865.—No. 9.

BIBLICAL MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

BY REV. D. GANS.

Among the Fine Arts, Music, it is generally supposed, is the oldest. It seems to have been the result of the first fresh impulse of our esthetic-moral nature. Lying in the original constitution of man, like the life in the seed, it needed only an ordinary occasion, such as the song of birds and the sighing of the breeze, to bring it out and put it into actual sound and harmony. Hence it is that Music is not limited to any section of the globe, to any time, or to any people, but is found wherever man exists. It seems to have grown out of the original harmony of the world, and especially the harmony which arises from the manifold parts of our being, which the human voice, in its ordinary tones, announces from day to day. The poet says, truly:

“There’s music in the sighing of a reed;
There’s music in the gushing of a rill;
There’s music in all things, if men had ears;
The earth is but the echo of the spheres.”

We see this in the great antiquity of the Art of Music as connected with Jubal, the sixth from Cain, who lived some fifteen hundred years before the flood, of whom it is said: “He was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ” (Gen. 4: 21). There are very few things for which we can claim a more venerable antiquity. The instruments which we discover in the Bible, after the deluge, are, with some slight alterations and improvements, the same as those which existed before it, and the names of these same instruments occur even in the latest books of the Old Testament.

In the earliest times, Music, in its practical use, is almost always mentioned in connection with the song and the dance. Thus, Laban, in chiding Jacob for stealing away privately with his daughters, says: "Wherefore didst thou flee away secretly, and steal away from me; and didst not tell me, that I might have sent thee away with mirth and with songs, with tabret and with harp" (Gen. xxxi. 27). The females, more especially, seemed to have employed Music in this connection, from the earliest times. They danced with the sound of timbrels. Thus Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, celebrated the deliverance of the Israelites from the pursuit of Pharaoh, and the destruction of his hosts in the Red Sea. "She took the timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and dances. And Miriam said to them:

Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously;
The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

In Isaiah xxiii. 16, we see an intimation of a custom very similar to that which obtains in this and other countries, of companies of females passing through towns, making "sweet melody," as it is called by the prophet, giving, by this means, notoriety and prominence to persons who may be signalized in this way. Music was also, from the earliest even to the latest ages in the Jewish Dispensation, used in social meetings and public rejoicings. It was a medium between spirits and a natural expression of joyous feeling. At the anointing of Solomon as king, it was said that "all the people went up after him, and piped with pipes, and rejoiced with great joy, so that the earth rent with the sound of them." (1 Kings i. 40). The occasions of this kind are numerous in the Old Testament. Different applications were given to it in later periods. By David, Music was variously and impressively connected with the worship of the holy temple.

In the 25th chapter of 1 Chron. you will find an interesting account of the numbers and offices of the singers that were appointed by David, to serve in the temple, amid the solemn worship of God. There were twenty-four companies, twelve in each company, including the children of families and others, led by the father. The praising of God in this way is called *prophesying*, because the music was of an inspired and prophetic character. It was always accompanied by instruments. In the 23d chapter and 5th verse, the fact is stated; that David, at one time, appointed 4,000 singers. If the idea of *choirs* in churches arose in this appointment, they can certainly not be called new inventions. The choir of the Levites performed their music, more especially at the great sacrifices. Music was also used by the prophets, for the purpose of elevating their mind and producing a frame of spirit adapted to prophetic inspiration. Thus Elisha, when he would be divinely instructed in regard to the rebellion of Mesha, in the reign of Jehoram, said to those who applied to him for information: "Bring me a minstrel. And it came to pass, when the minstrel played, that the hand of the Lord came upon him" (2 Kings iii. 15). Music was also used for the purpose of calming passion, and of harmonizing the mind in its disordered states. Thus David played before Saul, when his mind had become deranged. "And it came to pass, when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took a harp, and played with his hands; so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil

spirit departed from him" (1 Sam. xvi. 23). Montgomery's Muse renders the sentiment thus :

"The lyre of Jubal, with divinest art,
Repell'd the demon and revived the heart."

This is, doubtless, the reason why so much account is always made of Music in asylums for the insane, where they are properly managed, especially of that order of Music which consists in *harmony*, as distinguished from melody simply, its tendency being to penetrate the confusion and restore the faculties of the mind to their original order and harmonious action.

From all we can learn of the *nature* of Hebrew Music, we are led to conclude, that simplicity was one of its marked features. By this we do not mean that it was defective in parts, but that these parts, originally, were few and very natural. Females were specially prominent, whilst instruments, used generally by the males, though frequently also by the females, were made to supply the heavier or undertones. Niebuhr says: "The beauty of the concerts consisted in this—that other persons repeated the Music that had just been sung, three, four or five notes higher or lower." The second verse was also sung often in a responsive way to the first, in a higher or lower tone. This was, no doubt, the style of the Music which Miriam conducted on the shore of the Red Sea.

1. "I will sing unto the Lord, for he has triumphed gloriously;
The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."
2. "The Lord is my strength and song,
And He is become my salvation;
He is my God, and I will prepare Him an habitation;
My father's God, and I will exalt Him."

This is the style adapted also to the 21st Psalm, and others.

1. The king shall joy in Thy strength, O Lord;
And in Thy salvation how greatly shall he rejoice?
2. Thou hast given him his heart's desire,
And hast not withholden the request of his lips. Selah.

The word *selah* is used, no doubt, in the sense of *hallelujah*—praise Jehovah.

It is not possible, from the intimations given in the Bible, to enter very precisely and in detail into the constitution of Music among the ancient Hebrews. Enoch Hutchison, in a very interesting book of 500 pages, called "*Music of the Bible*," published last year, does this more successfully than has heretofore been done. The general character of Bible Music, as we may judge to some extent from the nature of the instruments which were used in it, was vigorous, shrill and sharp, being composed of the voice, the harp, flutes and cymbals, and frequently the blast also of the trumpet. Sufficient is known, however, to constrain the conclusion that the *chant* was, if not the sole, at least the prevailing form of ancient Music. The peculiar form of Hebrew poetry itself fixes this fact. Besides, the chant, whilst it is of all forms of Music the most

highly artistic, is yet the most simple and natural; and, therefore, just such a form as we would naturally suppose would be the first to actualize itself and be adopted by a simple people. Thus, doubtless, all the Psalms of David were sung, and so, also, all the other musical portions of the Word of God. Nor has this form of sacred music lost, through the ages in which it has been borne to the present, any of its attractive features for the truly cultivated ear in the 19th century; although, as its history shows, it has been necessitated, in view of other forms which have since become popularized, to fight its way in the modern world, wherever it has come to prevail. When it was first introduced into Christ Church, New York, by Mr. S. P. Taylor, in 1808, it created quite a stir. The Senior Warden became so deeply moved by it, that he went to Bishop Moore and remonstrated very violently against the toleration of such "balderdash," as he called it.

"What is your trouble?" inquired the Bishop.

"Trouble!" exclaimed the excited Warden, "why, sir, they actually *chanted the Gloria Patri* last Sunday."

"Does your rector sanction it?" inquired the Bishop.

"He does," replied the Warden.

"Then," says the Bishop, "I will have it chanted in all the churches in my parish."

The true merits of the chant are now, however, beginning again to be recognized. After having for a long time tried the *new*, we are commencing to feel, rather earnestly too, that the *old* is better; and where the chant has become reinstated for any length of time, such is the strong hold which it takes upon the worshipping spirit, that the thought never arises of exchanging it for another form. It brings back at once all the old and glorious words of worship which fell from the lips of sainted fathers, and connects the present with the past by such pleasant and strong ties, that we feel ourselves to be worshipping in the company of prophets and apostles, and breathing the very atmosphere of the early Church.

Music commenced in creation,

"When the morning stars sang together,
And all the sons of God shouted for joy" (Job xxxviii. 7).

It continued as the deep sound of original harmony, which God gave to the creature, all through the hoary ages of antiquity; filling the holy temple, allaying the turbulence of passion, soothing the aching head, conditioning the spirit for divine inspiration, giving shape and order to the festive joy, and every where unveiling the higher world of beauty and harmony, and sweetly luring men to its blessedness. At the birth of the Redeemer, angels caught the mighty strain, and chanted, saying:

"Glory to God in the highest,
Peace on earth, good will to men."

In this act Music was rebaptized, and directed still more definitely to the worship of God in His holy temple. The Saviour, Himself, added this consecration, when, on the eve of His crucifixion, and after He had instituted the Holy Supper and partaken with His disciples for the last

time, He sang an hymn* with them, and then went out towards the Mount of Olives. And Music will only have finished its great mission when, according to the prophetic vision of John, on the Isle of Patmos, all the redeemed shall stand before the throne of God, with harps in their hands, celebrating the final triumph of the cross, saying:

1. "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain,
To receive power, and riches, and wisdom,
And strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.
2. "Amen! Blessing, and glory, and wisdom,
And thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might,
Be unto our God for ever and ever! Amen."

Let us now direct some attention, in a more definite way, to the *instruments* of Music mentioned in the Bible. The human voice was the only original organ of Music, and this continued alone for upwards of a century, when Jubal arose and invented instruments to accompany and assist it. From this point the Bible history of musical instruments begins. For the sake of arrangement they may be classified into—1, stringed instruments; 2, instruments of percussion; 3, wind instruments.

Among the stringed instruments, the first is the *harp* (*kinnor*). The names harp and lyre are interchangeable in the Bible, signifying that, although their forms may often be very different, they are, nevertheless, the same instrument.

In the 15th century there lived a man by the name of Lyra, a most ardent Reformer, which, from its similarity to the word *lyre*, suggested the couplet:

"Si Lyra non lirasset,
Lutherias non saltasset."

Had Lyra not played,
Luther had not danced;

Designing to show the dependence of Luther and his work, in the 16th century, upon others who had imbibed the same sentiments, and labored for them in the 15th.

The lyre or harp was invented by Jubal, according to the testimony already referred to, and this was one of the instruments with which Laban had desired to celebrate the departure of Jacob, his son-in-law. At first, it seems that the harp was almost exclusively consecrated to joy and exultation; and, among others, this is, doubtless, one reason why David introduced it into the worship and praise of God, showing that the worship of the Divine Being was always regarded as a solemnly-joyous exercise. David had, no doubt, greatly improved its original construction. When in the Babylonian captivity, some six hundred and eighty-eight years before Christ, the Jews were carried away into a strange country, we are

* What is meant by this hymn is difficult, at this day, to determine accurately. There is very little doubt, however, but that it differs from the modern hymn very much as the ancient organ and other instruments of music differ from those of more modern style.

told that, with sad hearts and weeping eyes, they hung their harps upon the willows, and asked, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" The harp being of a joyful sound, and its previous associations being all of a gladsome character, it was felt not to be adapted to their condition of sadness and bondage. It was used on occasions of jubilees and happy festivals, when the heart was elated and full of joy. Yet it was also serious and impressive, when in the holy temple. Hence, in the 92d Psalm, the Psalmist says :

"To show forth Thy loving-kindness in the morning,
And Thy faithfulness every night :
Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the psaltery,
And upon the harp with a solemn sound."

As to the harp itself, the Bible does not furnish much information; but enough to give us the general idea, that it was made of the sounding parts of good wood, and furnished with strings. David made it of the *berash* wood, and Solomon, of the more costly *algum*, or fir-wood, both of a hard, fine texture. The ancient Sanskrit word for this wood is *valguka*, which Jewish and Phœnician merchants corrupted into *algum*, and which in Hebrew was still further changed into *almug*.* Some, as Josephus says, were made of mixed metals, and were struck by an instrument, but, most generally, they were struck by the fingers. It was of different shapes, and the number of strings varied, generally ten, but sometimes less and sometimes more. If we may judge from representations on Egyptian monuments (and it strikes the reader as strange, that, in a book written expressly on the monuments of Egypt, by Dr. Hawks, and published in 1850, these drawings are not found), we conclude that some were very large, requiring the full length of the arm to play upon them; and we can very easily imagine what a grand effect would be made by the full sweep of the hand of a skilful performer over all its strings.

Layard and Botta have done more, perhaps, than any other two men, in *exhuming* the general subject of ancient Biblical Music. In describing a scene of war, sculptured in bas-relief, on the walls of a chamber dug up at Nimroud, Layard says: "Two musicians are playing with a plectrum, on stringed instruments, or harps similar to those on slabs Nos. 19 and 20 of the same chamber." (Layard's *Nineveh*, Part I. C. X.) He says, further: "It is probable that the Assyrians, like the Egyptians, had various musical instruments; only one kind, however, is represented in the sculptures. It is in the shape of a triangle, is held between the left arm and the side, and appears to have been suspended from the neck. The strings, nine or ten in number, are stretched between a flat board and an upright bar, through which they pass. Tassels are appended to the ends of the strings, and the bar itself is generally surmounted by a small hand, probably of metal or ivory. The instrument was struck by a plectrum, held in the right hand; the left appears to have been used either to pull the strings, or to produce notes by pressure." (Part II. C. VI.)

The next instrument in this class is the *psaltery*. (Nebel). This instrument consisted of strings stretched over a wooden frame, of great variety of shapes—sometimes oblong, sometimes parts of a circle, or bow-shape,

* Müller's Science of Language, p. 204.

and sometimes in the shape of a triangle. It appears first in the reign of Saul, about 1080 B.C., and runs afterwards to the close of the Old Testament. It was used in the worship of God. From 1 Chron. we learn, that the psaltery was played upon by several persons in the grand procession in moving the ark from the house of Obed-Edom to the holy temple. On this occasion the grand 24th Psalm was performed, and according to the opinion of Herder, by answering or responsive choirs. It is thus rendered by Herder :

All sing the first four lines :

“ Jehovah’s is the earth and its fulness,
The world and all that dwell therein,
For He hath founded it upon the seas,
He hath established it upon the floods.”

Then one sings the next two lines :

“ Who shall ascend the Mountain of Jehovah?
Who dares to stand in His most holy place?”

Then two sing :

“ He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart,
That hath not bound his soul with perfidy,
Nor ever sworn deceitfully,
He shall receive a blessing from Jehovah,
The approbation of his guardian God.”

Then one :

“ This is the people that seek after Him,
That seek Thy face, O God of Jacob.”

Then the chorus :

“ Lift up your heads, O ye gates,
And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors,
For the King of Glory will come in.”

Then one :

“ Who is the King of Glory?
Jehovah strong and mighty”—

Two :

“ Jehovah mighty in battle.”

Chorus :

“ Lift up your heads, O ye gates,
And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors,
For the King of Glory will come in.”

One :

“ Who is the King of Glory?”

Chorus :

“ Jehovah, God of gods, He is the King of Glory.”

This Psalm, thus performed, accompanied by the numerous instruments which are spoken of as connected with the occasion, must have produced a very grand effect.

Beyond the direct worship of God, the psaltery was used also on occasions of great public joy (Amos vi. 5). Various forms of this instrument are yet seen on Egyptian monuments—those grand piles that have so long defied the wasting tooth of Time. The *dulcimer*, mentioned in the 3d chapter of Daniel, the name indicating an instrument of sweet music, and which had fifty brass wires, and was played on with little sticks, was, no doubt, a modification of the psaltery.

In addition to the stringed instruments already named, there was, also, according to an intimation which we find in the titles of the 53d and 88th Psalms, an ancient instrument which, Gesenius supposes, was similar, in some respects, to the modern guitar—something, probably, out of which the modern guitar has been developed. Of the violin, one of the most perfect of all the stringed instruments, we are able to find exceedingly faint traces in the Bible—none, indeed, except in the way of slight suggestion from the various forms of the lyre here and there. The charming “barbiton” of Byron, it would seem, was left almost entirely to the inventive genius of the sprightly Italian.

The next class of instruments were those, whose music was called forth by striking upon them, and hence named *percussion* instruments. These were the tambourine, the bell, the cymbal, and the sistrum.

The tambourine (toph) was one of the instruments with which Laban desired to celebrate the departure of Jacob, and was known, therefore, to the Jews before they quitted Syria. With this instrument Miriam led the joyous dance on the occasion to which we have already referred (Exod. xv. 20). Job says, alluding to the form of merry-making: “They take the timbrel,” which is synonymous with the tambourine, “and rejoice at the sound of the organ” (Job xxi. 12). The tambourine or timbrel comprehends all the instruments of the drum kind, which were of various shapes and sizes, and were struck sometimes by the fingers and sometimes by sticks.

The bells denote, originally, the small golden appendages to the robes of the high priests, as we may see by referring to Exod. xxviii. 33. The reference reads thus: “And beneath, upon the hem of it,” namely, of the priestly robe, “thou shalt make pomegranates,” (that is, an ornament resembling the pomegranate) “of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, round about the hem thereof; and bells of gold between them round about,” (that is, to alternate with the pomegranates, or as the passage goes on to express it) “a golden bell and a pomegranate, a golden bell and a pomegranate upon the hem of the robe round about.” The object of this, as stated in v. 35, was to make a sound as the priest went into the holy place and came out, that he might not die.

The cymbals were brass instruments, in the shape of dishes—“plates” (Exod. xxviii. 36), one held in each hand, and thus brought into violent contact with each other, producing a wild, sharp and piercing sound. The word *metzilhaim*, which, in Zech. xiv. 20, is rendered “bells of the horses,” is the same word which, in other places, is rendered *cymbals*, and should, no doubt, be translated cymbals in this place. Then it would read: “In that day shall there be upon the cymbals of the horses, holiness unto the Lord.” Cymbals were often used in the worship of God. In the 150th Psalm the people are called upon to praise the Lord with “loud cymbals,” to praise Him with the “high-sounding cymbals,” denoting different kinds of the same instrument.

“Strike the cymbals,
Roll the timbrels.”

When the walls of Jerusalem were dedicated, the people expressed their joy, as we see in Neh. xii. 27, by giving thanks and singing, with cymbals, psalteries and harps. In the grand procession bearing the ark to the temple, to which we have already alluded, there were not only harps, psalteries, timbrels and trumpets, but also cymbals. As an accompaniment, cymbals gave vigor, life, and spirit to the music.

Finally, the *sistrum*, (*menaaneim*) although it is translated cymbal at times, is supposed, on very good ground, to have been an instrument of an entirely different kind. It is sometimes represented in the form of a serpent, variously coiled, and, at other times, simply bowed (Kitto's Encyclopædia, p. 603), inlaid with silver, often very highly ornamented, with rings moving to and fro upon the bars, and had a handle below, at which it was held and shaken; and when played by a skilful hand, had the effect to give precision and promptness, and a wild and exciting, and in some cases, a bewildering tone to the music of ancient days.

These comprise, in a general way, the musical instruments mentioned in the Bible, whose melody was elicited by striking upon them.

A few words, now, in regard to the *wind instruments*. Among these, and prominently, occurs the *horn* (*keren*). The natural horns taken from rams, used by the ancient Hebrews, were, no doubt, the types of all the varieties of horns which have since been brought into the service of Music. In the siege of Jericho, reference is made to horns of this character, in the 6th chapter and 5th verse of Joshua, thus: “And it shall come to pass, that when they make a long blast with the *rams' horns*, and when ye hear the sound of the trumpet, all the people shall shout with a great shout; and the wall of the city shall fall down flat, and the people shall ascend up, every man straight before him.”

Instruments of this character anciently took their names, sometimes, from their shape, sometimes from their size, and sometimes from some other peculiarity in their construction. Thus the *trumpet* was a horn of a straighter kind than some other horns, and, as some suppose, was taken from cattle of a neater and more elevated class. Sometimes the name denotes a certain curvature; at others, a peculiar tone. In Dan. iii. 5, there is a trumpet called *sackbut*, which means to *draw*, to shorten or lengthen, which indicates that class of horns whose tones are thus modified, rendered high or low, sharp or mellow.

Then, there are instruments of the wind kind, whose name (*chalil*) signifies *boring*, denoting pipes perforated and furnished with holes, similar to our flute or fife. Of this kind the variety is also considerable; some long and others short, some with the holes near the mouth, and others as far from it as the hands can reach; and some double, that is, two tubes, sometimes of equal and sometimes of unequal length, having a common mouth-piece, and each played with the corresponding hand. The one often serves to furnish a kind of bass for the other. It is said by travelers, that this kind of pipe is still in use in Palestine.

The pipe was commonly used on occasions of hilarity and pleasure; so entirely, indeed, was this the case, that, when joy was taken from Jacob, in the days of Judas Macabæus, some 220 years before Christ, it is said

the pipe and the harp ceased. Of the pipe and the use that was made of it, we have an illustration in the words of Jesus, Matt. xi. 16, 17: "Whereunto shall I liken this generation? It is like unto children sitting in the markets, and calling unto their fellows, and saying, We have *pipéd* unto you, and ye have not danced; we have mourned unto you, but ye have not lamented."

The pipe was used also to enliven the annual journeys of the people to Jerusalem, to attend the great festivals; and this custom, it is reported, continues even to this day. Though the scenes in which the sound of the pipe most commonly mingled were those of a highly joyous character, there were still some exceptions to the rule. There was also a *plaintive* pipe among the Phœnicians, which was used on occasions of sorrow and distress; and it was, no doubt, the tone of this pipe to which the Saviour alluded when He said: "We have *mourned* unto you, but ye have not lamented." It was this kind of flute-players, whom our Saviour found in the chamber of the supposed dead daughter of the ruler, the account of which is recorded in Matt. ix. 23, and whom He ordered away, because the daughter was not dead in fact, and their plaintive strains were, therefore, inappropriate. The regulation among the Jews was that every one, however poor he might be, should have at least two pipes at the death of his wife, by which it was sought properly to improve the melancholy event.

Finally, among wind instruments, as mentioned in the Bible, and ascribed, together with the harp, to the inventive genius of Jubal, we have the *organ* (*ugab*). The organ is mentioned only three times, besides the notice of its origin, in Genesis, twice in Job, and once in the 150th Psalm. In the latter place the language is as follows:

"Praise Him with the timbrel and dance,
Praise Him with stringed instruments and organs."

The probability is, that between this early organ and that now in use, in this country and Europe, there is very little in common. The early organ was exceedingly simple, had but few pipes, and these were filled with air by passing them along the mouth; hence, in the way of distinguishing it from the modern instrument, which has monopolized the name, it was called a "mouth-organ."

The early history of the organ is comparatively obscure. The name organ meant, originally, a mechanical instrument of any sort. After this it became appropriated to instruments of a musical character; at a still later day it became exclusively applied to wind instruments; and finally to the principal wind instrument—the organ. The present organ was suggested by the Bible organ, in connection with the shepherd's pipe, to which, in the course of time, in order to make it complete in itself (a self-breathing being, as nearly as possible) was added keys and a reservoir to receive condensed air, to be distributed to the pipes at the pleasure of the performer. These improvements, it is probable, were not made before the Christian era. It is not known at what period, definitely, it became enlarged and improved from the original into its present shape. A man, by the name of Mersenne, a traveller, describes an organ carved on an ancient monument in the gardens of Rome, "the form, the keys, the bellows, and the operation of which," he says, "closely resemble those of the present day." In Western Europe, organs are supposed to have been introduced

as early as the seventh century. The Greek Emperor, Constantine Capronymus, sent an organ, as a present, to King Pepin, in 755. In England, organs were in general use as early as the tenth century, and many of them, from the accounts that we may gather, were of large size. In 1143, the steam-organ, or calliope, was invented, a musical instrument in which a wind, as William of Malmsbury says, "forced out by the violence of boiling water passing through brass pipes, sends forth musical tones." At this period they seem, however, to have been of very rude construction. The key-boards were very clumsy, and the keys so large and wide as to necessitate the performer to strike them with his fists instead of his fingers. About the year 1470, pedals or foot-keys were attached to the organ, which had the effect to increase its power about one-third. A German, by the name of Bernhard, has the honor of this invention. From this rough and rude construction the improvement gradually went forward, and with special rapidity during the seventeenth century, until, in the present day, the organ seems almost to have reached perfection. Among all musical instruments for the sanctuary, the organ stands without a peer; and for the reason, doubtless, that it comprehends, in its majestic being, nearly all the rest. Nothing can so gather up the aspirations of the worshipping soul of the great congregation and bear them aloft to God; nothing can so intone the chant of praise and the glorious old carols of Luther, and cause the divergent spirits of God's people to tremble into sacred unity, as the organ, because nothing is so grandly varied and yet so perfectly harmonious.

Among the largest organs in the world, according to Dr. Vinton, is the one at Haarlem, Holland; the one at Rotterdam; the one in St. George's Hall, in Liverpool; and the one in York Minster. In this country, the largest is the one which has just recently been erected in the Boston Music Hall, at the snug cost, as we are informed in the *Musical Pioneer*, for January, 1865, of fifty thousand dollars. The great organ in Trinity Church, which, "in point of majesty and volume of tone, has no rival in this country, except the great Boston organ," was built in 1846, at a cost of sixty thousand dollars.

It would seem harsh to close a sketch like the foregoing, without at least a slight reference to the *man*, who has been the most intimately identified with the progress of organ music. Handel, perhaps the greatest musical genius the world has ever known, was born in 1684. At seven years of age, he was placed under the tuition of a music teacher, and at nine, it is said, he could already play creditably upon the organ. He turned his attention to the production of oratorios at the age of thirty-six; and in 1781 he produced his master-piece, the MESSIAH, which has given him an undying fame over all the world. It is said that this stupendous work was finished in twenty-two days, showing the fervent power of the inspiration which had seized his being. In the latter part of his life, Handel, like the greatest of poets, Homer and Milton, became blind. After this severe affliction had fallen upon him, he was always greatly agitated when he heard a certain air from his oratorio of *Samson*. The words which affected him specially were these:

"Total eclipse! No sun, no moon:
All dark amid the blaze of noon.
O, glorious light! no cheering ray
To glad my eyes with welcome day.

Why thus deprived thy prime decree?
Sun, moon and stars are dark to me."

Handel died on Good Friday, April 13, 1759, at the age of seventy-five. He was buried among the ashes of many greatly renowned for learning and bravery, in Westminster Abbey, and over his grave is a monument representing him in full stature, with a music-paper in his hand, whereon are these more than merely musical words,

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

RELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF JOHN RANDOLPH.

BY THE EDITOR.

John Randolph, of Roanoke, as he was wont to write his name, was born in Chesterfield County, Virginia, June 2d, 1773. On his father's side, he was a descendant of Pocohontas, the Indian princess; a fact in which he took great pride. In early life, he studied law, but never practised in the profession. Taking to political life, he became a Representative in Congress, and afterwards, United States Senator from Virginia. His character was a singular compound of aristocracy, sarcasm, wit, eloquence, selfishness, pride, misanthropy, and sporadic religious impulses.

Though a Virginian, and a large slaveholder, he always showed opposition to slavery, manumitting, at his death, his own three hundred and eighteen slaves, and making provision for their settlement and support in a free State. He opposed the compromise of 1820, "stigmatizing the Northern members, by whose co-operation it was carried, as 'doughfaces,' an epithet at once adopted into the political vocabulary of the United States, and still in use," being applied to that class of persons who are not governed by principle, but who suffer their views and acts to be entirely shaped by outward pressure.

Randolph was a tall, slender, cadaverous-looking man. His voice was singularly shrill and piping, though said to have been not without music and agreeableness in some of its lower tones. Though he struck with the fangs of a serpent, and was prickly as a thorn-bush, he was not without great influences, even over those who disliked and feared him. Consumption, at last, broke down his slender frame; and intending to leave for Europe, to recruit his health, his journey was arrested in Philadelphia, where he died, in a hotel, June 24th, 1833, aged a little over sixty years.

Much has been said in regard to the religious character of this singular, erratic genius, especially of the fearful despair which seized him in his last hour, like that of the young Altamont, under which he made such strange demonstrations with the word REMORSE! It is with a view of introducing a revised account of this scene, from the *Episcopal Recorder*, that we have given this brief sketch of his life and character. The *Recorder's* account is as follows:

In a late number of the *Living Age*, there is reference to Dr. Parrish's account of John Randolph's death-bed, and a re-asserting by Dr. Parrish's son of the truth of that account. Our readers will probably remember the strange and startling circumstances of Randolph's death. The following is Dr. Parrish's account of the striking scene:

Being told, in answer to his inquiry, that his end was not far distant, he appeared to make some preparation therefor, which consisted chiefly in arranging his clothes, adjusting his position, &c., after which, "for a short time," says the deposition, "he lay perfectly quiet; his eyes were closed, and I concluded he was disposed to sleep. He suddenly roused from this state, with the words, '*Remorse! Remorse!*' It was twice repeated: at the last time, at the top of his voice, evidently with great agitation, he cried out, 'Let me see the word.' No reply followed, having learned enough of the character of my patient to ascertain that when I did not know *exactly* what to say, it was best to say nothing. He then exclaimed, 'Get a dictionary; let me see the word.' I cast my eyes around, and told him I believed there was none in the room. 'Write it down then; let me see the word.' I picked up one of his cards from the table—'Randolph, of Roanoke'—and inquired whether I should write on that. 'Yes, nothing more proper.' Then with my pencil I wrote, *Remorse*. He took the card in his hands in a hurried manner, and fastened his eyes on it with great intensity. 'Write it on the back,' he exclaimed. I did so, and handed it to him again. He was excessively agitated at this period, and repeated, '*Remorse!* You have no idea what it is. You can form no idea of it whatever. It has contributed to bring me to my present situation; but I have looked to the Lord Jesus Christ, and hope I have obtained pardon.' He then said, 'Now let John (his body-servant) take your pencil and draw a line under the word,' which was accordingly done. I inquired what was to be done with the card. Put it in your pocket, and take care of it, and when I am dead, look at it.'

There is no reason to doubt the accuracy of this representation. Yet it is nevertheless true, that, at one period of his life, Randolph expressed a decided religious conviction and hope. The writer of these lines at one time contemplated writing a biography of Francis S. Key, the author of the "*Star-Spangled Banner*." Mr. Key was an intimate friend of Mr. Randolph, and had taken profound interest in his religious welfare, and had carried on a correspondence with him on that subject. Among the papers that were placed in the writer's hands were copies of ten letters, written by Mr. Randolph to Mr. Key. In these letters we can trace the progress of his views and feelings on this subject, from almost absolute darkness and despair, to what seems like a clear and bright personal hope and faith in the merits of his crucified Redeemer. As the letters were placed in his hands with the view to their being used in the biography of Mr. Key, the writer feels that there can be no impropriety in using them at this time, with a view to illustrate one phase of the character and history of this eccentric and most gifted man.

In one letter, dated October, 1816, he writes: "If your life is so unsatisfactory to you, what must that of others be to them? For my part, if there breathes a creature more empty of enjoyment than myself, I sincerely pity him. My opinions seem daily to become more unsettled, and the awful mystery which shrouds the future alone renders the present tol-

erable. 'The darkness of my hours,' so far from 'having passed away,' has thickened into the deepest gloom. I try not to think, by moulding my mind upon the thoughts of others, but to little purpose. Have you ever read Zimmerman on Solitude? I do not mean the popular cheap book under that title, but another, in which solitude is considered in respect to its *dangerous* influence upon the mind and heart. I have been greatly pleased with it for a few hours. It is a mirror which reflects the deformity of the human mind to whomsoever will look into it."

In another letter, of December, 1818, in which he speaks of recent illness, and presents a deplorable picture of the selfishness and greed of the society by which he was surrounded, he writes: "I think that the state of solitude and desolation in which I am placed, has not been without some good effects in giving me better views than I have had, of the most important of all subjects; and I would not exchange it, comfortless as it is, for the heartless intercourse of the world. I know that if a man says he 'loves God, and hates his brother, he is a liar;' but I do not hate my brothers of the human family. I fear, however, that I cannot love them as I ought. But God, I hope and trust, will, in His good time, put better dispositions into my heart. There are few of them, I am persuaded, more undeserving of love than myself."

Here we discern a change from the feeling expressed two years before. It seems to be a preparation for conviction. In another letter, written but a few weeks later, we find something much more satisfactory. It seems like the good work so well begun, as to lead to sanguine hopes that it will be completed by the power of the Holy Ghost. "Every day," he writes, "brings with it new evidence of my weakness and utter inability of myself to do any good thing, or even to conceive a single good thought. With the unhappy father in the Gospel, I cry out, 'Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief!' When I think of the wisdom, and goodness, and power of God, I seem in my own eyes a devil in all but strength. I say this to you, who will not ascribe it to affected humility. Sometimes I have better views, but again I am weighed down to the very earth, or lost in a labyrinth of doubts and perplexities. The hardness of my own heart grieves and astonishes me. Then again I settle down in a state of coldness and indifference, which is worse than all. But the quiverings of our frail flesh, often the effect of physical causes, cannot detract from the mercy of our Creator; and to Him I commit myself. 'Thy will be done!'"

Surely these truths were learned under the teachings of the Holy Spirit! And even a more distinct and complete work soon appears. A few months later he writes the following brief and joyful letter: "Congratulate me, dear Frank! Wish me joy you need not—give it you cannot! I am at last reconciled to my God, and have assurance of his pardon through faith in Christ, against which the gates of hell cannot prevail. Fear hath been driven out by perfect love. I *now know* that *you know* how I feel, and within a month, for the first time, I understand your feeling and character, and that of every real Christian. I am not afraid now of being righteous over-much, or of methodistical notions." In a postscript he adds: "Let Meade (doubtless Bishop Meade) know the glad tidings, and let him, if he has kept it, read and preserve my letter to him from Richmond."

In two other letters the expressions of a humble faith, and of a steady purpose to cleave to God, are expressed with touching simplicity. From

the last of the series, dated May 3d, 1819, one extract only will be taken. "Poor H——! He is gone, I see, to his account. I heard, with much gratification, that he had been long engaged in serious preparation for this awful change. How poor and pitiful now seem all the angry and malignant feelings, of which he was the author and the object! My dear Frank, what is there in this world to satisfy the cravings of an immortal nature? I declare to you that the business and the pleasure of it seem to me as of no more consequence than the game of push-pin, that occupies the little negroes at the corners of the street. Do not misunderstand me, my dear friend. My life (I am ashamed to confess it), does not correspond with my belief. I have made a vile return for the goodness which has been manifested towards me, but I shall cling to the cross of my Redemer. I, with God's aid, firmly resolve to lead a life less unworthy of one who calls himself the humble follower of Jesus Christ." * * "Since I saw you I have become more infirm and indolent than ever. My spirits often desert me, and, indeed, it is no wonder, for a more forlorn, desolate creature can hardly be found. I have outlived all my relations and friends, except a few who are far away."

Now, in view of these distinct and emphatic expressions of Christian faith, may we not indulge the thought, that the scene so strikingly described by Dr. Parrish, may have been the result of a wandering of the mind, which threw the heart back for a moment into its old position of despair? May we not believe that this proverbially eccentric and morbid mind was plunged, by disease and death, into temporary and irresponsible insanity? Such is the explanation, at least, which charity suggests. And we may add that Mr. Randolph, eccentric as he was, had a horror of acting or of doing any thing that would seem melo-dramatic or sensational. On any explanation of the scene, there still remains the expression of his hope of having obtained pardon in the Lord Jesus Christ.

MICROSCOPIC WRITING.

At the London International Exhibition, in 1862, a machine for the execution of microscopic writing was exhibited by a Mr. Peters, which has enabled the Lord's Prayer to be written in the 356,000th of a square inch—a space like a minute dot. The English Bible contains 3,566,480 letters: the Lord's Prayer, ending with "deliver us from evil," 223 letters; so that the Bible is 15,992 times longer than the prayer, and if we employ round numbers we may say it could be written in 16,000 times the space occupied by the prayer, or in less than the twenty-second part of a square inch. In other words, the whole Bible might be written twenty-two times in one square inch. This wonderful minute writing is clearly legible when placed under a good microscope. In using the machine, the operator writes with a pencil attached to one end of a long lever; whatever marks he makes on a piece of paper are infinitesimally reduced in corresponding motions, by which a glass plate is moved over a minute diamond point. By means of a geometric chuck, beautiful designs may be engraved on a similar scale of minuteness.

THE CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

“Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.”

BY THE EDITOR.

XVI.

ELLIE AND THE LITTLE PRAYER.

We have known of one instance, in which a little child objected to saying one of the lines of this little prayer. When she came to the line,

“If I should die before I wake,”

little Ellie stopped abruptly, and would go no farther.

“I do not want to die, mother,” she said, with great earnestness.

Her mother sought to explain to her, that the prayer did not say that she must die before she woke, but that she only prayed that the Lord might take her soul, if she did die. It was all in vain. She persisted that she did not wish to die, and did not like to say that line. Ever afterwards, she always protested, whenever she came to that part of the little prayer.

Her mother finally allowed her to omit the unpleasant line. Was not this wise? The child, in the full flow and joy of youthful life, did not wish to think of death. Ellie had all that child-piety which clings in love to the Saviour. Was not her desire to love her Saviour as truly a pious vein in her life, as a love to think of death could have been? Time, and the experiences of life, would in due time teach her all that is necessary in the way of contemplating death. Thus, she misapprehended the meaning of the words, but the sense she put into them was *to her* their true sense. To force her young heart into the adoption of words which brought to her soul only gloomy and unpleasant thoughts, would have been like clothing a young and growing plant with yellow leaves.

Besides, do we not mistake, when we take premature thoughts of death in a child as an evidence of piety? Death is no means of grace, and thoughts of it may easily put the spirit into a morbid state. Childhood has its own world. It is full of hope and freshness of life. It belongs to it to chase the butterfly, and admire the beautiful flowers, and the singing birds, rather than meditate among quadrupeds, or moralize on the “sear and yellow leaf.”

To hope for something better to come, to hear of God's goodness, of the

Saviour's love, and of the happiness of heaven, and then trustingly to pray—these are things that fit the mind and heart of a cheerful, hopeful, trusting child; but death is to it only an awful mystery, the contemplation of which may chill it, but will hardly make its heart more tender, or fill it with truly pious thoughts and feelings.

We do not mean to say, of course, that our classic little prayer is at fault in this respect. On the contrary, it is a truly cheerful and trusting prayer; and Ellie's difficulty was entirely with a misapprehension of its true meaning. If her understanding of it were the true one, and it actually contained such a formal threat of death and warning in view of it, we do not believe it would ever have taken such a hold upon the hearts of either parents or children.

We have an illustration of this in "Dickens' Cradle Song of the Poor." As poetry, the song is beautiful and touching; but as a song, to be hymned over the cradle of an infant going to sleep, the lyric is as horrid as horrid can be. Little did he, who has sought to put such gloomy, despairing sentiments into the mouth of even a poor and destitute Christian mother, know either of the mystery of faith, or of the mystery of the maternal heart. Nor do the recurring words, "God is good," redeem it in the least; for the light of hope, which these words might momentarily inspire, is speedily turned into thicker darkness by the shadow of unbelief which is brought over them by the words, "but life is dreary." Here is

DICKENS' CRADLE SONG OF THE POOR.

Hush, I cannot bear to see thee
Stretch thy tiny hands in vain;
I have got no bread to give thee,
Nothing, child, to ease thy pain.
When God sent thee first to bless me,
Proud and thankful, too, was I;
Now, my darling, I, thy mother,
Almost long to see thee die.
Sleep, my darling—thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

I have seen thy beauty fading,
And thy strength sink day by day—
Soon, I know, will want and fever
Waste thy little life away.
Famine makes thy mother reckless,
Hope and joy are gone from me;
I could suffer all, my baby,
Had I but a crust for thee.
Sleep, my darling—thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

I am wasted, dear, with hunger,
And my brain is sore oppressed;
I have scarcely strength to press thee,
Wan and feeble, to my breast.
Patience, baby, God will help us,
Death will come to thee and me;
He will take us to his heaven.
Sleep, my darling—thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

We have never heard of any poor mother, who sang this "Cradle Song of the Poor" over her sleeping babe; and we never expect to hear of any such silly thing being done in a Christian land. Let any one contrast with these morbid and gloomy verses, the "Cradle Hymn" of Watts, that truly Christian classic, and he will see the difference between faith and unbelief at the cradle of sleeping infancy. We need not quote it, as it is familiar to all. Compare only the beginning of the two. What calm faith in the opening of the true cradle hymn:

"Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed."

What unbelief in the beginning of the other:

"Hush, I cannot bear to see thee
Stretch thy tiny hands in vain!"

Then look at the grateful faith in the third stanza of Watts' hymn:

"How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God can be!"

Sure we are, that though young men and maidens may read with pleasure Dickens' Novels, no mothers, rich or poor, will ever sing over their infant sleepers "Dickens' Cradle Song of the Poor."

As it is a mistake to put the gloomy and morbid vein into cradle hymns, so, on the same principle, is it an error to teach little children either gloomy hymns or prayers. Glad are we that little Ellie was mistaken in her judgment, and that our little "Now I lay me," is as cheerful, hopeful, and trusting, as the heart of a little Christian child itself.

XVI.

On this little prayer we find the following in the "German Reformed Messenger," which, though partly hidden by the initial signature, "W. M. N.," will be recognised by the initiated as coming from the genial Professor of Languages in Franklin and Marshall College. The touching sentiment, and the quaint style, betray its author:

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

"Now I lay me down to sleep." This little poem belongs to the golden age of our human life. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy." It is all made up of monosyllables, one word excepted, easy to be lisped, and we had mastered it in our memories, we all know, long before we had the letters of the alphabet, from the fond dictation of our mother, and our repeating it after her every night, without a miss, as we kneeled devotionally at her knee. When this happy repeating of it first began we cannot now go back so far in our memories as to ascertain, but it ever remains associated with the Lord's Prayer, of which it was the forerunner; and after we had committed both of them, before this lesser one of human origin we always repeated first the divine one. The great composer of it is unknown, but he has his reward. We never find it printed or published on a card, in red or golden letters, ornamented in handsome style, as are often the

Lord's Prayer, and the Creed, and the Ten Commandments, to attract the eyes of the young, and impress them on their memories. It stands in need of no such tricks or allurements. It is for ever written on the tablets of our hearts, and it cannot be effaced.

But though never published by itself, nor with a commentary, it is not without its legends and incidents, showing the deep hold it has taken on the religious feelings of our nature; the most touching one of which, we think, is that of the suffering little boy, who, when the night of death was creeping over him, and his eyes could no longer distinguish objects, supposed it was the natural night coming on, and, to compose himself to sleep, he commenced saying his little prayer; but ere he had reached the close of the last line, "I pray the Lord my soul ———," his tongue refused to utter, and he fell asleep in Jesus. "Blessed sleep, from which none ever wakes to weep."

No wonder that the artist, too, has sometimes seized upon it, making the little repeater of it the subject of his pencil. Before us now we have a picture of this description, which was painted by Holfeld, and engraved by the distinguished artist, A. B. Walter. The little worshipper, however, is not represented at its mother's knee. The clothes having been turned down, and the pillow yet uncrushed, the child in dishabille is kneeling on its soft mattress, with its hands folded and its eyes upraised in faith, in the act of repeating this little prayer. It is all alone, but the room is lighted up. It is not repeating it after another, but by itself in sincere devotion, for its own conscience' sake. It could not have slept otherwise. Presently, when it has laid its little head upon its pillow, its mother will come in and tuck the clothes snugly around it, and after bidding it good night with a parting kiss, she will turn off the light and leave the room, and then how soundly and sweetly will it sleep all the hours, knowing that God's holy care is ever around it!

The little child is represented not as a cherub, nor even as an angel without wings. Such an idealistic being might have looked more beautiful, but how much farther would it have been removed from our human sympathies! It is a bona fide little child, of healthful form and expressive countenance; such, indeed, as might be met with in marble halls, but just as often in lowly cottages. It is the sincere act of devotion in which it is engaged, and the hallowed associations of the prayer itself in the memories of all, that throws around the picture its charm, and makes it truly poetical. While giving pleasure to the most cultivated and refined sensibilities, it cannot fail coming home also to the hearts of the common people. It would grace any parlor, it is true; but its properest place, we fancy, is in the nursery over the children's bed—the last thing to be seen by them at night, and the first thing to meet their eyes in the morning. In a quiet way such things of art and beauty have an educational force, improving the taste and social and religious feelings; and happier always will be the family, we think, which will fall early under their refining and hallowing influences.

A praying man is a treasure and blessing in any country. One Joseph preserved the whole of Egypt in the time of scarcity. One Moses stood in the gap when God would have destroyed the people of Israel.

A TRIP TO NEW ENGLAND.

BY A. C. W.

A trip to New England! What a treat after weary months of toil! The gown is exchanged for the knapsack, the pen for the pilgrim's staff, and you journey to the waters, mountains and sea-coast of New England. Toward this land of legend and history many a heart turns, anxious to set foot on its ancient soil; the desire arises in school-day readings, and later years only increase its intensity.

The time has come and you set your face eastward. A lightning train soon whirls you out of Pennsylvania, over the sands of Jersey and into the land of Gotham. Taking a morning boat at the great Metropolis, you spend the whole day on the Hudson, enjoying a feast which makes you grateful for a life-time. Every turn of the zig-zag river reveals some charming change of scene—a bold, projecting headland, beautiful island, or long stretch of sloping hills, even the noted Catskill range—until at length you reach Albany, an old Dutch city of seventy thousand, quaint and clever, of business air, clean and tidy.

Leaving Albany you follow the Hudson northward, through busy Troy, and hard by the noisy factory villages on the Mohawk, spend a day at fashionable Saratoga to see the sights and drink Spa water, reach Glenn's Falls, and bid a half sad adieu to the genial Hudson. Over lovely Lake George, to the romantic ruins of old Fort Ticonderoga, across the neck of Lake Champlain, and you find yourself in New England, among the Green Mountains of Vermont, yea in quiet cleanly, far-off Orwell. Cross cold New Hampshire, south-eastward, pass through noisy Lowell, and you land in ancient Salem—where the story properly begins.

* * * * *

“I spy’d a wither’d hag with age grown double,
Picking dry sticks and mumbling to herself;
Her eyes with scalding rheum, were gall’d and red,
Cold palsy shook her head, her hands seemed wither’d.”

On a certain Saturday evening, having long looked anxiously forward to this ancient city of witchdom, and in the heat of my desire taken cars thither, I ran into Salem without knowing it, like the Puritan forefathers into their folly.

Next to Plymouth, Salem is the oldest town in New England. Its history might partly be written from its houses. Their gambrel roofs, unmistakably point out their English origin; not only the old ones, of which there are very many, but also the more modern ones. The town has a peculiarly dingy, antiquated appearance, corresponding to your old impressions received from its dingy history.

Saturday evening was a good time to visit “Gallows Hill,” the place

where the witehes are said to have been hanged in 1691. It is a barren, rocky common of about 20,000 square feet, eeded to the eity for a place of public resort. On the summit, and near the old witeh-tree, is a rough and ready look-out, eonsisting of a high frame work with floor and seats on top. From this you have a very delightful view of Salem Harbor; and with the aid of a spy-glass ships can be seen entering Boston port. All around lie suburban villages, and just before you lies dingy, witehey* Salem. On the landward side you see only a rocky pasture ground, skirted in the distance by a sparse woodland of stunted pines and junipers.

How different the sight from Gallows Hill in 1691! Now, instead of a few small houses far down on the shore, the eity extends quite over the hill itself. What different interests and exeitements now draw the erowd thith-er! Instead of going to see the purple, distorted features of some poor, unfortunate woman dangling in mid-air, they now go to hear sweet music, to meet friends, to enjoy a look out on the ocean, to meditate or to mourn. Then it was a place where a dreadful sin was punished, and children were taught to fear it; now its assoeiations are tender and pleasant, except in so far as modified by the past. On Gallows Hill, to one who has taken an interest in its history, and studied its stories of blood and justice, there come up peculiar sensations. You sit near the spot where those miserable beings ended their days, or stand in the little hollow made and left by the roots of the tree on which they were hanged (it is no longer standing); you recall the troubled spirit of the time, swaying to and fro, between mercy and justice; you recollect how Cotton and Increase Mather, ministers between God and the people, were the great exponents and expounders of this radical opposition to the power and kingdom of Satan; how these holy men preached, persuaded and wrote about the mysterious evil; you recollect as you look out over the dark ocean before you toward the far-off coast of another England, how the name and fame of witchcraft, arising *there* (1644-46), spread alarmingly, and like a wandering spirit of evil came hither, filling the people with terror and wildness, running out into the greatest absurdities and extravagances imaginable, and finally dying a natural death, exhausted by its very violence. Your thoughts run back to the time when this uncontrolled fanaticism reigned, sparing neither position, age nor sex, regarding neither pity, prudence, nor piety; but uncompromisingly sweeping every thing before it. It heeded not even the divine call to consider the spirit it was of. In their zeal to carry out the Apostle's injunction to watch, stand fast in the faith, quit themselves like men and be strong, they quite overlooked the immediately succeeding injunction, "Let all things be done in charity."

It is almost impossible to appreciate the state and feeling of society at that time. Man was strangely made a judge of his brother. A bench of spiritual dictators could acquit or condemn an accused with as much certainty, it would seem from their conduct, as the great Searcher of hearts Himself. The first vietims of the Devil seem to have been two little girls

*Though not a believer in all that is said about those mysterious agents of 1691, there seemed to me still to remain somewhat of the olden spirit; for, besides other little unaccountable mishaps, my hotel room was for a whole day turned topsy-turvy, (or else was not toiled, which is unlikely); a set of folding doors kept a peculiar creaking toward evening and part of the night, and there was a rumbling noise overhead. I looked around suspiciously, but saw nothing.

of Rev. Harris; Rev. George Burroughs was hanged; Gov. Phipps's wife, Mrs. Justice Bradstreet, the wife of Rev. Hale, and many others of the very first families were accused. At length, after having spent itself, a re-action took place, and the public mind gained a healthier tone.

To come back, however, to the present, this stern, rigid, unyielding, uncompromising spirit of the old fathers has not yet wholly died away. It still finds place in New England, though with a different application, and crops out very often, both theoretically and practically. Indeed it lies on the surface, so that he who runs may read. I read a few short chapters.

I was glad to spend a Sabbath in Salem, desiring to hear what they now preach about. Attending the First Congregationalist Unitarian Church, I was led to a quite conspicuous seat where I could readily see both church and congregation. I was interested in that congregation, knowing it to have been the first organized in America. It was founded by Rev. Higginson, in 1629. (The Plymouth Church was organized before coming here.)

The sermon was based on the last clause of 1 Cor. 16: 13, "Quit you like men—be strong." The theme Strength and Firmness in Holding Truth, was carefully discussed. Strength and firmness are a necessity of our nature as *men*; without it we are incomplete; mildness and sternness must go together. They are demanded by our Christian calling. The greatest victories are not those of wild heroism, but in the quiet pursuits of life. The holiest bravery, the greatest virtue is that of the heart. Paul and Christ were cited as examples of the greatest strength and firmness. These qualities are demanded by our condition in the world, as surrounded by sin and temptation. The Church has always been purest in times of persecution, and he thanked God that there was now a breaking in upon the old routine of quiet and peace. It would show who are strong and firm. Sacrifices might have to be made, but the faithful could do it. The subject was practically applied to our present National condition. There must be no flinching from duty, no compromise with "the unclean thing."

Without any stretch of the imagination, he reminded me of what an old stanch Puritan minister of 1691 may have been—most severely uncompromising, most sternly rigid. When he spoke of the duty of firmness, there seemed to be kindled in his eye and heart the olden flame that burst forth with such fearful severity when occasion seemed to require.

It is easy to bid adieu to Salem, shake off the little witchery that may have gathered on your skirts, find the way to beautiful Lynn, and, after an hour's view of the wide old ocean, take cars ten miles into Boston; but to know what to tell, here, is easier than to know what not to tell. Perhaps it will be best to buy a map, go out into the suburbs, and gather up the fragments, as it were by the way of preparation for the metropolis itself. A half dime will carry you out to Charlestown, and a few minutes, walk will bring you to Bunker Hill monument. The name is enough, but the place is more. Tread reverently—

"The ground is holy where they fought
And holy where they fell."

As the hill commands Boston and a large district around it, the Americans were anxious that the British should not fortify it. It is said that on the evening of June 11th, 1775, our forces under Col. Prescott assembled at

Cambridge, and, after a prayer from the President of Harvard College, went out to their work of throwing up redoubts; and this work begun in prayer, ended, sadly enough for the time, but at last in victory and praise. The hill is an open height with dwellings on every side, enclosed in an iron fencing, and bears on its top a lofty monument, worthy the scene it commemorates. Our words must be few. Here much history centres; and here one may grow wiser and better. Here read the little sketches given of the battle; and if you wish a commentary, add Webster's eloquent review of those times as given in his orations delivered in 1825 when the foundation was laid, and in 1843 when its completion was celebrated. You enter the monument through an iron gate, pay your fee of fifteen cents, buy a guide-book, secure a spy-glass, and begin the weary task of ascending the winding stairs within. The height is two hundred and twenty-one feet, all stone. You cannot well find harder travelling. Tramp, tramp, tramp, sound your footsteps up and down; and speaking, your words sound hollow and sepulchral. At length, after passing a number of ventilating windows or look-outs, and a number of gas-lights that scatter the midnight darkness, you reach the wished-for landing place. Four windows open out towards the cardinal points. From these you view Boston, Charlestown, the navy-yard with its sheds, shops and ships, the harbor with its islands, sailors and steamers, its light-houses, forts and fortifications; you see long stretches of wharves, rail-roads, rivers and bridges—hospitals, alms-houses and prisons,—churches, burying-grounds and cemeteries. Taking a larger circle of vision, you see South Boston, Dorchester Heights, Quincy, Roxbury, and the whole nest of Cambridges.

Looking out toward the horizon, you can, on clear days, catch glimpses of Wachusett Mountain in Massachusetts, and the Monadnoc, Kearsarge and White Mountains in New Hampshire.

I have no doubt, good friend, you are tired reading; I am sure I tired looking; and the hundredth part is not set down here. Descending to the earth again, instead of fresh breast-works and excited militia-men, you find comfortable seats for weary limbs, and a few citizen or stranger visitors resting on them; yet it is hardly more quiet here now than on 17th June, 1775; for busy voices are heard in every direction as you look around over the long array of roofs; clatter and clang, rip-rap and ring come up from every side to this green spot, hallowed by patriot blood. You leave the place all the better for your meditations. It has so many lessons, particularly in these distracted times! What a contrast between the rebel forces fortified on Bunker Hill in 1775 and those on Virginia heights in 1864!

The Navy Yard is so rich in interest that there is too much to be seen at one visit. The eyes tire even before the feet—thousands of cannon, balls, bales, wagons, horses, anchors, provisions, implements of every description. The cordage manufactory is an interesting sight, seeing how the raw hemp gradually passes into small cords, these twisted together into heavier, these ropes again twisted together, three into one, forming heavy cordage, and so on till this twisted hemp assumes proportions that seem to defy force. The yard and most of the buildings are open to visitors; but not all are thus free.

Pass to the ship-building department and innocently enter; a surly overseer rebuffs you with a surly "can't enter this building!" and you can only

stand on the door-step and look in. Hundreds of men are busy sawing, cutting, chopping, hewing, planing, lifting, drawing, hammering and driving. *Ardet labor*; the work goes briskly on. You soon observe, however, that notwithstanding all this bustle, stir and noise, the hands do not work very hard. Uncle Sam is sure to pay, and insists less on hurry and quick work, than on work well done. He allows the hands to work leisurely; ten men carry a log that five men would carry without much effort. Looking further you notice that he pays much for nothing; several ships, built nearly fifty years ago, never used and now out of date, must be left standing in the navy yard harbor, their precious timber, invested labor and capital rusting and rotting in the greenish waters around them.

There is too much to be seen and said,—let us away. Several miles bring you to Lexington, the scenes of the first bloodshed in the war of '76. The name is enough—Lexington! It is only a small place; but neat frame dwellings, green mossy yards, abundant shade from tasty shrubbery, and handsome churches, make it one of those lovely, quiet villages where one would like to spend a lifetime, cut loose from this busy, noisy world. Its outward visible attractions themselves make it worthy of a visit; but, more than all these, it has higher interests—a name in history; and such a name! Its only hotel is a very large first class house, showing that the village is a favorite resort, being within half an hour's ride of the city and surrounding suburbs. In the centre of the town is the village green on which the militia assembled on the memorable 19th of April 1775 to oppose unjust invasion. Oh, how very interesting these places have become in these troubled times of wars and rumors of wars! No excited crowd is now hailed with "Disperse, Rebels!" A neat common-looking monument stands on the site of the conflict, and the whole ground is now within fencing. This humble monument and cool park mean much, and make one feel much. What stirring scenes, the small beginning of a series of great events!

The walk to Concord, six miles beyond Lexington, was delightful. A little history and a little meditation, give the heart a peculiar preparation to enjoy the journey. It is pleasant on the way to pass between the two identical old elms at Merriam's Corner, between which the British army passed. The village is one of those airy, shady places which you find only in New England. Elms, pines and poplars; clambering vines and evergreens; white, green-blinded cottages; shaded streets; there is no use in repetition—the only change is a different arrangement.

Quite within the village is a very old cemetery—the first opened in Concord long, long ago, and long since filled. There has been no grave dug in it for nearly a century. Blue granite or limestone marks the graves of these ante-Revolutionary fathers. Nearly all the graves are of the first half of the eighteenth century, and most of the inscriptions begin with the quaint

"Here Lyes Buried ye Body of" etc.

The monument erected in memory of the skirmish which took place a few hours after that in Lexington, is about half a mile from the village—a humble structure, but marks a great event. It is a privilege to stand where was spilled the first blood in the war for freedom, to stand by the grave of two Britons—the first victims of the war—who fell that day. Only a few steps from the monument flows the peaceful Concord. All is quiet; no determined militia stand on the opposite bank, and no invading

foe where you stand. The way leading from the main road to the monument is a grassy lawn, formed by parallel rows of pines and maples. The many trees and small shrubbery shut out the surrounding country; but it is no great loss, for it helps you the more to enjoy what you came to see. The grave already mentioned is a few steps to the left of the monument. At the head stands a young elm; at the foot, a pine. Two large elms stand just beyond the monument, a few yards apart, and mark the site of the old North Bridge. They were only saplings in '75. This is the spot—and it does the heart good to recollect it—where

“The old continentals
In their ragged regimentals
Faltered not.”

Near the village is the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson, standing in from the road, a rusty, oldish frame building, sheltered and shaded by surrounding pines, that throw a gloom and shadow over his dwelling as deep as that which his dark, doubting, comfortless philosophy throws over the human spirit.

Half a mile from Emerson's is Hawthorne's "House of the seven gables," an odd piece of architecture, modelled, no doubt, after the old Punccheon House in Salem, which he has so well described in his romance of that title. Hawthorne is deservedly considered one of our first writers. His representations of early New England times and customs, especially the characteristic features of the old Puritans, are most complete. He draws their portraits with such a lively minuteness, such a neatness and accuracy, that you are charmed. His "House of the Seven Gables," and "Scarlet Letter," especially set forth the severity of Puritanism as exhibited at home and abroad, in the Church and State, in individual and social life. Great pleasure was anticipated in calling on him; for I desired to see his outer man, as I had seen his inner man in his books; but he was absent from home.

Cambridge is classic as well as historic ground. Harvard University! Its very name has a peculiar charm. You recollect, as you tread the halls, rooms and grounds, how many of our greatest and best men have trod them before you, and left, as it were, their spiritual presence behind. One of the earliest colleges of New England, it was the pride and care of the country. Its name has gone abroad, and its character has long been established. You stroll through its grounds and buildings with that peculiar reverence which is called forth by whatever is great, old and venerable. It is, perhaps, vacation and all is quiet except the occasional clatter of a mason's trowel, or the rumble of a wheel over its gravel walks. You enter the gallery of paintings, rich and interesting. From the walls look down on you the eyes of a long gone generation. You are carried back to the days of the colonies, for before you hang life-sized portraits of many ancient worthies of the seventeenth century. Their quaint dress, breeches, buckles and buttons, rich ruffles, long-tailed velvets and large powdered wigs, form a striking contrast to the present styles and fashions. There is the mild face of John Winthrop (1587—1694,) with dark eye, thin whiskers and light mustache; William Stoughton (1632—1702,) gray hair, black square cap and heavy, loose gown; George Whitefield, cross-eyed, with large, curling wig, pulpit garb, and Greek Testament in hand; Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Hubbard, Ed. Holyoke, Charles Chauncy,

and many other prominent forefathers and patrons of New England theology and jurisprudence.

Time does not allow to visit "Gore Hall," the library and Museum of Harvard; nor yet to stroll through Mt. Auburn Cemetery, a lovely place; nor yet to rest long in the shade of Washington Elm, the tree under which Washington first drew his sword as Commander-in-Chief of the American Army. Having now gathered up the fragments in the suburbs, we must return to the mother city. Entering Boston—if the idea is not lost in the crookedness of streets, the noise and hurrying to and fro—you will likely recollect, that here the first and most violent opposition to the stamp act was made; the tea was thrown over-board; officers were burnt in effigy; here British forces landed and were bombarded, and finally compelled to evacuate it; here Sons and Daughters of Liberty held their patriotic meetings; here is Faneuil Hall, the Old South, Province House, and but, dear me! you cannot recall everything. As we shall see, it has a history, however, lying far back of all these interesting times and relics, a history which comes to you with more meaning and force, away from the present noisy business and stir of a modern city; a history of a time when Boston was called Shawmut, by the Indians; and Trimountain by the early settlers; when Washington Place was called Cornhill, because the settlers found maize growing there, when they erected their little fort commanding the harbor, in 1634.

* * * * * * *

"Though time has touched her too, she still retains
Much beauty and more majesty."

Faneuil Hall is a building of unattractive exterior, but its history makes it dear and interesting to every heart. Built in 1742 by the man whose name it bears, burnt down and rebuilt, made the rendezvous of our rebel forefathers, and ever since the Mecca of our country (next to Independence Hall in Philadelphia), the synonym of liberty, often resounding with the eloquence and patriotism of an Otis and an Adams—it is a sacred spot. What stirring associations cluster around that ancient building! It is of large capacity. The one end of the hall is ornamented with a magnificent painting of immense size, representing Webster delivering his celebrated anti-Hayne speech. The lower part of the building is a market place and has been ever since 1742. Not only is the exterior of the Hall itself unattractive, but also it stands in an unattractive section of Boston, surrounded by markets and mud, rusty shops and dirty saloons; but of course when one speaks of Faneuil Hall, you must only think of its glorious history, see only crowds thronging to the "cradle of Liberty," and hear only shouts of a free and blood-bought people.

The Old South Church is another of those interesting places, about which it is not enough to read and hear; you wish to place your foot upon the veritable spot. During the war its pews, pulpit and entire internals were taken out, and Burgoyne turned it into a riding school. It is of very large dimensions, for being built in 1730, built of brick on the site of the old wooden one of 1669, now in the heart of Boston, then in the south end as its name indicates. In the beginning of the Revolution it was filled with patriotic assemblages; and at present it displays the stars and stripes with a most telling motto. Here Franklin was baptized and here he worshipped; here Whitefield preached; and here the old colonial governors and aris-

tocracy worshipped. Service is still held here. The pews are old-fashioned, very large, and the furnishing tolerably fine. It is a grand privilege to stand within its sacred walls and recount its checkered history.

Just across the street is a place of even more interest, in some respects, than the "Old South," as it is familiarly called. You might pass it for a life-time, and not notice, through a narrow alley between two brick stores, an ancient brick edifice standing in a now enclosed court. You pass from a noisy, crowded thoroughfare, back to this inner court—a century ago it must have been a beautiful outer court—and stand before the home of the old royal, loyal, colonial Governors of Massachusetts. It was built by Edward Randolph, and bears on its front the inscription, PROVINCE HOUSE, 1669. The thousand busy passers forget, indeed thousands do not know, that here the old State levees and fetes were held; that here wealth, beauty and fashion reigned; but alas! its glory has long departed. Hidden by the world of business, walled on every side by dwellings, stores and shops that stand where the royal gardens and yards must have been, little care or even thought was bestowed upon it. Passing from hand to hand—and worthy of a much better fate—it has become a hall of mirth and minstrel song. I was in it when no audience was present. Of course it has undergone great changes in remodelling; its hall, reception rooms, parlors, stairways and grand upper chambers have all disappeared, and even the King's coat of arms has been removed to the rooms of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The present large hall tells tales different from those of the Governor's Home; and its circling galleries are thronged by a class of persons very different from the staid old dignitaries of the olden time.

It makes one feel really sorry—and it is no foolish sorrow, either—that he cannot be transferred to the day of its glory. What a grand thing it would be to see those royal aristocrats, their velvets, and cues, their customs and fashions! At least one would like to see the Province House as it was before modern Vandals laid unholy hands on this venerable relic of a glorious past: even if rusty hinges should creak, musty parlors be damp, and dusty stairways forbid sitting. You could readily bear the creaking, the must and dust, while living a short hour with the generations that walked these floors nearly two centuries ago. You would be glad in recollecting that here centred the nobles of the western world, that here were displayed all the pomp and pageantry of royal courts, before New England became self-sufficient to produce its own simpler fashions and customs. Beg pardon, reader, for so long a stay; but this is a very pleasant place. Why could not Boston allow this venerable mansion, so rich in associations, to stand unchanged? Was it not enough to hide it from the world?

Who has not heard of Boston Common—the place where liberty meetings were held, where so many stirring scenes of '76 took place? It is now the great common ground and place of resort for all classes and conditions. Nearly fifty acres, in the heart of Boston, with a high costly iron fencing, two rows of stately elms around the entire ground, forming a delightful shady avenue, full of trees scattered irregularly over the ground with seats at every desirable place, a beautiful lake of water near the centre, and public drinking fountains at different points—be assured Boston Common is a delightful place of resort. In 1634 this large tract was reserved as public ground, and long used as a common pasturage. For many years,

of course, it remained entirely out of the city, and indeed it is no great while since it was still an open tract, unfenced and uncared for; but it has always been the pride of Boston. Here, as has been said, liberty meetings were held; here, even to this day, the masses throng when any public excitement is abroad; children learn to frequent and love it; their hearts drink in its inspiring story of past generations; they feel reverent towards those great old elms of nearly two centuries' growth; and so Boston Common becomes and remains the pride of every citizen. The Great Elm, standing near the centre of the grounds, is the most interesting relic in the neighborhood. Its age is unknown. Tradition says it must have been a large tree when Boston was first settled. Great care is taken that it be not harmed. A high iron fence protects it from visitors, and iron bands strengthen its long heavy branches against the storm-king. In 1812 our troops were encamped around it. How often excited crowds have burnt effigies upon it! Oh, if this old relic had a tongue, what would it not tell of the settlement of Boston, the early sufferings of the colonists, their united uprising against the mother country, the scenes during the war, and the annual commemorations of victory!

“ You, when a slender sapling, saw
The persecuted reach this shore,
And in their turn
Treat others as themselves were treated.
You heard the first rebellious hum
Of voices, and the fife and drum
Of revolution.”

In the library room of the Massachusetts Historical Society may be seen the swords of Miles Standish, Elder Wm. Brewster, and John Carver, names closely associated with the early history of the colony; also the old Winslow chair, an antique piece of furniture labelled “Cheapside, London, 1614.” There is preserved some of the tea thrown overboard in Boston harbor in 1773. With that in your hand you can better remember the daring act of those bogus Mohawk Indians. In the library are many interesting printed relics. I had the pleasure of reading some of Roger Williams' letters' written from New Providence, Rhode Island, to Governor Winthrop during 1636, and the two years following. It will be recollected, that having been exiled from the Bay Region because he denied the right of civil authority to control conscience, he fled from his Christian brethren at Salem, and after great suffering found shelter and kindness among poor heathen savages, who did not distinguish between civil and ecclesiastical authority, between individual conscience and the voice of the Church. Here he lived nearly half a century, but often in great trial and trouble, because of dangerous Indians. In the letter referred to, he gives accounts of these troubles, and also mentions his success and prospects. The spelling and wording are quite characteristic of that early day.

Other letters are from John Endecott to Sir Henry Vane, justifying the Church and himself in the excommunication of William Pyncheon. There are also the records of witchcraft examinations before the authorities. These old documents carry one far back in history, and enable him to appreciate those early times of strictness and severity. Before you also hang the portraits of Governors Endecott and Winthrop, and Rev. John Wilson, Pastor of the old South Church, from 1630 to 1667. These old names and faces have a peculiar charm; calm dignified and firm, they illustrate their history.

HOMeward BOUND.

BY CHARLES SAYRE.

Go forth on thy mission unswerving and free
As the rush of the tempest, and waves of the sea;
'Tis thy destiny calls thee, arise and obey;
Would ye win a bright future, work nobly to-day.
We are homeward bound.

Yon vessel speeds onward, resistless and brave,
And the sailor-boy sings as he cleaves the bright wave.
There is sunshine above us, the breezes are strong,
And our beautiful barque goes right gallantly on.
We are homeward bound.

How often while treading life's wearisome track,
Like the daughter of Sodom, we pause and look back;
'Tis idle desponding, to murmur is wrong,
Look upward—the race shall be won by the strong.
We are homeward bound.

Ambition is powerless, and pleasure is vain,
To sooth the sad hearts of the children of pain;
Toil onward—remember our Father is love,
The humble shall dwell in the mansions above.
We are homeward bound.

The dreams of our childhood, so fanciful wild,
Grow sterner as manhood claims kindred and guile—
Still our motto sustains us whate'er may assail,
'Tis borne to our ears on the breath of the gale.
We are homeward bound.

When the hand of the reaper shall garner us in,
And our spirits shall burst through the thralldom of sin,
May we rise on the wings of a seraph, and roam
With the loved and the loving forever at home.
We are homeward bound.

CHRISTIAN MUSINGS.

This Hymn was found in a chest in an English cottage. The author's name is unknown.

In the still silence of the voiceless night,
When, chased by airy dreams, the slumbers flee,
Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek,
O God, but thee?

And if there be a weight upon my breast,
Some vague impression of the day foregone,
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to thee,
And lay it down.

Or if it be the heaviness that comes
In token of anticipated ill,
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,
Since 'tis thy will.

For O, in spite of past and present care,
Or any thing beside, how joyfully
Passes that almost solitary hour,
My God, with thee!

More tranquil than the stillness of the night,
More peaceful than the silence of that hour,
More blest than any thing, my spirit lies
Beneath thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire
Of all that it can give or take from me,
Or whom in heaven doth my spirit seek,
O God, but thee?

LIFE AT TWO SCORE.

How real life becomes to us as we grow older. How terribly in earnest we get. Things that used to be of immense consequence at twenty, have small hold on us, to be sure, at forty. We no longer spend hours of anxious thought in deciding on the color of neck-ties, and the comparative merits of waistcoats. We are done long ago with

“Sighing and crooning of midnight strains
Under Bonnybell’s window pane”—

We are not exercised in mind about sleigh-rides and dancing parties. But life has become full of graver cares. Bonnybell is transformed into a sober matron now, and there are breakfast, dinner and supper to be provided for her and her children, rent to be paid, clothes to be bought, and when all these daily wants are satisfied, other cares lie in wait for the man of forty. The rainy day—type of old age, and sickness, and failing powers—is to provide for. The children are to be started in the world. Some sharp pain, perhaps, gives warning of some hidden disease, lurking round the citadel of life, an ambushed foe, ready to seize the strong man’s house at the first unguarded moment. Sad thoughts plow furrows in the sober, middle-aged face. Will this speculation turn out well? What if those stocks that have fallen twenty per cent. never come up again? What if labor be so plenty that wages go down? The simple means of maintaining a respectable existence are not forthcoming without weary toil and anxious thought.

Then, too, from this sober stand-point of middle age, one has a range of vision quite unknown to youth. At twenty the life stretching out before one seems almost interminable—a space in which will be room for every kind of adventure and success. To-morrow, we say, shall be as this day, and much more abundant. But double the years, and the coming time looks short. Whatever fruit grows on the boughs of our tree of life we must gather quickly, or not at all. We indulge in no more visions of impossible blisses. We know now that we shall never find the roc's egg, or the golden water. No fairy will give us a coat with money in the pockets as inexhaustible as the oil in the widow's cruise. Our anticipations are more moderate. Yet we think none the less eagerly of the good that still remains for us. Our impatience burns in secret with a fiercer flame than of old. "Now or never," we say to ourselves, as we think of the great prizes of life for which we still wait. We begin to work earnestly "while the day lasts;" for we already see in the gray distance the shadow of the coming night.

It is time to study the art of growing old gracefully. Why should we forget that we were young once?—why look cross at the dancers, because our own steps are no longer light on the floor? We are fortunate if children are growing up at our fireside. Brave boys and merry girls will link us with that youth which has slipped away from us. We live our lives over again in them—share their anxieties and triumph in their successes—and the calm pleasures of forty are not quite put to shame by the gay eagerness of twenty.

METHOD OF SALUTING.

Arabs are very ceremonious. If persons of distinction meet, they embrace, kiss each others' cheeks, and then kiss their own hands. Women and children kiss the beards of their husbands and fathers. Their greetings are marked by a strong religious character, such as—"God grant thee his favors"—"If God will, thy family enjoy good health"—"Peace be unto you,"—etc.

Bengalese call themselves the "most humble slaves" of those they desire to salute.

Bohemians kiss the garments of the persons whom they wish to honor.

Ceylonese, meeting superiors, prostrate themselves, repeating the name and dignity of the individual.

Chinese are most particular in their personal civilities, even calculating the number of their reverences. Of equals they inquire—"Have you eaten your rice?"—"Is your stomach in order?"—and "Thanks to your abundant felicity."

Egyptians kiss the back of a superior's hand, and, as an extra civility, the palm also. Their fevered country is strikingly portrayed by asking,—"How goes the perspiration?"—"Is it well with thee?" and, "God preserve thee."

English. An old salutation in polite society was—"Save you, sir;" an evident abbreviation of "God save you, sir!"

Ethiopians take the robes off their friends they meet, and place them round their own waists—leaving the new-comers half nude.

French. *Comment vous apportez vous?* which literary signifies, “How do you carry yourself?”

Germans. In some parts of their country they invariably kiss the hands of all the ladies of their acquaintance whom they meet.

Greeks. The salutation among the ancients was “Rejoice!” Among the moderns, “What doest thou?”

Hollanders, with their proverbial love of good living, salute their friends by asking, “Have you had a good dinner?”

Japanese remove their sandals when they meet a superior, exclaiming, “Hurt me not!”

Laplanders, when they meet on the ice, press their noses firmly together.

Mohammedans. “Peace be with you;” to which the reply is—“On you be peace;” to which is added, “and the mercy and blessings of God.”

Manillas bend their bodies; place their hands upon their cheeks; raise one leg and bend the knee.

Moors, of Morocco, ride at full speed towards a stranger, suddenly stop, and then fire a pistol over his head.

New Guinea people place on their heads the leaves of trees, as emblems of peace and friendship.

Pelew Islanders seize the foot of the person they wish to salute, and rub their faces with it.

Persians salute by inclining their neck over each other’s necks; and then inclining cheek to cheek, with the extravagant greeting—“Is thy exalted high condition good?” and, “May thy shadow never be less.”

Poles bow to the ground with extreme deference to friends they meet, with the significant inquiry—“Art thou gay?”

Romans, in ancient times, exclaimed, “Be healthy,” or, “Be strong,” when it was customary to take up children by the ears and kiss them. The Pope makes no deference to mortal, except the emperor of Austria, by whom he is kissed.

Russian ladies permit not only their hands, but their foreheads to be kissed by friends. The men salute by inquiring, “How do you live on?”—“Be well.”

Spanish grandees wear their hats in the presence of their sovereign, to show that they are not so much subject to him as to the rest of the nation. When the royal carriages pass, it is the rule to throw open the cloak to show that the person is unarmed.

Swedes are by no means demonstrative in the courtesies: on meeting, they simply inquire, “How can you?”


Turks cross their hands, place them on their breast and bow, exclaiming, “Be under the care of God”—“Forget me not in thy prayers”—“Thy visits are as rare as fine days;”—an ancient greeting, as it is by no means applicable to their present country.

Washoe. People here no longer say, “How d’ye do?” when they meet. It’s “How’s your suit progressing?” and the reply, “Pretty well, thankee;—how’s yours?” A man without a lawsuit is looked upon as a vagrant, in the State of Nevada.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1866.

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN will enter upon its XVIIth volume, on the first of January next. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. It remains under the editorial management of its founder, Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN will continue to be published by S. R. Fisher & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. Though paper still commands an advanced price, they promise to use a superior quality; and shall do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

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"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future, if permitted to take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

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LIFE,
LIGHT, LOVE.

THE
GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
INTERESTS OF
YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

OCTOBER,

1865.

S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.
J. B. RODGERS, PR.

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The Guardian.

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THE HOLY MINISTRY.

Second Article.

BY THE EDITOR.

In the August number of the GUARDIAN we viewed the ministerial office in its relation to Christ; we wish now to take a view of its other side and show how the minister stands related to those to whom he is to minister.

The relation he sustains to the people is in general that of one sent to them from God for their good. We must avoid, however, regarding the minister as a servant of men. True, he is to serve men, administer to their wants, and in a certain sense he is their servant, but not in the same sense as he is a servant of Christ. Men do not call him to his office—Men cannot prepare him for it—Men cannot assign his field of labor—Men cannot invest him with ministerial authority—Men dare not tell him what to preach—and men cannot render his preaching effectual. Hence men cannot claim rule over him as Masters.

It is somewhat common for men to look upon ministers as servants. They select, employ and support them, and hence are disposed to claim their services, as masters claim the services of those, whom they hire and pay. The word servant, however, when applied to a minister, always designates his relation to Christ, and not his relation to the people. He is not a servant *of* the people, but a minister *to* the people. He is *Christ's* servant, but *their* minister. He comes from Christ to them. They are to receive him as the servant of Christ, and receive his ministrations as from Christ to them; but they are not to prescribe to him, and exercise rule and direction over him, as though he held his office from them. He stands to Christ, and must account to him, and not to those to whom he ministers.

Whenever minsters are not permitted to occupy this honorable place in the estimation of the Church, their influence must suffer; and they also will suffer who are to receive their ministrations. Where the office of the ministry is not respected, it is shorn of its influence. Where the minister is bandied about like a servant of God's people, he cannot command respect in the eyes of the world. The want of respect which he himself receives will soon be transferred to his office and to all his ministrations; reverence for sacred things will give place to rudeness and impudence, and religion will sink into a mere business transaction. The minister hired and treated as a hireling, will soon feel like a hireling, and his ministrations will be mere eye-service for dollars and cents, and he will become a pleaser of men.

Let it be remembered, then, that though the minister is a servant, it is a servant not of men, but of Jesus Christ. He is his master, and none else; from him he holds his office, and to him alone he is responsible.

The names that are applied to their office will give us the best idea of their relations to men, and their duty towards them.

They are *Ministers*. "Let a man so account of us, as of the ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God." As ministers they furnish and dispense to the people what God has provided for them. It is through them and by them that God extends to his people the riches of His grace. They are to open the treasures of God's goodness and love to all who draw nigh to receive; and are also to seek out the destitute and needy, and bless them in God's name. As minister he is to dispense the word and will of God—His instructions—His reproofs—His warnings—His threatenings—His exhortations—and His promises.

By him the violated laws speak out
Its thunders: and by him, in strains so sweet
As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.
He establishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart,
And, armed himself in panoply complete
Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms
Bright as his own, and trains by every rule
Of holy discipline, to glorious war
The sacramental host of God's elect.

The sacraments are also placed into his hands, by which he receives souls into covenant with God, and feeds and nourishes them unto everlasting life. Thus as minister, he presides in every respect over the rich feast of the Saviour's gifts and mercies, saying to those who draw nigh, "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved," and if any stand afar off and hesitate, he exclaims, "Ho, every one that thirsts, come to the waters."

The servant of Jesus Christ is also called a *Shepherd or Pastor*. A more beautiful representation cannot be given of the relation of a minister to his people. What a lovely sight must it have been in oriental countries to see the shepherd leading forth his flock. See, he does not drive them; he goes before, and they follow him. He takes them into green pastures, and beside the still waters. When the sun beats hot, he shows them the cool retreat and makes his flock to rest at noon in the shadow of rocks, or beside the shepherd's tent. When a storm arises, or when the roaring of wolves and lions is heard from the

wilderness, he calls them hastily into the fold. Are any weak? he beareth them on his arms. Are any wounded? he careth for them; and he taketh the tender lambs, and carries them in his bosom. Do any stray from the fold? he goes after them into the wilderness, and when he finds them, he lays them upon his shoulders with rejoicing.

Here is pictured forth the minister's office as Pastor, or Shepherd. He too goes before his people; they know his voice, and follow him. He shows them the rich pastures of a Saviour's love. He causes their souls to rest under the peace-giving influence of Gospel grace. He guards them against those enemies which go about in sheep's clothing, but are inwardly ravaging wolves. He feeds the lambs with the sincere milk of the word. He supports the weak—raises the fallen—and anoints the wounded with fresh oil. If, as is alas! too often the case,—one should stray away from the fold, he leaves straightway the ninety and nine which are safe, and goes after the lost one.

But O the joy! the transport sweet!
When he the wanderer finds;
Up in his arms he takes his charge,
And to his shoulders binds.

Homeward he hastes to tell his joys,
And make his bliss complete:
The neighbor's hear the news, and all
The joyful shepherd greet.

Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy!

The minister is also called an *Ambassador*. He has a commission and a message of peace and reconciliation to guilty and rebel man. The earth is a revolted province; men by nature have cast off God's government, and have declared that they will not have him to reign over them. These rebels, God desires to subdue in love. He sends His ministers to treat with them—to offer them conditions of peace; and to urge them, by many motives, to accept of the overtures of God's mercy and love. "Now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."

Ministers are also called *Watchmen*; and as such they are to stand, with wakeful eye, upon the walls of Zion. They are to guard the habitations of the saints, to tell the signs of the times, and to give the alarm when danger is nigh. With reference to the same duty, they are called also *Bishops*, or *overseers*; indicating the general oversight which they are to exercise over the Church of God. They are frequently called *Elders*, or *Seniors*; showing that they ought to be grave, experienced, and wise, so as to draw upon themselves respect, reverence, and honor. They are also *Stewards* or housekeepers over God's heritage, as those to whom are intrusted the mysteries of Christ. They are to preside over His vineyard, see that it is well cultivated, and bring unto God many sheaves of joyful increase.

From a careful consideration of all these names, applied in the Scriptures to the ministerial office, we may sufficiently learn its nature, and the duties

which devolve upon those who occupy it. It brings us to the conclusion so solemnly exhibited in one of our Ordination hymns.

'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart—
It filled a Saviour's hands.

The view now taken of the holy office, as it stands related to God and to men, gives us opportunity to draw several instructive inferences.

1. The minister must not make it the highest aim of his ministry to *please himself*. If he be the servant of Christ on the one hand, and devoted to man on the other, he must fix his mind upon these things as his highest aim. He must not seek his own ease and comfort. Self-denial and self-sacrifice, are among the first and most prominent duties of all Christians, but especially of ministers of the Gospel. They must not seek their own in any sense. "Even Christ pleased not himself." Their own wills, their own judgments, their own feelings, must all be subjected to the will of Him whose servants they are.

Ministers have frequent need to refer to their pattern, and to their commission, in order to remind themselves that they are not their own. Many of their duties are of such a nature, that if they consulted with flesh and blood, they would remain unperformed. The place where he is to labor, the people that are committed to his charge, are frequently not such as he would choose; so he goes about not only with self-denial, but also bearing his cross. Like Moses, the flesh sometimes exclaims, "O my Lord, send, I pray thee, by the hand of him whom thou wilt send." Or, like Jeremiah, "Ah, Lord God! behold, I cannot speak; for I am a child." In this respect we must have the mind of the great Apostle: "When it pleased God, who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by his grace, to reveal his Son in me, that I might preach among the heathen, immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood." Yea, with the same apostle we must be ready to say, "Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus."

The hireling may take his ease in the ministry—he may drone and dream over the ruin of souls, and hold the ministry, as men hold farms, for the sake of his bread, but he will have his reward! The faithful minister must face a life of ardent toil. He expects nothing but to spend, and to be spent, in his office. His soul, his body, his influence, his talents, and his time are all the Lord's. Shall I say also his property?—alas, the Levite hath no inheritance! "The Levites shall do the service of the tabernacle of the congregation, and it shall be a statute forever throughout your generations, that among the children of Israel they have no inheritance." Toil—toil—toil is our business. So did the Master.

"Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou hast got thy crown."

2. As servants of Christ and ministers to the people committed to our care, we must not so much desire to please them, as to be faithful to them.

We are not their servants, but their ministers. We are not to minister to them what they may wish, but what God gives us. As shepherds we are to lead them to such pastures as God furnishes, and not what will delight them most. As ambassadors we must treat with them, not as they may desire, but upon the terms laid down in our commission.

Just as soon as a minister consults the tastes of his people, and seeks to please them, so soon does he become unfaithful to them. Such a minister will not raise them to what they ought to be, but will only make them pleased with what they are. It will not be training them in the way they *should* go, but it will help them on in the way they *will* go. The minister is not to regulate his mission according to their lives, but they are to regulate their lives by his mission.

It is sometimes wickedly expected and desired, on the part of the congregation, that the minister shall seek to adapt himself to the people. There are, in every church, some who have their own peculiar whims, fancies, caprices and tastes, and for the sake of pleasing them, and holding them to the church, it is asked that the minister shall spare them, and daub their cases with untempered mortar. This is a wicked and cruel demand, and if complied with, will ultimately ruin not only the church, but their own souls. Is it not more reasonable, to say nothing of Scripture, that such persons should yield their whims and caprices, than that the minister should prostitute his office, and turn traitor to his Master? Is it not the very aim of the ministry to reprove the defects of men, to make up their deficiencies, and to correct their lives; but, how can this be done, when the minister is asked to conform his ministrations to the evils and errors which he is to reprove and correct? This would be, as if a carpenter should make his straight edge crooked to fit the board, instead of making the board straight to fit the rule. No. The hammer of God's word is not to be softened so as not to affect the rock upon which it falls, but it is to break the flinty rock to pieces. In short, the minister does not come to reconcile God with man, but he comes to reconcile man with God.

3. Still less is the servant of Christ to please the ungodly world.

The apostle is very strong on this point. "Do I seek to please men? for if I yet pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ." Yet even this is sometimes asked of ministers! He who is most popular among the ungodly is the one who is supposed to be doing the most good.

Even some professing Christians are better pleased with their pastor when they know he is popular in the world—when perhaps he is the song of the drunkard, and praised by those who fear not God, nor respect religion. But this is rather his condemnation than his praise. If he be a true light, how is it that darkness loves him? If he be on the narrow way, how is it that those on the broad way are so happy in his company? Did not men become Paul's enemies, because he told them the truth? Did they not propose to kill the Saviour, because he reproved their wickedness?

It is an unreasonable and unscriptural demand of a minister, that he shall stand in favor with the wicked world! The world will love only its own; but because ye are not of the world, therefore the world hates you. Yet some professing Christians are ready to forsake their pastor, when they hear that the world is reviling him; and suppose that his usefulness is at an end, when he ceases to be popular with the wicked.

If God had called his Son back from his mission in our lost and ruined world, when his enemies first rose up against him, he would not have pro-

ceeded beyond the manger; for did not Herod and his friends “seek the young Child to destroy him?” If Jesus had found his usefulness at an end, when his enemies, for the first time, cried out: “He is mad, and hath a devil,” our salvation would never have been secured. If Paul had retired from Ephesus, when they endeavored to drown his voice by their violent and confused cry of “Great is Diana of the Ephesians,”—or if he had ceased at Athens, when “some mocked,” it would not afterwards be written: “Howbeit certain men clave unto him and believed.” Some of these enemies will become friends of the Gospel. The Saviour said, “I must first be rejected of the elders:” this is also the case with his truth—It is first rejected, but afterwards it conquers.

Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers!
While error raised, still writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers.

It is to enemies, and not to friends, that the ambassador is sent. It is enemies, and not friends, that are to be reconciled to God. It was in the midst of his enemies, and for them, that Christ labored; and it must not be forgotten, that even we ourselves, “when we were enemies, were reconciled to God, by the death of His Son.”

LIFE PICTURES FROM CHURCH HISTORY, No. 23.

CHARLEMAGNE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF R. KÖPKE.

BY L. H. S.

At Aix la Chapelle, where many a celebrated German Emperor has undergone coronation, in testimony that he was the most distinguished potentate in Christendom, is to be found a marble slab, in the venerable cathedral, with this inscription, “*Carolo Magno.*” Every one entering the cathedral is reminded by this slab of the great Emperor Charles, whose name was once lauded and feared, both by Christians and heathen, even as far as the distant East, because he wielded a victorious sword, was a great and good prince, and governed his people with wisdom. This house of God was erected by him, and therein, after his glorious deeds, he was laid to rest from his toilsome labors. More than a thousand years have passed away since that time; the whole German people of those days have long since been gathered to their fathers, the ashes of the great Emperor have been mingled with the dust, and other rulers have filled the earth with their fame, but, notwithstanding all this, he has not been forgotten; for there never was a greater Emperor, and even now the highest praise is given to one, by saying, “he was as great a ruler as Charlemagne.” All the life that exists in civil regulations and ecclesiastical orders in the Ger-

man lands, and even beyond them, is a proof of what he effected, and, among all men who have been as instruments in the hands of the Lord, he was the mightiest. With a strong arm he ploughed up a great portion of the German soil, so that it might receive the grain of mustard seed, which has since grown to a great tree, under the shadows of whose mighty boughs many millions of men have found shelter, protection and peace.

When Charles came in possession of the empire, in 768, after the death of his father, Pepin, who had also been a great monarch, the light of Christianity had already expelled the ancient darkness in the country of the Franks; churches and chapels had been built in the towns; bishops were true to their calling, the gospel was preached to the poor and ignorant, and men lived together in peace, after the manner and custom of Christ. But this was not the case every where. For, besides there, the Christian religion only prevailed, on the other side of the Alps, in Italy, where the Pope, who was then the chief bishop in Christendom, had his residence in the ancient city of Rome.

These countries, under the standard of the cross, were like an island elevated above the raging sea, which towers aloft and looks down on the world; for they were surrounded by heathen and infidels, who sought to destroy Christianity from all sides. Then there lived, in the northern part of Germany, even as far as the Elbe, the Saxons, a bold and prolific race, to whom the gentle yoke of Christ seemed as ignominious servitude; beyond the mouth of the Elbe the cruel Danes and Normans lived, who were also heathen, and visited all Christian lands in their piratical vessels, while further towards the east, lived the Slavs and the Wends, who were bitter enemies of all Germans, and of Christendom. Further off still, in the region of Hungary, a strange people roamed, who were more savage and cruel than all the rest, and were known as the Avars. And then on the other side of the high Pyrenees, in Spain, was the extensive empire of the Saracens, who believed, it is true, in one God, but whose faith was corrupt, inasmuch as they looked upon Mahomet as a divinely sent prophet, and despised the confessors of the doctrine of Christ. Christendom was surrounded on all sides by the heathen, whence there was required a soul firm in the faith, and a strong sword to protect it from peril and to prevent the destruction of government. Charles was obliged to undertake many severe campaigns; wherever the hands of any implored his aid, he went with his troops, and all his wars were undertaken alone for defence against the heathen, and for the support of the weak against insolent enemies.

The Pope first invoked his aid against the mighty King of the Longobards, who had wrested several provinces from him, and was even threatening his own residence. Then Charles, with his troops, crossed the Alps and encamped before Pavia, the fortified capital of the King. The King was, one day, standing on the top of the highest tower of the city and looking down upon the hostile camps, and, it is said, when he saw the King Charles in his glittering helmet, how remarkable above all others he was, sitting, spear in hand, on his horse, the mighty man was terrified, his courage sank, and he descended from the tower. The city was taken soon after, and also the whole kingdom of the Longobards: the Pope was rescued, and all the Christian provinces in Italy. France and Germany thenceforward were obedient to but one monarch, King Charles. Some

years thereafter, when he was holding an imperial diet with the nobles at Paderborn, some stadtholders of the Saracens, who had already heard of his power and wisdom, appeared as supplicants. They surrendered themselves and their cities to his government, and begged that he would come to their assistance against the persecutions of the Caliph, who then ruled in Spain. Charles bid them welcome, and recognized, in their prayer, a call to aid in the restoration of the Church in the land of the Saracens. He crossed the Pyrenees and the great river Ebro, and captured the city of Saragossa; all the country through which he passed obeyed his commands from that time forward. On his return, however, in a narrow pass, between steep, rocky walls, whose tops were immersed in the clouds, the hostile mountaineers fell upon him, and many brave men were slain or thrown down the precipice, but Charles and his men cleared a path for themselves and returned home.

Still severer campaigns were before him. The bloodiest of all the wars that Charles had fought, was forced upon him by the Saxons. This cost many a brave man's life, on both sides, and lasted thirty-three years. Whenever it seemed ended, it would break out again, as an old, unhealthy wound. The Saxons and Franks were neighbors and enemies of old. When the heathen Saxons invaded his territory and burned the churches, the heathen at home, who lived concealed among the Franks, took fresh courage and threatened to revolt, so that this war became more perilous than all the others. For a long time victory alternated with defeat, conversion with apostacy, but the King did not rest until he had conquered the Saxons and broken their haughty spirits. Then their most distinguished leaders were baptized, and the people adopted the faith and customs of Christians. After the King had erected castles and churches in Saxony, he crossed the Elbe and became acquainted with the Wends and the Slavs. He added a portion of these, as well as the Bohemians, to his kingdom, and Christianity was in this way made accessible to them. Then he attacked the Avars in Hungaria, who were a plague to all the neighboring people, because they plundered far and wide, and hoarded up their plunder in their fortified places. Charles captured their strongholds, took their plunder from them, and established such defences against them, that the kingdom was made safe from their raids. He also waged war against the Danes, and concluded a treaty of peace with them preventing their piratical vessels from doing further injury.

In this manner Charles founded a great kingdom, such as had not been known for centuries; for all the German nations were under him, as also the people of Italy and France, the Saracens on the Ebro, the Slavs on the Elbe, and the Avars on the Raab. Thirty years had been consumed, with changing fortunes, when it happened that Charles was once more obliged to go to Italy, the Pope having summoned him for his own protection. Leo was then Pope; enemies had been raised up, who attacked him, on one occasion, when riding through the streets in a solemn procession, and severely wounded him. When his wounds had healed, he fled from the city and hastened to Germany, to implore help from Charles, who, when he received Leo's request, became enraged at the wickedness that had been perpetrated, and forthwith led his men towards Rome. Here the King made legal investigations into the authors of the outbreak, punished the evil-doers, and once more restored peace. At Christmas, there-

after, the high festival was celebrated in a fitting manner. Charles was present in St. Peter's, with his knights, at the solemn High Mass, and when he kneeled before the altar, the Pope, in the presence of the people, placed an imperial crown upon his head, and greeted him as Emperor and master of Christendom. The people cried, with a loud voice, "Health and prosperity to the august Charles, the great and illustrious Roman Emperor, whom God hath crowned!" That was a great and solemn occasion, such as rarely occurs in the life of men; for it was the origin of the German empire, that endured for a thousand years, and has exerted an influence upon the fate of many people, even down to the present day. Charles, after this styled himself "Emperor by the grace of God," and acknowledged that he was a protector of the Church, and a leader in Christendom, to whom God had assigned the duty to protect the *Right* in Church and State, and to guide the souls of all that God had subjected to his rule, into the way of salvation.

As a faithful Emperor, he was mindful of high and low, of law and justice, of the poor and oppressed, of the Church and the purity of her doctrine, of preaching and divine service, of schools and instruction of children, and of learning generally. He attended to all this, together with the affairs of State, wars and marches of troops, and embassies that he received from all parts of his empire. He also travelled through the country, desiring to see and hear for himself wherever aid was needed. Then he collected the nobility, bishops and abbots, and took counsel with them as to the public welfare, enacting laws and ordering all things that seemed to be for the best.

But above all, he cared for the Church and its support, wherever it had been just established, for its advancement and improvement where it had existed for some time. Inasmuch as heathenism had been deeply rooted among the Saxons, he sent among them the most energetic disputants and laborers. There Lindger, Lebuin and Willehad, whose names are commemorated in the Christian Calendar, were engaged in preaching. He divided the whole land into dioceses, over which he appointed bishops, in order that their welfare might be seen to and secured. In this way sees were created in Paderborn and Münster, in Osnaburg and Bremen. And Christianity was offered to the Avars from Salzburg. Along with the Bishops, the Emperor had a care for purity of doctrine, and when teachers of error appeared to the injury of the people, he used the sharp weapons of the Spirit against them, and sought to lead them back to the right road. He exhorted the bishops themselves to irreproachable behavior and watchfulness over the lives and discourses of the priests, in order that these should present the pure Gospel to the people, and that nothing should be promulgated contrary to the Scriptures. "They must preach," ordered the Emperor, "of the Trinity and Incarnation of Christ, punish crime, exhort to charity, faith and hope, and encourage all Christian virtues, so that the people may be led away from evil to follow after good." As a pattern and example, he caused a collection to be made of sermons by the great old Church Doctors. In order that the priests should not fall into error through ignorance, and should be able at all times to give account of the contents of the Holy Scriptures, he desired that they should be conversant in languages and knowledge generally. For this reason he invited to his court distinguished men of learning, from all parts of Italy

and England, and permitted them to give instruction from Episcopal chairs and in the cloisters. Children were to be instructed in the faith, and the Emperor thought it not beneath his dignity to visit the schools, and to praise or reprove them. He also re-established all churches in his kingdom that had fallen in ruins, and built new ones, among which no one was so much a favorite with him as that at Aix la Chapelle. This he ornamented with imperial splendor, bringing columns, statues, and works of art from Rome and Ravenna, and was most fond of celebrating in it those high festival days, Christmas and Easter. In order that such festivals should be fittingly celebrated, he invited the celebrated teacher of church music from Italy to give instruction to the Franks, and caused organs to be placed in the churches.

When peace prevailed in the empire, the Emperor lived in the palace, surrounded with men of learning, and sought in conversation with them to obtain information on all useful topics. In this manner he acquired a knowledge of foreign languages late in life, learned to write, and became acquainted with the arts and sciences then known. He often conversed with the learned bishops about the Past, the Books of the Holy Scriptures, God and divine things; for he thirsted after knowledge of the foundations, on which all life rests. He is reported to have said, "O that God would send me such men as St. Jerome and St. Augustine were!" He preferred St. Augustine above all others, and, even when at the table, was in the habit of reading from his *De Visitate Dei*. Notwithstanding all this, the Emperor was, in his manner of living, a plain man, who moved around just as his people. Nevertheless every one knew that he was the Emperor and a mighty ruler. Great of stature, he had brilliant eyes, an open, free countenance, and a clear-sounding voice. His step was firm and majestic, and every one coming into his presence looked on him with awe. He was practised in all the arts of war, and was the first, among all the kings of his time, in wisdom and depth of intellect. As he estimated every thing according to its true value, so he was determined and unterrified in execution of plans, neither trembling at peril nor exulting at success.

After having reigned for many years, his fame extended far beyond the borders of his own empire to foreign countries and people, even as far as the Orient, and all these sent ambassadors to his court at Aix la Chapelle, so that they might confer with the Emperor as to the public good. Among these were the proud emperors at Constantinople, and the Caliph of the Arabian kingdom, who sent him regal presents. The Patriarch of Jerusalem placed in his charge the key of the Holy Sepulchre, because he was the mightiest of all the rulers of Christendom, and, therefore, should have the Holy places under his protection. Indeed, he had aided, on all occasions, the Christians in Jerusalem and Alexandria, and wherever, in Asia and Africa, his assistance had been invoked. In consequence of his having accomplished so many mighty things, his companions called him Charlemagne, Charles the Great; but he did not so style himself, with humility saying, "God alone is great, to Him alone be all the honor!" Severe trials, as well as numerous wars, had not been wanting. The Duke of Bavaria, a relative of Charles, stirred up such a revolt in the empire, that the latter was obliged to depose him; one of his own sons also entered into a conspiracy with the people to take his father's life and empire,

and the Emperor was compelled to place him in perpetual imprisonment. His bravest and best sons died before him, after they had battled along side of him in many a hotly-contested fight. This affliction bowed him to the earth; for he hoped to divide the empire between them, so that in the future they might have administered the government after the manner of the father. There was left only one son, the youngest, Lewis, and he was the only heir to the extensive empire.

Charles then failed rapidly, and after forty and six years of restless activity, he longed to rest from his mighty labors, feeling that he must soon die. Therefore, he began to put his house in order, and called his son Lewis to Aix la Chapelle. Here he assembled a great imperial Diet, such as he had often held, and exhorted the great and powerful nobles to preserve that unwavering fidelity to his son which they had always shown towards him. A solemn High Mass was celebrated in the church, at which Charles appeared once more in imperial splendor; weak and tottering, he leaned for support upon his son. Both kneeled down and prayed together for a long time, while the imperial crown was laid on the altar before them. When they stood up the Emperor spoke with a loud voice to his son, and admonished him, in the presence of the bishops and earls, and a host of people, for the last time, that he should keep God before his eyes all his life, should protect the Church from oppression and injustice, should love the people as his children, be a stern judge to the wicked and a father to the poor, and bear himself without offence before God and men. "Wilt thou be obedient to my wishes in all these things?" Lewis answered, "By God's help, I will!" Then the Emperor commanded that he should take the crown from the altar, and, as a sign of empire, place it upon his head. Lewis did as commanded, the two united with the people in singing the *Te Deum*, and then returned to the palace.

Thus Charles closed his worldly affairs. He lived quietly in his apartments, went daily, and when possible, by night to divine service, read much in the Holy Evangelists, and made duplicates of them with his own hand. Not long after this a violent fever seized him, his strength diminished day by day, and he felt that his end was near. Then he sent for a faithful bishop, and received the Holy Communion from him. When the morning of January 28, 814 dawned, his last hour had come. He made the sign of the cross, folded his hands over his breast, closed his eyes, and with a low voice, prayed, "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." These were his last words, and his spirit took its flight. The news was soon spread abroad, that the Emperor, who had gloriously reigned for so many years, was dead, and much sadness and mourning prevailed, because all felt that a great man had departed.

He was solemnly interred in the church which he had built at Aix la Chapelle. The body was embalmed, clothed in imperial robes, the crown on his head and the sword girded on his side, and thus was placed in a niche in the burial vault. The Holy Gospels were placed upon his knees, and the sceptre and imperial shield at his feet, so that he might seem an emperor even in death. The vault was then closed, and this inscription placed thereon: "In this vault rests the body of the great and pious Emperor Charles, who enlarged the Empire of the Franks with glory, and happily reigned forty and seven years. He died over seventy years of age, on the 28th of January, in the year of our Lord 814."

Thus lived and died the Emperor Charlemagne.

THE ASH-TREE.

BY I. K. L.

HEB. *Oren*. LAT. *Ornus* (*Fraxinus ornus*.—Linn.)

“The towering ash is fairest in the woods.”—*Virgil*.

The Ash tree is mentioned only once in the Holy Bible (Isai. xliv. 14,) and critics and commentators are not agreed, that even in this passage the tree familiarly known by this name is meant. The Hebrew *Oren*, here translated Ash, is by some taken to denote the Pine. This is the view of Calvin and Gesenius, who are well supported by the Septuagint, which translates *πινυς*, and the Vulgate which has *pinus*. The German version renders it “ceder” which is a species of pine. Celsius says it certainly was not the pine—*certe pinus non fuit*. The fact that the Jews had another name for pine is also against that view. It is probable that Luther read *orez* instead of *oren*, which has a small final letter in many Hebrew editions.* Most writers, guided by the similarity of sound, translate *oren*, *ornus*, the wild Ash. Believing that this is probably the Ash tree of Isaiah, and not feeling disposed to deprive it of the honor it has enjoyed in our authorized version thus far, we cheerfully give it a place among the trees of the Bible, especially so as its mention by the Prophet has secured it room in the affectionate memory of thousands of saints on earth and saints in heaven.

Its name is derived according to some from *φραγις*, a separation, from the facility with which the wood splits; according to others because its bark is of the color of ashes. Most species of this tree are found in America, many in Europe, but only a few in Asia. The varieties best known are the common Ash (*Fraxinus*), and the wild Ash (*Ornus*), which evidently is the Ash of Scripture; yet as the characteristic given by Isaiah, namely, its growing in moist places suits better to the common Ash than the wild Ash, we will give a brief description of it here.

The common Ash is a deciduous tree of beautiful appearance,† rising from a thick wide-spreading root, its stem tapering to a great height,‡ with smooth grayish bark. Its leaves are pinnate, serrated, of a bright greenish color, resembling those of the laurel, appearing late from black buds and falling early, thus saving the tree from being broken by the high winds of

* A Tigurinis et Luthero *oren* cedrus exponitur. Hos *orez* legisse patet quia *oren* nun finali minusculo, in multis codicis Ebræi editionibus scribatur quod *τω* Sain simillimum est.—Celsii Hierob.

† Fraxinus in silvis pulcherrime.—Virg.

‡ Ingens fraxinus. Georg. 2: 65. Procera et teres fraxinus. Pliny 16: 24. A modern traveller found in Ireland an Ash tree with a hollow trunk, measuring forty-two feet in circumference, “in which a little school was kept.”—*Rev. Arthur Young*.

Spring and Fall. It has white blossoms ; and its fruit is enclosed in a thin, oblong, pointed husk or hull. It resembles a small grain of oats, is solid, of a red color and bitter taste, and constitutes the *lingua avis* (bird's tongue) of apothecary shops. It flourishes best in damp localities,* but is also found in stony places. Its wood is tough, destitute of knots and light, and was anciently used for spear shafts, as we learn from Homer, who celebrates the "ashen shaft" of Achilles.† The antagonists of that hero used the same weapon, though of less elaborate finish.

"A lance of tough ground-ash the Trojan threw,
Rough in the rind and knotted as it grew."

The Amazons of tradition or history also used Ashen spears in war. The leaves, seed,‡ wood, bark, and the oil obtained from the last two are of value in medicine. It is this tree that produces the "manna," which appears in oblong pieces, of a whitish pale yellow color, and is much used by physicians. So great are the virtues of this tree, according to Pliny, that no serpent will cross (*attingat*, touch) even its very longest evening or morning shadow ; indeed, it will rather fly far from it (Plin. 16 : 24). He also tells that when serpents are surrounded by its leaves and fire, they prefer to escape through the fire. He himself saw this. A German author, referring to this passage, humorously remarks ; "Our German snakes won't do it."

Before the invention of paper the inner bark of the Ash was often used by the ancients as a substitute for it. No wonder, therefore, that it is rich in classical associations, and enjoys its full meed of praise from the lips of ancient, as well as modern poets, who, far from the noise of the city, found it pleasant, at sultry noon, to

"Sit reclined beneath the spreading ash,
Hung o'er the steep."

The Wild Ash (*ornus*, from *opeiros*, mountainous), also called *Fraxinus Ornus*, and found chiefly on mountains,§ belongs to the botanical order Oleaceæ, and is a native of Mt. Lebanon, Sicily, Calabria and various parts of Southern Europe. It is an elegant tree, grows to a great height, and has a heavy trunk and spreading branches, with a smooth bark of pale yellow color. Cowper sings of the

Ash far stretching his umbrageous arm.

Its leaves resemble those of the common Ash, just noticed, except that they are of less thickness and somewhat smaller, but like those pinnate, that is having a long leaf stalk, on which appear seven or eight pairs of serrated leaflets of a light green tint. The Ash is a deciduous tree, and when the hoar frosts come and the bleak winds of November blow over the

* *Locis planis ac vallibus gaudeat.* Celsii Hierob.

† *Δορυ μέλεινον.*

‡ *Nascuntur steriles saxosis montibus orni.*—Virg. Georg. 2 : iii. *Summis antiquam in montibus ornum.*—Æn. 2 : 626.—Why Virgil calls *orni*, Ash trees, *barren*, is not clear to us. It may be that they do not, in all localities bear fruit.

§ The seed taken in wine is said to cure the bite of venomous reptiles.—*Fraxineum semen cum Bacchi rore bibendum est.*

forests, it soon stands widowed of its leaves grieving for its departed glory.* Its blossoms are white,† appearing in large corymbs or umbelliferous clusters, and its fruit, a round berry, which ripens in Autumn, hangs in glowing clusters, and is of a red color, decorating the boughs, and adding much to the gayety of the scenery to which this tree belongs. These berries are gathered, laid on straw until they become mellow, when they form an article of food. The birds are very fond them, and while feeding on its showy bunches, fill the woods with the melody of their grateful songs.

The Ash evidently attained a great age; for the poets sing of "the ancient Ash upon the mountains," and of "the aged Ashes." It yielded a solid and very durable wood. Hesiod, who flourished about 950 years before Christ, brings the third or brazen race of men from Ash trees, so hard is their wood. Among the Romans its leaves were esteemed for fodder. It is not extraordinary that ancient writers should extol it, when it served the soldier for bow and spear, the farmer for his implements of husbandry, the scholar for paper, and animals and even man for food. Even now "wheelwrights praise it for being all heart." So charming was the music of Hesiod, the Ascrean sage, that the wild Ashes upon the mountains bowed their heads to listen to his song,‡ just as the oaks once bowed themselves to catch the enchanting strains of Orpheus. But a truce to the classics. Let us to the testimony of Isaiah.

The passage of Scripture, wherein alone the Ash occurs, is apart of that forcible description, by which God exposes and censures the sin and folly of idolatry and the stupidity of idol makers—"a passage that contains the most keen reproof of idolatry, and even invective against it, that is any where extant." In the making of their idols the mechanics were so fully taken up with their work, that they forgot to eat or drink until hunger and thirst overpowered them with faintness. Yea, the smith is hungry, and his strength faileth: he drinketh no water, and is faint. The carpenter stretcheth out his rule; he marketh it out with a line; he fitteth it with planes, and he marketh it out with the compass, and maketh it after the figure of a man, according to the beauty of a man; that it may remain in the house. *He planteth an Ash, and the rain doth nourish it*; yea, he maketh a god, and worshippeth it; he maketh a graven image and falleth down thereto.—Isai. xliv. 12-15. The Ash being a rapid grower, yields a fine wood, which can be wrought or carved into any shape. It is probable, that the "carpenter" above spoken of, made most of his "work" of this kind of wood. To keep sufficient material on hand, he depends not on the supply from the mountain forests. His large custom demands that he should have timber at hand or within convenient reach, and hence *he planteth the Ash*. It is probable, that, by planting a grove of Ash trees in a

* The leaf, like the flower, is a fit emblem of human life.

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
Another race the following Spring supplies,
They fall successive, and successive rise:
So generations in their course decay,
So flourish these when those have passed away.—*Pope's Homer*.

† Virgil sings of the wild Ash hoary with the white flowers of the pear tree."—*Georg.* 2.

‡ Virg. *Ecl.* 6: 71.

cultivated region, this "cunning workman" would obtain a superior article of wood for the manufacture of his idol-gods.

Where now are the gods made of the Ash trees, which the "carpenter" in Isaiah's time planted? He, his trees, and the images he made of them, have long since returned to dust. Let us shun the folly of ancient idolators. If heathen then worshipped the stock of an Ash tree, let Christians not now fall down to a god of gold, for which so many, in this materialistic age, barter away a good conscience, respect for themselves, and their peace forever. Their thoughts and desires rise not above it; they dream dreams concerning it, their wild ravings on the dying bed are occupied with it, they clutch the air for it, and when their insatiate thirst for gold runs highest, they are at once cut off from it forever. Better far, to "visit" with aid "the fatherless and widows in their affliction," and thus "laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life."—James i. 27,; 1 Tim. vi. 19.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

A young mother, worn and weary with the care of her infant boy—her first born—till she was nearly discouraged, because she thought her time was frittered away by the ceaseless and humble round of household duties, went to hear Professor S———preach. Professor S. was then in the prime of his glorious power as a preacher. While listening to him with deep interest, it occurred to the mother, that this great man was an infant in the arms of his mother, whom she chanced to know; and perhaps his mother had been as weary and desponding as she herself was. Again she thought: This man's mother did not lose her time, and has lived to see in her son a blessed reward of her labor: if I am equally faithful, who can tell that my son may not reward me as well? So she went home, cheered and strengthened.

It is now several years since that mother was called to her home in heaven. Recently one of her sons suddenly died, in the midst of great usefulness, and abundant honors. A large company of honorable and devout men followed in his funeral train. Among them the chief magistrate of his adopted state. His character and success were largely owing, under God, to his mother's influence and prayers.

What that influence was is thus vividly set forth by a surviving sister: conscientious mothers may be encouraged by it. "The memory of my own and my dear brother's early days, in a life almost exclusively ours, was watched, sympathized with, and encouraged by our precious mother. Unconscious of that latent force and power to will and to do, which has revealed itself through providential leadings since he entered the stern conflict of life, he simply sought with unpretending faithfulness and aim, to satisfy the wishes of our dearest mother whether at home or at school. That aim was enough; for her discerning heart discovered more of the depths of her boy's nature than any other comprehended, and she lifted up his timid hope higher and higher as he grew older. There was no hind-

ance so great in the way of his early progress, but her hope could see beyond it, and so begot in him a determination to accomplish all his mother believed could be accomplished. Thus were early sown the seeds of a heroic purpose to conquer, not to despair. Longing for opportunities to become wiser and better, he surely but quietly seized them as they came, making every addition a treasure in store for future service.

And as the boy grew, his lips were undefiled by falsehood, profanity or vulgarity. In truth, he was a special pride, comfort and companion, and all the world else was not to me, like my adored mother, and teasing, loving, mirthful brother."

SPARE MOMENTS.

A lean, awkward boy came one morning to the door of the principal of a celebrated school, and asked to see him. The servant eyed his mean clothes, and thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go around to the kitchen. The boy did as he was bidden, and soon appeared at the back door.

"You want a breakfast more like," said the servant girl, "and I can give you that without troubling him."

"Thank you," said the boy, "I should have no objection to a bite, but I should like to see Mr. ———, if he can see me."

"Some old clothes may be you want," remarked the servant, again eyeing the boy's patched clothes. "I guess he has none to spare. He gives away a sight," and without minding the boy's request, she went away about her work.

"Can I see Mr. ———?" again asked the boy, after finishing the bread and butter.

"Well, he is in the library. If he must be disturbed, he must; but he does like to be alone sometimes," said the girl in a peevish tone. She seemed to think it very foolish to admit such an ill-looking fellow into her master's presence. However, she wiped her hands and bade him follow. Opening the library door, she said:

"Here is somebody, sir, who is dreadful anxious to see you, and so I let him in."

I don't know how the boy introduced himself, or how he opened his business; but I know that, after talking awhile, the principal put aside the volume he was studying, and took up some Greek books and began to examine the new comer. The examination lasted some time. Every question which the principal asked the boy, was answered readily.

"Upon my word," exclaimed the principal, "you certainly do well," looking at the boy from head to foot, over his spectacles. "Why, my boy, where did you pick up so much?"

"In my spare moments," answered the boy.

Here he was, poor, hard-working, with but a few opportunities for schooling, yet almost fitted for College, by simply improving his "spare moments." Truly are not spare moments the "gold dust of time?" How

precious they should be? Look and see. This boy can tell you how very much can be laid up by improving them, and there are many other boys, I am afraid, in jail, in the house of correction, in the fore-castle of a whale ship, in the tippling shop, who if you should ask them when they began their sinful courses, might answer, "In my spare moments."

"In my spare moments I gambled for marbles. In my spare moments I began to smoke and drink. It was in my spare moments that I gathered wicked associates."

Oh, be careful how you spend your spare moments? Temptation always hunts you out in seasons like these. When you are not busy, he gets into your hearts, if he possibly can, in just such gaps. There he hides himself, planning all sorts of mischief. Take care of your "spare moments."

A TRIP TO NEW ENGLAND.—NO. II.

BY A. C. W.

"A rock in the wilderness welcomed our sires,
From bondage far over the dark rolling sea;
On that holy altar they kindled their fires,
Jehovah, which glow in our bosoms for thee."

If any one should critically say that we are talking slowly, we would remind him that we are walking slowly. Railroad and steam cars are very good for business men; but let us take nature's appliances when we wish to see a country thoroughly. Shoulder a knapsack of some kind, filled half with clothing and half with provisions, take a home-made guide-book, a congenial companion, and money enough to pay your lodging and an occasional hotel dinner, travel late and early, resting long at noon, keep your eye and ear open as you pass along, ask all the sensible questions that suggest themselves—and you can have a pleasant, profitable and cheap tour. There is something very delightful in this wild, irregular way of living; something so different from the old routine of home life, this living from one's knapsack. A supper in your room, of brown bread, with a slice of Bologna, a stroll about town, or reading news, an early start followed by breakfast on a way-side log, stone or fence, with a dinner of solid, substantial food by some cool spring or dashing water-fall,—oh, no one who has never tried it can know what a luxury such travel is!

In this way, then, we journeyed through eastern New England, mostly along the hilly, bleak, and barren sea-coast, down to Marshfield, the home-
stead of Webster. The farm lies about thirty miles south of Boston, and contains perhaps a thousand acres, much of it sandy coast land. You reach it by travelling through long stretches of wild country, covered with huckleberry bushes and brushwood. The mansion stands some distance inward from the road, and is approached by a winding avenue formed of green hedge-rows. It is a frame building of large proportions, but is not stylish. The first thing that you learn, and very unexpectedly too, is that you can

be shown through the mansion only by paying a fee of twenty-five cents. Here, if any where in the great country, and not liable to imposition from continual calls, you would never think of a fee; but it seems that Webster himself made this arrangement, in order to pay for keeping the house open to visitors. Things remain as he left them—his library, bed-room, books, pictures and the like. The waiting Irishwoman takes you from cellar to garret—with due explanations and an occasional interesting remark—through the sitting-room, drawing-room, music, dining, breakfast and library rooms, through the bridal and star chambers, and into his death-bed room. This is preserved in every particular as it was during his life-time; the furniture is in its accustomed place, and the same bed and bedding on which he died. Though there are so many rooms, each is very fully furnished; paintings, engravings, and books seem endless. Mrs. John Quincy Adams appears in a portrait, wearing a rich, stylish turban, which caused the lady guide to remark that, as she had been told, Mrs. Adams was a very vain woman. In the library, over a portrait of Webster, are his last hat and cane, the former a white slouch. A curiosity in the drawing-room is an eagle about the size of a silver dollar, chiseled from white marble, which occupied ten years in making. It is a beautiful specimen of art.

His tomb is within sight of the house, a large sodded vault, over which stands an upright marble slab, having the simple inscription—DANIEL WEBSTER. Near the vault, just in front, is a small neat monument, corresponding in size and cut to others around it, bearing his name, birth, and death dates, and the passage, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief," followed by a declaration of his faith in the gospel of Christ, written by himself and subscribed by his own name. From his tomb came his dying words, "I still live;" and one instinctively prays, Oh, for a Webster now! Just adjoining this is the burying-ground, where some of the old Plymouth puritans lie, among others, Peregrine White, the first person born in New England after the landing in 1620. Scarcely any of the old inscriptions can be read. One of the plainest is as follows:

The Honorable Josiah Winslow, Governor of New
Plymouth.

Died December ye 18 1680 *Ætatis* 52.

This, being over the family vault, is followed by other names and dates, all cut on limestone under the old family coat-of-arms. The whole ground is enclosed within heavy walls.

Thence, we found our way to the old Duxbury burying-ground, where lie Miles Standish, "the Captain of Plymouth," and others of the forefathers. Like all these old burying-grounds, it is on an eminence. It is very old-looking, and has few stones that are not marked with the small numbers of 1700, and many with the large numbers of 1600. Few are at all legible. I could not find a single Standish, but plenty of Aldens.

We reached Plymouth one Saturday evening, very tired after a week of hard travel. While stopping by the way to make our toilet for a decent entry into the ancient town, and naturally thinking of the entry of the pilgrims of 1620, suddenly a shrill whistle was heard and a train of cars rushed past us in less time than it takes to tell it, scattering all my retrospection to the winds. From Marshfield I took the shore road, and had a grand view of the bay, covered with sail-boats, scudding in every direc-

tion and at every distance, while for eight miles Plymouth was in sight, seeming to lie on a sloping shore, only a few miles beyond. The highest point of Plymouth is Burial Hill, the old public burying-ground, from which you have a splendid view of the harbor and bay. I visited it in the quiet of a lovely Sabbath morning. Sitting on the summit, looking leftward, you see Duxbury, lying on a promontory, eight miles above, on a high barren sand-hill, where lived Miles Standish, who, according to uncertain tradition, sent John Alden to gain for him the heart and hand of the Puritan maiden Priscilla.

“Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth,
Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words, but of actions,
Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a soldier;
Not in those words, you know; but this, in short, is my meaning.
I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.
You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant language,
Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wooings of lovers,
Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a maiden.”

But—to finish the story—John Alden himself happens to be in love with this “Puritan maiden Priscilla,” and she with him; so, when he makes plea in behalf of “Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth,” answers her objections, and faithfully does what only tradition could make a man do, he receives her reply:

“Archly the maiden smiled, and with eyes overrunning with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, ‘Why don’t you speak for yourself, John?’”

This, however, is getting a great way from Burial Hill, at least for the present. Clark’s Island, where the Pilgrims first landed, is also within sight. Before you lies the harbor, filled, though it is Sabbath, with fishing and pleasure boats; not as it was fifty or a hundred years ago, when tidy men kept strict watch from Saturday sunset till Sabbath sunset, careful that no impropriety was committed during these holy hours. Times have changed. Plymouth spreads out below you, while around and near you lie the bones of the first dead of the colony, dug from their temporary graves on the wharf; within a few feet of you is the site of the old fort, a spot about twelve feet square, now marked by four small granite stones, placed on the original corners of the fort. The graves are mostly distinguished by old English stones; the oldest inscriptions are very illegible, often quite obliterated.

Pass out of this down Leyden street, and you may imagine yourself among the first houses built after the landing in 1620; for here they were located. Going on a few paces, and turning leftward, you stand on the spot where John Alden set foot, the first and youngest to tread New England soil. Recall the rigors of December; the surrounding wilderness; the wide Atlantic, with hating persecutors beyond; no civilization nearer than five hundred miles southward, with wilderness and savages intervening; disease, doubt, fear, and anxiety in their midst; and you may have a faint outline of the state of things on Plymouth beach, two hundred and forty years ago.

At the old landing-place is the foundation and corner-stone of a fine monument, to mark the spot and event; this foundation was laid about

six years ago, but on account of financial troubles—as any one may easily guess—the project was temporarily abandoned. In 1775 the “Forefathers’ Rock”—on which the Pilgrims landed—was about to be removed from its original resting-place on the shore, to Plymouth Square, to be put under a liberty pole, in order to awaken sluggish spirits to an interest in the war then waging; but in the effort it separated in two parts. One lies under the begun monument, and the other, about six feet by three, lies in front of Pilgrim Hall, within a tasty iron fence, having “1620” painted on its front side. On the fence, on an imitation of drapery tied up with string and tassel between every two uprights, are the names of the immortal forty-one who, while yet on board the “Mayflower,” signed the compact of law and order, made necessary by their being without a charter from the crown. How one’s thoughts will cling to those early scenes! John Carver, first Governor! Miles Standish, first defender! What a small beginning, little promise, and great results!

“They little thought how pure a light
With years should gather round that day;
How love would keep their memories bright,
How wide a realm their sons should sway!”

After several hours’ meditation and strolling over Burial Hill, one is in fit frame of mind to attend morning service; but, what changes and deviations from the old exile-Puritan service! You enter a large, handsome brick edifice, to which gay and dressy crowds throng. Dr. Briggs enters a fashionable pulpit, while the organ plays a fancy overture; on each side of the pulpit is a large frescoed cross; he himself wears a fine silk gown; his fathers fled from crosses and gowns; a richly-toned organ and six voices fill the house with fashionable music—with rich crescendoes and diminuendoes—while the congregation is mute; their fathers were glad to do their own singing; the choir voices had great difficulty in pronouncing the *r*; if I mistake not, their fathers had no such difficulty; perhaps there never ascended more united praises than from the untrained and unfashionable lips of the Pilgrims, on the first Sabbath after landing. The congregation sat during prayer, and stood facing the choir during singing; likely their fathers humbly knelt, not even on a carpet floor, but on the cold snowy earth. Truly a change hath come over the spirit of their dream. This is said by the way. One cannot help thinking of these things, while Dr. Briggs is eloquently throwing off his rounded periods. Perhaps you, the night before, dreamed of the time when Elder Brewster expounded the Word in simple divisions, when his successors fed the flock in cold, cheerless, pewless churches,—cold, cheerless, and pewless, because they thought it a religious duty to deny the flesh; perhaps your dream includes the period of strictness, when the sexes sat apart, and the children by themselves, all watched by a man holding a stick with a knob at one end to hit sleepy men, and a feather at the other end to tickle the faces of sleeping women; when musical instruments were carefully excluded from the church, and even the printing of note-books zealously resisted, as preparing the way for books of prayer. Perhaps you dream of these times, I say; but how strange it does seem this Sabbath morning to see cushioned pews, large heaters, frescoed walls, stained glass, swelling organ, printed music, a robed minister, a sleepy congregation,

without a watcher; the men and women sitting together, and the servants and children at home! *O tempora! O mores!* What changes!

In Pilgrim Hall are stowed away a large collection of very interesting relics of the old Colony. Gov. Bradford's chair, Elder Brewster's chair, a mug, a dish, leather pocket-book, the sword of Peregrine White (the first person born after leaving Europe), an old large pewter dish of Miles Standish, his sword, an old English Bible of John Alden, a pair of corsets belonging to the wife of Gov. Bradford—all these relics were brought over in the Mayflower, 1620. There are also several very interesting drawings and paintings; a deed, written and signed by Miles Standish, and a bond, written and signed by Peregrine White. In the Court House may be seen the old manuscript colony records of deeds, laws, marriages, births, deaths, etc.; the old charter of 1620, and the box in which it was brought over. The charter is written on parchment, with neat penmanship, signed by the Earl of Warwick, and at present appears somewhat faded, though a curtain is continually before it to protect it from the light.

The box in which the charter was brought from England, is of wood, covered with leather, and lined with figured paper; from this lining, however, insects have eaten all the white, leaving the black figures whole. The seal was fastened to this by a leathern strap, but is now detached; it is round, about four inches in diameter, of rosin-colored material, now much broken, yet put together and kept in a glass-covered box. Another very interesting relic is Rev. John Robinson's defence of the separation of the Puritans from the Church of England. Though published in 1610, the paper is yet good, and the printing clear. It is bound in parchment, as all books of the period were.

Leaving Plymouth, you take your course through the wild coast-land of Bay Region to Providence, thence by cars to Hartford and New Haven, glance at the sights of each, take a night-boat on the Sound to New York, ramble a few days through its thousand streets, and then—because time and money are spent—close your trip of sight-seeing. As the boat moves over the great bay, and the spires of Trinity and St. Paul's grow small in the distance, a farewell thought and glance are all you can give the mother-city. New York and Boston, relics and wonders, noise, bustle, and weariness, are all left behind—and soon the rapid cars bring you back to your quiet home.

MAKE THE MOST OF LIFE.—Remember, Christian soul, that thou hast, this day, and every day of thy life—

God to glorify,
Jesus to imitate,
A soul to save,
Virtues to acquire,
Hell to avoid,
Heaven to gain,
Eternity to prepare for,

Time to profit by,
Neighbors to edify,
The world to despise,
Devils to combat,
Passions to subdue,
Death, perhaps, to suffer,
And judgment to undergo.

When you lie down at night, ask yourself, "What have I done to-day? What have I done for God? What have I done for my fellow-creatures? What have I done for my own true and eternal interests?" Not small or mean is the satisfaction of looking back upon one day which has been profitably employed; and far greater, when the sun of life is about to set, must be the happiness of looking back upon a whole existence spent "as redeeming the time," a blessing to others and ourselves, and a practical tribute of praise to God!—*Chris. Intel.*

GASHMU SAITH IT.

BY E. R. E.

The religion which is acceptable to God is pure and undefiled. It dwells in the heart, and sanctifies the soul with all its affections. Works of righteousness issue from it to the honor and glory of God. They are the only evidences of holiness which God will accept.

The Bible lays great stress upon this—"My Son, give me thine heart." The inducement and promise of God are, "*A new heart will I give unto you.*" The profession of having received a new heart is made by thousands—the evidence of possession is limited to hundreds. There is a necessity that men be tested and approved through trial. The cause of this is sin. The tempting power in this trial—the evil in it, springs from sin either inherent or outwardly present. It never springs from God. It is of vital importance that we should rightly distinguish between sin and grace—between good and evil. The suffering of trial brings us more and more deeply into the living experience of this distinction. We should know this earlier, that we may not be led astray. The origin of evil is absolutely not of God. The philosophy that will not accept the doctrine of the Fall in Scripture, makes the Being it calls God, the Father of darkness as well as light. "Let no man say, when he is tempted, that he is tempted of God."

Natural pride may bring on a delusion deep enough to cause men to assert that they are "tempted of God." Men strive in every way to justify themselves—they lay the blame somewhere else than where it belongs. Already in Paradise the deceitfulness of the first sin, at once so far obscured the perception of God, that the fallen pair think to hide themselves from their Creator. When called to an account, they attempt to excuse themselves before their judge. Adam said, "*The woman whom thou gavest me,*" is the cause of this sin. Eve said, "*The Serpent is the cause.*" From that day until this, their descendants have done the same thing. Some other than the real cause is assigned. Men delude themselves and then practise this art upon their fellow men—yea, even presume to practise it upon their God.

This is a vain imagination, and must be eradicated. Let no one rest upon this secret pillow of evil excuse,—not even unconsciously. God's warnings against it are on record—His illustrations are familiar—His appeals oft repeated. He condemns all who cling to it.

The forms of sin are as manifold as the emotions of the soul and the activities of the body. Among these there is one which to us seems the impersonation of all others—the foulest and meanest of its tribe. Pride ministers to it—jealousy feeds it—envy inspires it—hate impels it—lies are its form of expression—

“’Tis slander
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile: whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: Kings, Queens, and States,
Maids, Matrons—nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.”

Its general practice has blunted our sensibilities to its fearful hideousness. So long as it attacks our neighbor, we accept its utterances and repeat them again in solemn measure. But when its poisonous fangs are thrust into our life blood, we are aroused to view it, as it more justly deserves. Suffering character pleads for virtuous self-defence.

The agents of slander are not always conscious ones. Perhaps but few of us regard it what it is, nor recognize it in all its forms. Permit me to state some of these forms without attempting to discuss them.

Dr. Barrow says, “slander is uttering false speeches against our neighbor, to the prejudice of his reputation—his personal safety and welfare. That man is a slanderer who charges others with facts, of which they are not guilty—who affixes scandalous names and hateful characters where they are not deserved—who dares to asperse another man’s actions with foul names, intimating that these actions proceed from corrupt principles, or that their ultimate tendency is evil when it is not true. He is a slanderer, who perverts your words, or your acts to your disadvantage, and does it by evident or secret misconstruction—who represents your conduct or your sayings but partially and indifferently, by which he suppresses some part of the truth, or conceals some circumstance which ought to be explained—who instils sly suggestions which will create prejudice against you—who magnifies your imperfections and faults—who imputes to your practices, judgment or profession, evil consequences which have no foundation in truth.”

This catalogue is not full as here presented, neither is there a statement over-drawn. Examine the subject. View it in the face of these facts, and how many are busied in this soul-destroying vice! How few are free from its practice!

Of all characters in society the slanderer is the most odious and the most likely to produce mischief. Hear the God of all the earth say, “*Whoso privily slandereth his neighbor, him will I cut off.*”

A specimen of the slanderer’s art and the manner of procedure is furnished in this passage:—“*It is reported among the heathen, and Gashmu saith it, that thou and the Jews think to rebel; for which cause thou buildest the wall, that thou mayest be their king according to these words.*” Neh. vi. 6.

These words were addressed to Nehemiah by letter. Nehemiah was a Jew—the cup-bearer to Artaxerxes, king of Persia. He heard of the great distress of his countrymen and in great affliction, he petitions Artaxerxes for permission to go up to Jerusalem, as governor, with a commission to rebuild the walls around the city, which had been destroyed by the Chaldeans. He asks further to be permitted to provide for the security and prosperity of his people. The request is granted. He starts to fulfil his new mission in the fear of God and in reliance on His strength. Nehemiah meets with much and serious opposition in the accomplishment of his pur-

pose, but nothing daunted he labors on. His enemies tried to frighten him—then to deceive him, and now they resort to the foulest method—that of slander.

I. Notice the sphere in which this evil report was circulated. *It was among the heathen.* Sanballet and his confederates not daring to openly attack the Jews, were yet zealous to prevent the completion of the fortifications. They attempted by strategy to draw Nehemiah from his station and get him into their wicked hands. Therefore on some plausible pretence they invited him to an interview; but he being aware of their intentions came not. As they were baffled in this design, they now devise a still more subtle and dangerous stratagem. Sanballet sent, under pretence of friendship, to inform Nehemiah of a report in circulation, that the Jews were preparing to revolt from the king of Persia and place him on the throne. He further adds, that he had employed prophets to preach this to them as the will of God. This Gashmu said was a fact, and he was prepared to prove it. The report was circulated among the surrounding nations, who had no sympathy with the Jews, but rather looked on them with hatred and contempt. Sanballet and his friends, hoped this report would soon come to the ear of Artaxerxes and bring upon the Jews the whole weight of his indignation.

Had it been true, had such a report been circulated, there would have been just causes for alarm. Those despotic kings often, upon the least suspicion, drove their subjects into rebellion as their only hope of self-preservation. But there was no truth in this report. It was a base falsehood, conceived maliciously and circulated in the most artful manner. The whole design was to alarm Nehemiah, and thus render him incapable of proceeding further in his work.

Notice the wily proceedings of this infamous slanderer. This letter was sent open. The design of this was, to make known its contents to the people, hoping thereby to excite them to mutiny; or, if this should fail, to inspire them with such fear of the Persians as would induce them to forsake their work. Then too, Sanballet proposes to counsel with Nehemiah, as if he and his friends were desirous of concerting measures for their common safety. All this was an artful device—prompted by the Father of lies—based upon a vile slander, to get Nehemiah in their power, that they might do him harm.

It is a melancholy truth, and one you should know, that men every where are very ready to believe and circulate injurious reports respecting those, with whom they are at enmity, or for whom, at least, they feel no sympathy and affection. Let a report injurious to one political organization be started, and how soon it is caught up by the opposite party—how magnified and with what fearful rapidity published! The *press*, the passive agent, is worked with impetuous haste. The base report is printed and scattered far and wide, increasing in venom as it circulates. The Press! what an instrument of saving power, as from its cylinder drop the leaves of truth, which shall be for the healing of the nations; becomes in the service of the slanderer a potent agency for evil. Through it thousands of receptive hearts are more and more deeply poisoned and the innocent subject is doomed in their minds to living infamy. Is it not a solemn truth that the watchful parent sees with trembling the party organ enter his house, filled with criminations and recriminations of baser sort? He may,

to some degree, resist the power for evil upon himself, but it is not so with his little ones of mobile character and receptive minds.

What is true in matters politic, is no less so in matters social. In family difficulties, how humiliating, how awfully criminal, and yet how true it is, that vile assertions, wicked representations are made and circulated with no foundation in truth. What baseness of soul it portrays, and yet the public is greedy to hear and cherish just such infamy!

In difficulties in neighborhoods, how the watchful gossip catches up the first note of discord, and with powers of exaggeration, out-done only by him in whose service he is, rehearses in plaintive strains, the wrongs which he should strive to conceal and silence.

No condition, or state of the individual or society, is exempt from his attack, neither is the Church. The people of God—his visible Church—constitute a body, with which the world, lying in wickedness, cannot sympathize. The people of God are liable to grievous, misrepresentations on the part of those, who are not of them and do not regard them with favor and love. Upon this all professing Christians must calculate. Keeping this in view, they should be “wise as serpents and harmless as doves.”

A thousand slanders will die away one after another; while the malice of their authors will be exposed. But one real crime leaves an indelible stain upon a man's character and often seriously interferes with his future usefulness. We as Christians have no right to take a defiant, any more than a time-serving attitude towards the unconverted. We are bound to take heed that our good be not evil spoken of.

Nehemiah was conscious of his innocence, and hence he simply denied the charge, and so continued to labor on as he had done. Instead of weakening, it rather strengthened his hands.

II. Notice the report itself.

It was, as all slanders are, a lie, and in this instance was based on a pretence. “*Thou and the Jew, think to rebel.*” The ground of this accusation was based upon the fact, that Nehemiah, and his associates were rebuilding the wall of Jerusalem. The slanderer is as ingenious as he is malicious. Almost any thing will do as the foundation for his scandalous reports. A seeming indication is improved for evil to his neighbor. His ingenuity outvies that of all other inventors. It is sharpened by all the subtlety, craftiness and wisdom of the spirit of lies. He has an instinctive apprehension of the fact, that men love evil reports concerning those whom they hate. He knows they will not be particular in investigating the foundation of his statements.

For us to believe evil of those whom we dislike is an infirmity. We need to be ever watchful of ourselves with increasing vigilance and prayer. This disposition needs not to be fostered, but crucified. But for us to speak evil of those whom we dislike is a sin, which cries for vengeance. Evil speaking attacks character which is dearer to man than life. Character is worth more than possession of gold, or silver, or estates. Rob a man of his character—his good name—by false reports, and he walks the earth a living spectre—a lifeless body. The slanderer will at length awake to the sound of words such as startled the fratricidal murderer Cain. “The voice of thy brother's blood crieth to me from the ground.” So will the voice of ruined character cry to Heaven for vengeance.

Fearful as is this evil every where, it is still more dreadful when found

amongst those who are the professed followers of Jesus Christ. There was a time when the Church held in horror the exhibition of gladiators and denied that believers, brought up in the tenderness and benignity of Jesus Christ, could innocently feast their eyes with the blood and death of these unfortunate slaves. No harmless recreation could be found in so inhuman a pleasure. But these slanderers renew more detestable shows. They bring upon the stage, not wretches devoted to death—but members of the same congregation—members of Jesus Christ—their brethren. They entertain the spectator with wounds, which they inflict on persons, who have devoted themselves to the service of God, and are, in every sense, their betters. From taking part in, or even looking upon such iniquity, we beseech you to abstain.

III. Notice *who is the chief agent of this slanderous report, "Gashmu saith it."*

This Gashmu was an Arabian and the companion of Sanballet. He was altogether like his associates, full of envy and hatred against the Jews, and especially against Nehemiah. He was a decided enemy of God's people. He probably had plenty of leisure (as most busy-bodies and slanderers have) to go around among the heathen and circulate his calumnies. One such tale-bearer is enough to keep a whole community in constant commotion with his lies. In truth, we generally find some Gashmu, or Gashmu's wife—for she is often quite as efficient as he,—acting the part of chief agent in every scandalous report. Unless we can get rid of him or her, there is but little hope of peace. He rides a swift horse. He circulates his calumnies and scandalous reports faster than honest men can contradict them. At this the wise man hints, when he says, "where no wood is, there the fire goeth out; so where there is no tale-bearer, the strife ceaseth."

Again: "Cast out the scorner, and contention shall go out; yea, strife and reproach shall cease." One Gashmu with his tongue "set on fire of hell," will for years destroy the peace of any community. All ye who love peace and truth, avoid him—look upon him as a walking pestilence. Avoid the famous, or rather infamous "*they say*,"—he reports no good. Take, if you choose, a venomous reptile into the bosom of your family—make it the companion of your leisure moments—take the deadly infection of some loathsome disease—nestle closer to it, but take not Gashmu nor his wife as your associates. He will harm you a thousand fold more than either reptile or infectious disease can. Be on your guard and when you meet any of their progeny—slimy crawling, venomous lies—crush them as you would the deadly adder in your path.

"Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
Thou shalt not escape calumny."

The whole power and policy of Satan and his servants, have always been directed against those, who zealously seek the welfare of the Church of Christ. They may be often baffled, yet they seem not to weary in their projects. The minister of the Gospel is often the butt of their infamy. The holier the calling and the higher the position attained, the keener the shafts of envy and slander.

You have no more dangerous enemy than he, who is concealed behind

the mask of professed friendship. Of all such be wary. Be not overcome by their importunities. Better offend men by refusal, than sin against God by compliance. Be always usefully employed, and in the fear of God. There will be invitations and proposals which you cannot profitably accept, and which you can scarcely refuse. Answer as did Nehemiah, "*I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down.*" You always *come down* when you enter circles where no good is done. Stand to your work. The deceitful smiles of the world often form a temptation. Withstand them. Do your duty. Because you do this, you may expect reproaches, slanders. Your firmness will be called *obstinacy*, your zeal, *rashness*, your activity, *ambition*. You will be told how you affront your friends. The faithful servants of God have in all ages thus been traduced. The blessed Jesus, was reviled and evil spoken of and surely the servant is not above his Master. "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake; for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."

Keep a clear conscience, a lively faith, and continue in duty. Simply deny all calumnies, but waste no time in altercations or self-vindications. You have no time for that. Your work is urgent. Pray God for Christ's sake to strengthen your hands and encourage your heart, and he will carry you above the discouragements of earth, and at last translate you to the glories of heaven.

THE TRAVELLERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Yes, there are grades and classes in human society. We must accept the facts in the case. There is no getting round it. The venerable paper which says all men are born "free and equal," also says that they have certain "inalienable rights;" hence some men claim the right of not being like others. Though all may be born equal, they do not long stay equal.

Among the classes of society, there is one that always peculiarly interests us. It is the fraternity of travellers. We do not refer to that now extinct class, that used to travel, with regular knapsack, on business, before rail-roads were built. Travelling on business is a selfish exercise; and hence those who pursued the vocation in earlier and simpler times, gave it up as soon as a more convenient way of bodily transportation presented itself. The class we refer to, are the genuine travellers, who travel without business, from a pure love to the profession, and who therefore keep it up in spite of rail-roads.

Have you never seen one of them as the cars, in which you were borne along, crossed some turnpike or public road. There he goes. He never looks up at the cars. He has a perfect contempt for such-like innovations. The Indians, who, in early times, came out of the far off forests to the cities along the Western Lakes to sell skins, never expressed any surprise at the white man's steamboats, which puffed so proudly and powerfully along the

wharves. It would have been a kind of acknowledgment of the superiority of the white man's enterprise to do so. To this the glorious Indian will not condescend. The same is the case with our travellers. Hence they will not even look up to see the cars pass, much less acknowledge that those sweeping along in them, are going faster or are bent on a more important mission than they.

The most this class have been known to allow in the way of recognizing rail-roads, is, that they sometimes turn in at night when no barn or shed is handy, to sleep in the station houses. But even this may be construed as being only a kind of benevolent condescension, seeing that it swells the size and increases the variety of that interesting group which is waiting for the cars, and thus gives a business aspect to the road. At best it is but a poor compliment to rail-road companies to acknowledge, that they furnish temporary sleeping places for the disciples of that truly primitive locomotion, the slowness of which perhaps tended to sharpen the wits of the man, who first discovered the practicability of a faster method.

It was but to-day, during a buggy ride, we had the pleasure of passing a genuine specimen of this ancient and steadfast fraternity. His bare feet left the imprint of their full size in the hot dust. How many such foot-prints has he made in the *dust* of time! His hat was woollen, and had been long enough there to adjust itself perfectly, to the sun and rain as well as to his head and neck. His coat was a regular swallow-tail cut! and he is no doubt indebted for it to the fact, that some years ago this kind of coat went out of fashion in another class of society. His pantaloons had no doubt once belonged to some overgrown boy! they fitted well, only with some measure of restraint in the wider part, and only extended from his hips to about half way below the knee. Duly fastened by pieces of old girdle passing round under the armpits, and duly mounted on the upper back of this somewhat spindle-handled specimen of humanity, was perched the inevitable bundle or knapsack, a little wider than his shoulders and a little higher than his head! There he goes, silent, patient, persevering, and perfectly imperturbable to all around, before, and behind him—a world sufficient in itself, conscious only of the intuitive plastic necessity of travelling.

Where will he sleep to-night? That, let me assure you, is no concern of his; the only thing we can say in regard to it is, that it depends upon circumstances. He is even now surely travelling toward that very spot. But “he never crosses the bridge before he gets to it,” and firmly believes that sufficient to the day is the evil thereof. Be not concerned, he will sleep somewhere, and sleep soundly too. Perhaps it may be in the shed of a country blacksmith shop, under the roof of an old cider-press, on some barn floor, by the side of a hay-stack, or under an elder bush by the side of the road. Wherever,—he will surely sleep.

Some persons regard it as a sign of demoralization, and as an evidence that this ancient fraternity is growingly disposed to conform more to the artificial habits of society, that they have lately manifested a disposition to sleep in rail-road station-houses and depots. This may be so. But, poor encouragement do they receive, if they actually mean to advance in this direction. No the very last paper that has fallen into our hands we read, as the action of a “Town council” the following words: “No beggars or strollers will be received at the station-house as lodgers for the night.”

We can fancy with what disgust this item would be read by the fraternity—if they should condescend ever to read an item of news in a paper. Ignorance in this case is not only bliss, but it is positive safety to the station-houses; for should this class of citizens withdraw their patronage, who then would snore for the waiting passengers at night, and who would set fly-traps on the benches by day!

We desire not to make unduly prominent the ludicrous side of this ancient fraternity. We know full well that their life has also its serious side. Some neglect in early life—some serious mistake of theirs—some dark sin, perhaps—some great sorrow that fell in upon them like a drove of furies, overwhelmed them and darkened their life—has set them travelling. Let this thought modify the severe thoughts you might otherwise be tempted to have of these, as you see them plod so aimlessly along the weary road.

THE LAST DAYS OF BYRON.

I passed the winter of Byron's death in Greece, and in the latter part of February went to Missolonghi to see him. He was then suffering from the effect of a fit of epilepsy, which occurred in the middle of February. The first time I called at his residence I was not permitted to see him; but in a few days I received a polite note from him at the hand of a negro servant, who was a native of America, and whom Byron was kind to, and proud of, to the last.

I found the poet in a weak and irritable state, but he treated me with the utmost kindness. He said, that at the time I first called upon him, all strangers and most of his friends were excluded from his room. "But," said he, "had I known an American was at the door, you should not have been denied. I love your country, sir; it is the only spot of God's green earth not desecrated by tyranny."

In our conversation, I alluded to the sympathy at the time felt in America for the struggle in Greece. All he said at the time in reply was—

"Poor Greece! poor Greece! once the richest on earth. God knows I have tried to help thee."

He then referred in rapturous terms to Bozzaris, then just fallen, and showed me a letter from the chief.

In a few days after I had left him, I received another note from him, requesting me to call and bring with me Irving's Sketch Book. I took it in my hand, and went once more to the illustrious author's residence. He rose from his couch when I entered, and pressing my hand warmly, said—

"Have you got the sketch book?"

I handed it to him, when seizing it with enthusiasm he turned to "The Broken Heart."

"That," said he, "is one of the finest things ever written on earth, and I want to hear an American read it. But, stay, do you know Irving?"

I replied that I had never seen him.

"God bless him!" exclaimed Byron, "he is a genius; and he has somehow better than genius—a heart! I wish I could see him, but I fear I that they may be prevented that to the night's repose."

never shall. Well, read 'The Broken Heart'—yes, 'The Broken Heart.' What a work!"

In closing the first paragraph, I said—

"Shall I confess it? I believe in broken hearts."

"Yes," exclaimed Byron, "and so do I, and so does every one but philosophers and fools."

So I waited, whenever he interrupted me, until he requested me to go on, yet I cared more for the commentary as it came fresh from Byron's heart. While I was reading one of the most touching portions of the mournful piece, I observed that Byron wept. He turned his eyes upon me, and said—

"You see me weep, sir. Irving himself never wrote that story without weeping, nor can I hear it without tears."

I have not wept much in this world, for trouble never brings tears to my eyes; but I always have tears for 'The Broken Heart.'"

When I read the last line of Moore's verses, at the close of the piece, Byron said:

"What a being that Tom is, and Irving, and Emmet, and his beautiful love! What beings all! Sir, how many such men as Washington Irving are there in America? God don't send many such spirits into this world. I want to go to America for five reasons. I want to see Irving; I want to see your stupendous scenery; I want to see Washington's grave; I want to see the classic form of living freedom; I want to see your government recognize Greece as an independent nation. Poor Greece!"

These were the last words of Byron.

HERSCHEL, THE ASTRONOMER.

The life of Sir William Herschel affords a remarkable illustration of the force of perseverance. His father was a poor German musician, who brought up his four sons to the same calling. William came over to England to seek his fortune, and he joined the band of the Durham Militia, in which he played the hautboy. The regiment was lying at Doncaster, where Dr. Miller first became acquainted with Herschel, having heard him perform a solo on the violin in a surpassing manner. The Doctor entered into conversation with the youth, and was so pleased with him, that he urged him to leave the militia band and take up his residence at his house for a time. Herschel did so, and while at Doncaster, was principally occupied in violin-playing at concerts, availing himself of the advantages of Dr. Miller's library to study in his leisure hours.

A new organ having been built for the parish church of Halifax, an organist was advertised for, on which Herschel applied for the office and was selected. While officiating as organist and music teacher at Halifax, he began to study mathematics, unassisted by any master. Leading the wandering life of an artist, he was next attracted to Bath, where he played in the pump-room band, and also officiated as organist in

chapel. Some recent discoveries in astronomy having arrested his mind, and awakened in him a powerful spirit of curiosity, he sought and obtained from a friend the loan of a two foot Gregorian telescope. So fascinated was the poor musician by the science, that he even thought of purchasing a telescope, but the price asked by the London opticians was so alarming, that he determined to make one.

Those who know what a reflecting telescope is, and the skill which is required to prepare the concave metallic speculum which forms the most important part of the apparatus, will be able to form some idea of the difficulty of this undertaking. Nevertheless, Herschel succeeded, after long and painful labor, in completing a five-foot reflector, with which he had the gratification of observing the ring and satellites of Saturn. Not satisfied with this triumph, he proceeded to make other instruments in succession, of seven, ten, and even twenty feet. In constructing the seven-foot reflector, he finished no fewer than two hundred specula before he produced one that would bear any power that was applied to it,—a striking instance of the persevering laboriousness of the man.

While sublimely gauging the heavens with his instruments, he continued patiently to earn his bread by piping to the fashionable frequenters of the Bath pump-room. So eager was he in his astronomical observations, that he would steal away from the room, during an interval of the performance give a little turn to his telescope, and contentedly return to his hautboy. Thus working away, Herschel discovered the Georgium Sidus, the orbit and rate of motion of which he carefully calculated, and sent the result to the Royal Society; when the humble hautboy-player found himself at once elevated from obscurity to fame.

He was shortly after appointed Astronomer Royal, and by the kindness of George the III. was placed in a position of honorable competency for life. He bore his honors with the same meekness and humility which had distinguished him in the days of his obscurity. So gentle and patient, and withal so distinguished and successful a follower of science under difficulties, perhaps does not occur in the whole range of biography.

THE CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

The artist Holfeld has painted a beautiful picture representing the well known child's prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep." It has been engraved on steel by A. B. Walter, and is published by W. J. Holland, Springfield, Massachusetts. It is sold by subscription at \$1.75.

In our last number we published a description of the picture by Professor W. M. N., which notice induced us to procure the picture. We are delighted with it. It shows how touching and impressive true art can be. Such pictures are elevating and refining to the family. We add the words of another: "We would not hang this picture in our parlor to be admired by occasional visitors. It is a *home* engraving, and we put it beside the bed of our little ones. When they go to rest, let it teach them how to pray; when they wake at morning, let their eyes fall first upon it, that they may be reminded that to the Father's sleepless eye they owe the night's repose."

THE STATES OF THE UNION.


The following is a list of the States constituting the Union, with the dates of their admission. Colorado and Nebraska had authority, but refused to form State Constitutions. The thirty-six stars in our national flag are therefore designated as under:

Delaware,.....	December 7, 1787.
Pennsylvania,.....	December 12, 1787.
New Jersey,.....	December 18, 1787.
Georgia,.....	January 2, 1788.
Connecticut,.....	January 9, 1788.
Massachusetts,.....	February 6, 1788.
Maryland,.....	April 28, 1788.
South-Carolina,.....	May 23, 1788.
New-Hampshire,.....	June 21, 1788.
Virginia,.....	June 26, 1788.
New-York,.....	July 26, 1788.
North-Carolina,.....	November 21, 1789.
Rhode Island,.....	May 29, 1790.
Vermont,.....	March 4, 1791.
Kentucky,.....	June 1, 1792.
Tennessee,.....	June 1, 1796.
Ohio,.....	November 29, 1802.
Louisiana,.....	April 18, 1812.
Indiana,.....	December 11, 1816.
Mississippi,.....	December 10, 1817.
Illinois,.....	December 3, 1818.
Alabama,.....	December 14, 1819.
Maine,.....	March 15, 1820.
Missouri,.....	August 10, 1821.
Arkansas,.....	June 15, 1836.
Michigan,.....	January 26, 1837.
Florida,.....	March 3, 1845.
Texas,.....	December 29, 1845.
Iowa,.....	December 28, 1846.
Wisconsin,.....	May 29, 1848.
California,.....	September 9, 1849.
Minnesota,.....	December, 1857.
Oregon,.....	December, 1862.
Kanas,.....	March, 1862.
West-Virginia,.....	February or March, 1863.
Nevada,.....	October, 1864.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1866.

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN will enter upon its XVIIth volume, on the first of January next. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. It remains under the editorial management of its founder, Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN will continue to be published by **S. R. Fisher & Co.**, Philadelphia, Pa. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. Though paper still commands an advanced price, they promise to use a superior quality; and shall do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future, if permitted to take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

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INTERESTS OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

NOVEMBER,

1865.

S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.
J. B. RODGERS, PR.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XVI.—NOVEMBER, 1865.—No. 11.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

BY ZETA.

Divers, indeed, are the dispositions of men. As to the ancient philosophic sects, some, yea many say, we are of the Epicurean, because here they have rich elbow room for the gratification of sense and all its delectable delights, and are not laden with the weighty care of the soul's hereafter. Others say, we are of the Stoic philosophy, as bordering on the very boundary line of Christianity, because here they can turn their vinegar face and iceberg heart to fruitful advantage. There are others still, who say, we are of the Pythagoreans, as far as they hold the doctrine of *metempsychosis*, or the belief in the passing of the soul, after death, into some other animal body.

By this doctrine some persons can best solve the problem of their present existence, as Pythagoras held that the soul must pass through eighty-eight different animals before it can reach the dignity of man. Then they can also, according to their own propensities, find an appropriate place in the body of some chosen animal, where to deposit their soul after death, and live happily.

This doctrine of the transmigration of souls is now a prominent feature in Brahminism and Buddhism, and prevails to this day in some parts of Asia, especially in India and China. We do not profess to be of any of these persuasions; but if we should, however, by a plumb-line, be found leaning the least towards any, it would be towards the tenets of the Pythagoreans, and especially towards that portion of them which is called metempsychosis, on account of the superior moral effects it must have exerted on humanity. Manicheism, Platonism, Pantheism, Ebionism, Gnosticism, and a whole string of other isms, have been introduced into Christianity

at different times without inflicting any essential harm on it, as far as human sight can reach, and perhaps have done it some good. Might not, therefore, a little of this soul-transmigration doctrine be carefully woven into our own religion, so as not to wound its fundamental and eternal principles, and be all the better for our purse, health, and morals?

We do not profess to belong to that school of philosophy which holds that man is an animal; but—must we confess it?—we are sometimes almost persuaded to believe a little in the transmigration of souls, because so many things seem to favor its truth. If some persons would tell us they had been calves, sheep, or oxen, we would almost be inclined to think the presumption on their side, and the burden of proof would then fall very heavily on us, without knowing whither to go for our ammunition of arguments.

The names of many persons would indicate that they come from certain animals, if not directly, at least through their forefathers. Besides, there are very striking resemblances between the features and habits of some men and those of some animals. The cynic philosopher so closely resembles a dog, that it did not require a large stretch of the imagination of those who suspected that he must have been one of those cold-nosed animals before he became a man. The extreme epicure bears a likeness to a swine so perfect, that if he has a soul at all, and if his soul is incarnate now, it is in startling danger of becoming in-*pork*-nate hereafter. Dr. Johnson was said to resemble a bear. We know a person even within the bounds of our own acquaintance, whose beard, mustache, and hair, contain very little iron, or else it must be rusty, whose molar bone projects exceedingly far,—and whose features, in short, taken collectively, build up almost the perfect physiognomy of a lion.

Remarkable resemblances between the habits of some men and those of some animals, can be seen now-a-days by the cheapest observation. How the shrewd, cunning, wily lawyer resembles a fox! The greedy, eager salesman may be likened unto a leech or gallinipper; and the thirsty broker, or speculator—a weed that enjoys all the conditions for thriving, and multiplies amazingly in these dark days—into a land-shark.

There are some persons who never can make any progress, whether they inhale the classic and philosophic air of college halls, or wear the sheep-skin apron of a blacksmith, but are eternally going backward in whatsoever under the sun they may undertake; them we would suspect of having been crabs once. There is another species of persons, whose fauna is almost limitless—so stiff-necked and stubborn, and always holding on to erroneous ideas with such cohesiveness of attraction, that the only conclusion to which we can retreat, is that they must have steered over to man directly from the mule, or else will certainly enter that stage of existence hereafter. The husband and wife, afflicted with chronic quarrels and little skirmishes between each other as frequent as their daily bread, help to confirm our faith in this doctrine by the striking resemblance which they bear to a dog and cat. A woman much given to gossip, of all the forbidden passions perhaps the most tempting to woman, involuntarily reminds us of an uncaged parrot.

Almost every community is sorely troubled with a certain person, who wants to be at the very apex, to be looked up to by every one else, who continually coins advice which he wants to pass for current, and who wants to be authority personified, and have a finger in every pie of the whole

neighborhood ; him we can cheaply liken unto an old rooster. To what a wonderful degree a fashionable, coquetting young lady resembles a wasp, or hornet ! I have sometimes felt painfully alarmed myself on witnessing some grand performance on the piano, lest the enthusiastic player and singer, in her ecstasy, would actually be carried away out of my sight on the wings of a screech-owl. The perplexed student, sticking in the middle of a Greek sentence, at some crooked verb, whose twisted roots he cannot all dig out ; or at the black-board, before a thousand-angled figure, trying to find the heliocentric parallax of the moon, which he cannot see because of an eclipse, has looked to me, at least, very much like a certain sober, big-headed, long-eared animal, whose name I would not choose to mention.

Lest justice might wax wroth at us, we must confess that the Professor himself has not escaped all our suspicion of having been a certain animal before his lofty promotion. Meeting him in his study, chewing the tough cud of philosophy, I could not possibly desist from the temptation of being reminded of an owl in a hollow tree, where he wears a most mighty serious and important air, and is said to be engaged the livelong day in metaphysical contemplation. But one of the strongest probabilities of the truth of this doctrine, is the irresistible conclusion to which we are whipped by witnessing the actions, exhibitions, speeches and writings of many men, that their souls must certainly have resided, just before their present abodes, in the bodies of a certain kind of bugs, whose surname is *hum*.

If this doctrine of metempsychosis were generally received, it would produce many good and wholesome effects. It would yield the precious fruit of humanity and tender kindness, especially towards the lower animals. The Pythagorean would stand in no need of a compassionate Cowper, to caution him against treading upon the snail or worm that may be creeping in his path on a foraging expedition. If he would meet with even a beetle in his walk, he would reverently step aside and let the reptile live ; for he would fear lest, by his inadvertent step, he would place his foot upon the back of his own grandfather. The humane housewife of this persuasion would shrink with horror from the idea of killing an annoying fly, or teasing mosquito, before he has lived half his days, for fear she would destroy the soul of her former husband or lover. She would also feel loath to lay violent hands upon a spider, lest she might inflict death upon the departed tailor who made her husband's wedding coat. It would lead, too, to a total abstinence from all animal food, a consummation devoutly to be wished in these degenerate days of high prices, when the eyes even wax sore from the want of seeing gold, and the hand fairly itches for an agreeable touch of it again ; and when we all know that spring chickens cost seventy-five cents a pair, and an appetizing roast of beef sells at thirty-five cents per pound. The price of pills for dyspepsia, is also rising to a fearful height. The Pythagorean, however, would not dare to dissect a turkey, lest he should be thrusting his fork into the breast of a deceased alderman. The legislature, if composed of Pythagoreans, would pass an act prohibiting manslaughter to be committed upon geese, or ganders, lest undeserved punishment would be inflicted upon the departed politicians, who annually stumped the state for the outspreading of the political kingdom to which the majority of the two houses always profess to belong. A lady of delicate sensibilities, and not too great appetite, would take for her choice no part of a fowl, lest she might, in partaking of it, be feasting upon the limbs of her own lamented grandmother.

The believer in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls would also be incited to the practice of the higher virtues by the prospect of promotion, or advancement in the scale of being. The poor slave of the "colored persuasion," would be more faithful and obedient to his master, in order that his soul, after death, might pass into a body of "the white folks," and be there become a freedman, and perhaps a master or lord himself. Many a farmer would try to live a holier life, in order to be promoted hereafter to a horse. The common soldier would fight more bravely, from the hopes of becoming, in the next stage of existence, if he falls nobly, an officer, and at last, perhaps, a *Lieutenant-General* himself, and fearing lest if he should fall ignobly, his soul would pass into the body of a rebel. The epicure would not plunge himself so deeply into sensuality, and would try to diminish his resemblance to a swine, for the purpose of becoming an elephant, in order that he could eat more then. The private layman would, perhaps, become a more devoted member of the church, from the prospect of being lifted up, after death, to the dignity of a deacon, and of finally culminating, by the same process, in the existence of the preacher himself. The unfortunate husband could easily calm the turbulent emotions, and cool down the ire of his termagant wife, by softly reminding her that at the day of her death she might be converted into a snapping-turtle. In college, the "prep" would apply himself to his studies with more bitter severity, and be filled to greater overflowing of conscientiousness—if that be possible—from the hope of becoming a freshman, at least in the next stage of being, if not in this any more. The senior would fulfil the whole law of the college, without offending in one point, and carry a face twice as long, in order to secure for himself, in the next scale of being, the enviable position of a Professor. This belief would incite all Christian people to live the most pious and godly lives, so that they might escape from being sent back to earth to do any more penance under the forms of animals, but be permitted at once, after death, to pass over into paradise, there to enjoy the happiness of the blessed.

This doctrine of the metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls, is, after all, involved in great mystery. Of one thing, however, are we assured by divine authority, that if we fulfil the true end of life, death shall not separate the soul from the body for ever, but on the great *resurrection morn* it shall leave its abnormal state, and again unite with the body. And here is the highest promotion for which man can, and really does long; for the body, with which the soul unites again, will no more be in its present condition, subject to pain and suffering, and disease and wretchedness, and decay and death,—but will be, as it rises from the dead, glorified and fitted for the soft light of heaven, and the immediate presence of Jehovah, there to drink in his celestial glory and bliss for ever and ever.

HOME INFLUENCE.—"We shall never know, until we are ushered into eternity," writes a living author, "how great has been the influence which one gentle, loving spirit has exercised in a household, shedding the mild radiance of its light over all the common events of daily life, and checking the inroads of discord and sin by the simple setting forth of that love which 'seeketh not her own,' but which 'suffereth long, and is kind.'"

MIDDLE LIFE.

BY THE EDITOR.

We speak of the stages of life, youth, manhood, middle life, and old age, as if there were definite and fixed points when we make a conscious transition from one into another. But we look for such transition-points in vain. Childhood glides into youth, youth into manhood, manhood into middle life, and this into old age, by such easy and natural gradation, that we are not conscious that one period ends, and another begins, yea, we cannot realize that we are in that period of life to which we actually belong; so that while others see us to be in middle life, we still feel as if we belonged to the generation of young men.

Not so much in ourselves, as from that which surrounds us, do we become conscious in which generation we are moving. When we meet the playmates of our own childhood, and find them with families of almost grown-up sons and daughters around them, we have tangible data from which we may and do infer that we ourselves are ranked by others with those who have reached middle life. What if we do not realize it, the fact is well authenticated by the unmistakable records around us.

Sometimes we meet persons who are evidently full-grown, and we incidentally learn that their birth-day dates some years later than the time when we ourselves were full-grown. With these data we can easily, with the aid of such arithmetical rules as we have not yet entirely forgotten, figure up that we are certainly in the period of middle life. It may frighten us a little, when we discover that we can speak familiarly of events that took place thirty and thirty-five years ago, but there is nothing in it to be alarmed at; it is only another evidence that we are certainly in the period of middle life.

Occasionally some thoughtless person will speak of us—even in our hearing—as “old Mr. —,” or as “the old gentleman.” We perhaps give him a sharp look, or think for a moment of his indiscretion and want of culture; and by way of giving expression to a little disturbance of mind, we run our fingers through our hair—when, behold! we bring down a gray hair between our fingers! It is not so much a discovery as a reminder. At once we grow more charitable and tender toward him from whom the seeming offence came, and gracefully submit to take the place assigned us—in middle life.

Now and then our eye falls upon a short newspaper biography of one of our statesmen and generals, and we are surprised that they were born long after we were. How can that be possible? we say to ourselves. They bear heavy public responsibilities—are looked up to as leaders in public affairs—have attained to honor and the confidence of the country, and yet are so young. But on further reflection our wonder abates, and

we discover that they are not so very young after all, but that we are a little older than we habitually give ourselves credit for. The riddle is at once solved, when a little counting induces us to see and acknowledge that we are in middle life.

Middle life! It is—or ought to be—a period of earnest and manly activity. At that stage of life we ought to have broad shoulders for the full measure of our responsibilities and duties. It is perhaps rather late to *begin* life, if we have been so foolish as never properly to begin before; but it is a time when we ought to realize, as we never fully could before, that “life is real, and life is earnest.” It is a time when we have good experience from the past, and when, at the same time, it is not too late to make good use of them. It is a glorious season in which to work for God and for man. The generation following are looking up to us with a kind of hopeful confidence, and the generation going before us are gradually shuffling off their responsibility, that they may rest more fully on us. A kind of middle of the world of human life is the period of which we speak—a strength on which rests both the future and the past—a centre of the grand army toward which the eyes and the hopes of both the right and the left wing are directed.

Let those who stand on this summit of human life look well to their responsibilities and duties. A cheerful age—fast coming—depends greatly upon the faithful performance of the work now in hand. Such a vantage ground, and such a vision as this summit affords, is only once enjoyed in life.

THE BALM TREE.

HEBREW *Tzori*.

This is the *Amyris gileadensis* of Linnæus. It is not expressly mentioned as a tree in Scripture, but the balsam obtained from it was known to the inspired writers of the Old Testament; and, as we learn from them, was in great esteem from remote antiquity. Greek and Roman writers also bestow high encomiums upon it.* The true balm tree is a native of Southern Arabia, and is its peculiar boast. It is said to be found also in Abyssinia and on the Asiatic and African shores of the Red Sea. According to Gray's Botanical Text-Book, it is a tropical tree—an Arabian species of the order Burseraceæ. It was known to ancient writers by the name of *Amyris Opobalsamum*. Celsius takes it to be the mastice tree, growing in Palestine, and yielding a healing gum. It was not indigenous in the Holy Land, but grew by culture in gardens.† It was doubtless in gardens that Pliny found it “growing in Judea.” Josephus claims much

* Quid tibi odorato referam sudantia ligno.

Balsamaque.—Virg. Georg. 2: 118.

Orientis secretis, ubi thura balsamaque sudantur.—Tac. De Ger. XLV.

† Strabo, speaking of the country about Gennesaret, says that it produced the balsam: *φέρει δὲ καὶ Βάλσαμον*.—Strabo, Geog. l. 16, c. d. Syria.

for his country, when he says it is produced only in the plains of Jericho. After all that has been said on this point by various writers, it is, however, still doubtful whether the tree producing the balm of Scripture ever grew wild in any country besides Arabia. It is probable that the first live balm tree introduced from that country into Palestine, was brought by the queen of Sheba, in her visit to King Solomon. From Judea it was afterwards transplanted into Egypt by Cleopatra. Thus it travelled from its Arabian home in Judea, and from thence to Egypt, and then disappeared from both countries. Pliny distinguishes three kinds of balm—two growing as shrubs, and the third a regular tree. This last he calls *eumeces*, because it is more lofty than the rest. The balm tree, as found in the Holy Land, and that cultivated in Egypt for many centuries, may aid us, in the absence of more specific information, in arriving at some conception of what the balsam tree was in its native, well-favored, happy Arabia.

The balm tree grows to a height of about fourteen feet. Its bark is smooth, like that of a young cherry tree, of a shining ash color, with brown blotches. It has slender spreading thorny branches, having very few scattered leaves. These are pinnate, or more properly impari-pinnate—its leaf-stalk being terminated with an odd leaflet—three, five or seven to a node, and green throughout the year. When young, they are covered with soft hairs, but smooth when old. The wood is light and gummy, somewhat like pine, and of a slightly red color. It bears a few small white blossoms, three blossoms being attached to a single node, forming an umbel and highly odoriferous.

“The sight is pleased,
The scent regaled, each odoriferous leaf,
Each opening blossom, freely breathes abroad
Its gratitude, and thanks God with its sweets.”

Its fruit is a berry with a viscid pulp, somewhat compressed, and contains one perfect seed. It was called *carpobalsamum*. The seed has a biting, burning taste. The cuttings or twigs of the balm tree were anciently a valuable article of merchandise, and were boiled down for mixing with unguents. Sir John Maundeville thus describes a balsam tree which he found in Egypt (A. D. 1322): “Near Cairo, is the field where balm grows: it comes out on small trees, that are no higher than the girdle of a man’s breeches, and resemble the wood of the wild vine. This balm grows in no other place but this. . . . The leaves of balm never fall. They cut the branches with a sharp flint stone, or with a sharp bone; for if any one cut them with iron, it would destroy their virtue and nature. The Saracens call the wood *Enochbalse*, and the fruit, which resembles cubebs, they call *Abebissam*, and the liquor that drops from the branches they call *Guybalse*. They always cause that balm to be cultivated by Christians, or else it would not fructify, as the Saracens say themselves, for it hath been oftentimes proved.” The seed, bark and wood of this tree were anciently valuable.

There is not the least doubt that the balm tree was once cultivated in the Holy Land, for its odoriferous resinous juice, known anciently by the name of *opobalsamum*. Besides its domestic medicinal use, it was also exported. Ezekiel, the prophet, enumerating the nations trading with Tyre, and the commodities they brought to her markets, says: “*Judah and the*

land of Israel traded in thy market, wheat of Minnith and Pannag and honey and oil and *balm* Ezek. 27: 17." This balm, frequently mentioned in Scripture, is the sap or juice which exudes in small quantities from incisions carefully made in the tree, and coagulates rapidly. The incisions are made with glass, sharp stones or bones. "It hates to be hurt with iron," says a Latin writer, from whom we gather some information on this point. "Iron causes its speedy decay and death, while it patiently suffers itself to be cut with knives of other material. The hand of him that makes the incision is carefully guided, lest he hurt more than the rind. The juice, which they call *opobalsamum*, trickles from the wound like small tears, is of excellent sweetness, and is collected with wool and deposited in small horns. From these it is put into new earthen vessels. When the juice first oozes from the wounded bark, it is of a light yellow color, but, as it settles, it becomes clear, and resembles thick oil," or viscid and tenacious milk, and is exquisitely fragrant and pungent. The best balsam is white and transparent, but it soon hardens into a resin, turns red and becomes opaque. It is unctuous to the touch, very odoriferous when rubbed, and leaves no stain upon cloth. Sir John Maundeville says that a person cannot bear his hand in the sun's heat, if he holds in his palm a little fine and good balm. Fine and genuine balm put into a cup of water, will fall to the bottom as though it were quicksilver: brought to the fire, it readily burns; put into milk, it curdles it. When Alexander the Great waged war in Judea, a spoonful of the balm was all that could be collected in a summer's day; and his royal park, where balm trees were also cultivated, yielded only six *conchæ* in all, in the most plentiful year—a smaller garden yielding a single *concha*.* It was then worth its weight in gold. "The quantity of balsam yielded by one tree never exceeds sixty drops in a day."

The true balsam tree still flourishes in Arabia, and the balm is chiefly collected between Mecca and Medina, and is therefore often called Mecca balsam. The best balsam is that which exudes before the tree bears fruit—*opobalsamum*. An inferior article is obtained by pressure from the fruit of the balsam tree; this is called the *carpobalsamum*; and the sap from the branches, when cut off, *xylobalsamum*. This last is much less costly than the first. The balm tree was anciently frequent, particularly in Gilead, and hence it is called the Balm of Gilead. For want of culture, it is not now found there, nor in any part of Palestine; though as late as the times of the New Testament it was largely cultivated in the gardens of Jericho. Josephus is full of the praises of "Jericho, where the balsam grows, which is an ointment of all the most precious, which upon an incision made in the wood with a sharp stone, distils out thence like a juice." Antiq. l. 14, c. 4: 1. Again he says: "The region about Jericho bears that balsam which is the most precious drug that is there, and grows there alone." Elsewhere he says: "Jericho produces the balsam tree, whose sprouts they cut with sharp stones, and at the incision they gather the juice which drops down like tears. l. 1, c. 6: 6. Two plantations of these trees existed at Jericho as late as the War of the Jews with the Romans,

* We are not certain as to the contents of the Roman *concha*, and consequently have allowed the word to stand untranslated. It was evidently a *little* measure, "containing two spoonfuls or six drachms." With such sized *conchæ* the Romans used to measure their oil.

when both parties fought desperately for them—"the Jews, that they might destroy them; and the Romans, that they might prevent them from destruction." And no wonder that the balm, with many other trees of the Bible, has disappeared from the Holy Land. The Great Plain which once produced it has been the chosen battle-field in every contest carried on in that country. Jews and Gentiles, Crusaders and Saracens, Christians and Antichristians have there pitched their tents; and the trees, which once were the pride of the land, having felt the ravages of war, have wept their last tears and died!

From very early times the Balm of Gilead was an article of merchandise among Eastern nations.

"The East supplies
Balm for perfumes and gums for sacrifice."

We read that the Ishmaelites, to whom Joseph was sold, were carrying balm from Gilead to Egypt. "Behold, a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead, with their camels bearing spicery, and *balm*, and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt." Gen. 37: 25. It was always reckoned as one of the most precious gifts of Palestine, fit even to be presented to kings and princes. As Egypt did not then produce it, it must have been doubly welcome to Joseph, when it came as a present from his father, who directed his sons, about to start for corn, to "carry down the man a present," consisting, among other things, of "a little balm." Gen. 43: 11.

In the East the balm has always been greatly esteemed for its healing properties, particularly in external wounds. For this purpose it was made up into ointments, and was considered of unfailing virtue. As such, it became an appropriate emblem of the restoring grace of God. Read Isaiah's affecting complaint of Judah: "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores; they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment." Isaiah 1: 5, 6. The prophet Jeremiah tenderly and eloquently expresses his grief and astonishment, that the chosen people of God should remain spiritually wounded and diseased, when there was within their reach an unfailing remedy and a skilful physician to apply it. "Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?" Jer. 8: 22. When this balm failed to cure, it was in vain to look for help to any other remedy. "Go up into Gilead, and take balm, O virgin, the daughter of Egypt: in vain shalt thou use many medicines; for thou shalt not be cured." Jer. 46: 11. So also concerning the desperate condition of Babylon: "Babylon is suddenly fallen and destroyed: howl for her; take *balm* for her pain, if so be, she may be healed." Jer. 51: 8.

"There is a tear for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found alone in heaven."

Besides its medicinal uses,* it is also employed by the Turks and other

*"Rescivi quod vulnerarium Turcis sit excellentissimum et palmarium, dum in vulnera recens inflicta guttas aliquot infundunt, quo continuato brevissimo tempore vulnera maximi momenti persanant."

Oriental nations as a cosmetic for beautifying the complexion. Thus science and art make nature tributary to their ends; and nature, with lavish hand, is ever ready to supply all reasonable demands.

“Hence sprouting plants enrich the plain and wood,
For physic some, and some designed for food.
How useful all! how all conspire to grace
Th’ extended earth, and beautify her face.”

The scarcity and high value of the genuine balsam is such, that it is seldom exported as an article of commerce. Much deception is practised by traders in this article, and “if a man does not know it well,” says Maundeville, “he may very easily be deceived; for they sell a gum called turpentine instead of balm, putting thereto a little balm to give a good odor. . . For the Saracens counterfeit it to deceive the Christians, as I have seen many a time; and after them the merchants and the apothecaries counterfeit it again, and then it is less worth and a great deal worse.” In reading this artless account of the trickery of balm-dealers, over five hundred years ago, it is difficult to believe that the writer lived not in the middle of the nineteenth century. Surely, the pedigree of modern humbugs dates farther back than many dream of in their philosophy.

Having served the purposes of perfuming the dwellings of Orientals, healing their wounds, adorning their beauties, and ascending as sacrificial odors in their worship, the balm helped to preserve their bodies when dead. The Egyptians were the inventors of the art of embalming, and carried it to the highest perfection. Other nations—as the Assyrians, Scythians and Persians—also embalmed their dead, but never equalled the Egyptians in the art. So important a part did the balm perform in this process, that the word *embalm* is derived from it. The balm was dissolved in spirits of wine, and then ejected into the large blood-vessels and other vessels of the dead. Doubtless such caravans as that which purchased Joseph, and carried balm, had for centuries previous brought the same material from Gilead to Egypt, and Joseph found the art in the highest perfection on his arrival in that country. When, afterwards, his father died, he commanded his servants, the physicians, to *embalm* him; and they *embalmed* Israel. Joseph himself was thus embalmed, and one hundred and fifty years later, the Israelites carried his body, free from all signs of decomposition, with them to Canaan. The scarcity and high price of balm in Western lands, forbid its use on the bodies of the beloved dead; but instead of balm, we bestow tears—instead of hiding away their remains in catacombs, we preserve their memory in our hearts; and while we commit their bodies to the ground, we rejoice in the assurance that, though the corruptible, natural body returns, “in weakness and dishonor,” to the dust, it will be raised, “in power and glory,” a spiritual body, and will put on incorruption and immortality.

“Corruption, earth and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes,
To put it on afresh.

* * * * *

“Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall this vile body shine,
And every shape and every face
Look heavenly and divine.”

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

From the German of Carl Sheffer.

BY ELIA.

We hasten to the third and last point; and will now attend briefly to the *Symbolical meaning of the Christmas Tree*, as it has been already touched upon, in the stories of the heathen past, and as has been re-echoed in the Heathen writings.

What does the Christmas Tree signify?

Do you ask me what it meaneth,
This green, beauteous Christmas Tree?
'Tis the mild and rosy spring dream,
In the midst of winter cold.

Should you ask me for a better,
And a deeper meaning still;
I would point you through the ages
Back to humble Bethlehem.

There once grew a branch in silence,
In the bright and starry night;
Now, behold its spreading branches
Shade and shelter all the world.

Proudly in its light and glory
Full of fruit, with joyous shade,
Stands this tree beloved by Christians,
Imaged by the Christmas Tree.

Under this and under that one
Let us stand adore and love,
There a higher lovelier, spring-dream
Us shall visit from above.

Thus sings a German Poet, Wilhelm Wackernagel, explaining the rich, poetic meaning of the Christmas tree. We have only a little to add, of a Christian historical character. The Christmas-tree must be regarded as the ⁵Genealogical Tree of Humanity. At its foot stand Adam and Eve, The serpent twines around its trunk. Above is enthroned the image of the angel, of the star, or of Christ himself. "Yes, the human race is such a tree in the desert of Winter, a fir tree, with sharp and pricking needles, but destitute of lovely flowers, of sweet and juicy fruits. Only at the Christmas Festival, is the dreary firtree clothed with blossoms of light, with fair and delicious fruit. Thus the birth of the Redeemer brings the flowerless and leafless tree of humanity, standing in the dreary cold of winter, to new bloom, and fruit of spiritual life.

But just as little as the adornment of the Christmas Tree is of its own power and life, so little do these fruits of the Spirit grow forth from the power and life of our race—they are wonderfully and graciously lent and given, through Christ alone. Only in this way, can the tree of our race fruitless and bearing leaves alone, come to possess radiance, bloom, and fruits well pleasing to God—through the blessing and wondrous power of the festival of the birth of Christ which consecrates and glorifies the cheerless fir tree into the rich, radiant, and beautiful Christmas Tree. But to this end it is necessary that the tree be transplanted from the winter cold out of doors, into the pleasant chamber. For man too, must, in order to bear new and spiritual fruits, be transplanted into another soil, into a new climate, out of the winter-cold of selfishness and vanity into the quickening warmth of the love of Christ and of the heavenly Father. Then he blooms and shines like the tree on Christmas-Eve, let it storm and freeze never so hard, out in the world.”

You know how the Lord himself says, in the New Testament; ye shall know them by their fruits. Let us fully apply his own word also to that tree, which represents indeed all humanity, but in the last and highest instance, the *Son of Man*.

Christ applies the parable of a tree only once, to himself. He says John 15: 1: “I am the vine ye are the branches.” Here he selects the most glorious and noblest of all trees, the tree which, according to a pious tradition, came from Paradise, a tree alone in its kind, whose fruit so wonderfully, just like soul and body, unites the visible and invisible, juice and spirit, earthly and heavenly in itself.

In the Church of the Middle Ages, the fir tree was the sign of St. Landelin, who died about 686 on ground strewn with ashes, and in clothing of hair. Landelin, like St. Bonifacius, had felled a holy fir tree, held in great esteem among Alemanni, and had erected a cross made of its wood. This legend teaches us, that Christians should look up, from the green fir tree which was once dedicated to German Cities, to the tree of the cross on Golgotha.

For this reason the cross of Christ, in ancient Grecian paintings, is not made of hewn beams, but is a green tree, with leaves and bloom and fruit. In the old German paintings they give the “dry wood” at least a green color, certainly with some reference to the passage already mentioned, Luke 23: 31, and with a still deeper allusion to the religious signification of the Mediæval word: grûn (green).

There is an ancient tradition in regard to the grave of Adam, which originated with the Jews, but was taken up by Christian antiquity, and preserved in the Church of the Middle Ages. According to this story, first mentioned by Origen, Adam was buried on Golgotha, so that the reconciling cross of the second Adam was erected directly on the grave of the first Adam. Thence it comes that in mediæval paintings and sculptures, representing the crucifixion of Christ, and his descent from the cross, the grave of Adam, with him, either lying in, or arising from the same, is drawn right beneath the cross. The cross on Adam’s grave with the serpent which coils around the beam of the cross, reminds us not only of the brazen serpent, which Moses lifted up in the wilderness as a type of Christ (John 3: 14; Num. 21: 8, 9), but points to Paradise, with the trees of life and death, together with the first Gospel of the son of the

woman who should crush the head of the serpent, and whose heel should bebruised by it (Gen. 3: 15). As already mentioned, the serpent entwined itself around the trunk of the Christmas tree, at the foot of which, in old times, the figures of Adam and Eve stood. Thus there lies, in the Christmas tree, so rootless and still bearing fruit so rich and rare, a symbolical reference to the tree of the cross, which,—memorable for all times,—bears its dying and still everliving fruit on Golgotha.

Of course, all kinds of other fruits are accustomed to hang on the Christmas tree, apples, nuts, and all sorts of sweetmeats between burning wax-tapers. On the other hand, in Catholic countries, they adorn the tree with waxen images of Mary, of Joseph and of the Christ Child.—

The burning tapers, the lights, which seatter the darkness, and whose brillianey shed down joy, knowledge, and life,—they remind us of the holy natal night, with its heavenly glory. They point to the new born child, who, at his first public appearance in the world, was able to say: *I am the light of the world!*

The fruits, which as it were, ripen out of these blossoms of light, have also a symbolical meaning.

The apple is called, in Latin, “malum” (from *μῆλον*); “malum” means also “evil,” “wicked.” Thus the language, of the Ancient Church (Latin) through its very terminology, awakens in a surprising manner recollections which go back to Paradise, with its fruit and its sin,—recollections which, although without conscious intention, connect the deed with its punishment. In the Old Testament the apple is a symbol of the “word,” of course not in the deep theosophic sense of John 1: 1. The Rabbins compare the Law to an *apple*; “for it has taste and smell.” According to the Talmud, the people of Israel are “the apple tree,” which bears the fruit of the fulfilment of the Law. “A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver”—so it is said in the proverbs of the wisest king (Prov. 25, 11). With this saying, the golden and silver apples of the Christmas tree are involuntarily brought to mind, and we understand that lightly-whispered word which they address to the quiet, expectant soul. Apples (pomegranates, grained apples) were worn by the Jewish high priest on the edge of his garment, between the bells, the symbols of the annunciation. The golden apples of the Hesperides hanging in a lovely garden guarded by a dragon, are known all the world over. Here again the myth awakes the thought, so often found, of the Paradise of the Bible. “Apple of Paradise” is the name still given to a certain small, but especially beautiful species of this fruit. The apple of Eve, with its inscription, the source of so much envy and contention, is well known. On the Christmas tree, it is changed into the apple of peace, bearing this inscription:

This sign of peace shall never cease;
All feud is at an end.

The *nut*, with its sweet kernel, which lies eneased in its hard flinty covering, as in a cell, is the symbol of the wonderful, mysterious enigmatical, which has first to be disclosed, or revealed. In Germany the nut, especially, the hazel-nut takes the place of the tropical almond. The children used to play with nuts in Rome. “To forsake its nuts” (*nucem relinquere*) was a proverbial expression for: “to pass out of childhood’s years.” Nuts were distributed at marriage feasts. He who wishes to have the kernel, must crack the nut (*Qui e nucem nucleum esse vult, nucem*

frangat)—says a Roman poet, hinting at the toil and labor preceding enjoyment.

The Holy Scriptures mention only the nutmeg, whose strong balsamic odor is said to be the emblem of faith and love. Apples and nuts play no inconsiderable rôle in the old German mythology.

We will adduce only one scene.

In one of the Songs of the Edda, about Idunna and Thiassi, a contest is celebrated, which affords a most striking parallel to one of the Labors of the Greek Hercules, only the German myth naturally appears in a genuinely German costume.

Idunna is the happy possessor of *Golden apples*. Loki, an Ase is to take them. To this end, he allures Idunna into a forest for the purpose of there showing her still more beautiful apples. The giant Thiassi now comes, concealed in the skin of an eagle, and violently carries her off. Loki hastens to free the prisoner. Equipped with the hawk pinions of Freija, he flies to the castle of the giant. Idunna is there alone. Loki quickly transforms her into a *nut*, takes it in his talons, and bears it off. The giant, thus robbed, hastens after the hawk on the pinions of the eagle. The Ases, to save the fugitive, pile up brushwood, behind which Loki conceals himself with his booty. When the eagle-giant comes to the spot, the copse wood is quickly set on fire. The pursuer plunges into the fiercely mounting flames, singes his feathers, and the Ases quickly surround him and slay him. Thus the song.

Idunna is the goddess of Spring. Loki, the south wind, brings back the more beautiful seasons of the year. Thiassi, the icy Storm of the North, is defeated. The nut and apple are the fruits, which, in the depth of Winter, awaken recollections of the fruity Autumn, and hopes of a beautiful returning Spring.

But let us forsake the myth and return to present realities. We transport ourselves in spirit into that trembling happy moment, which is to disclose the beautified gleaming Christmas tree to the gaze of a cluster of waiting children. There we stand before a primeval place, sanctified and dedicated by truth and poetry, by fiction, by faith and hope, by divine and national consciousness.

We feel the power of religious thought, which seeks and finds its expression here; we feel the breath from *home*, which unites earthly and heavenly, human and divine, national and Christian. With joy we greet and obey, this year again, the words of our poet:

D'rum pflanzet grüne Aeste
Und Schmücket sie aufs Beste
Nit frommer Liebe Hand,
Dass sie ein Abbild werden
Der Liebe, die zur Erden
Solch' grosses Heil uns hat gesandt.

CHEERFULNESS.—Christian people should be cheerful; for they have precious promises, and their prospects are cheering. Cheerfulness is enjoined on the sacred page as a duty. "Rejoice evermore; rejoice in the Lord always; and again I say rejoice." It is also conducive to health. Prov. 17: 22. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones." It moreover recommends religion, by showing how it inspires gladness, and makes happy him who possesses it.

VILLAGE CHORISTERS.

SNATCHAM CHOIR.

A pig in a string is a troublesome article to manage; two pigs in a string are more troublesome still, to a degree, perhaps, in proportion to the squares of their distances—a ram in a halter is also proverbial for obstinacy—mules are celebrated for their pertinacity, and donkeys for their stupidity; but all the pigs, rams, mules, and asses in the world, put together, would be more easily managed than a company of singers in a village church. About four miles from Loppington, there is a village called Snatcham. The living is but small, and the rector preside and performs his duty without the aid of a curate. You cannot imagine a milder and more gentle creature than this excellent clergyman. He is quite a picture, either for a pen or pencil. He is not more than five feet four inches in height, somewhat stout, but not very robust; he is nearly seventy years of age—perhaps quite by this time; his hair, what little is left of it, is as white as silver; his face is free from all wrinkles either of care or age; his voice is slender, but musical with meekness. The practical principle of his demeanor has always been—any thing for a quiet life. He would not speak a harsh word, or think an unkind thought to or of any human being, but he is now and then tempted to think that when the apostle Paul recommended the Christians to live peaceably with all men, he put in the saving clause, “if possible,” with particular reference to village choristers. Snatcham choir is said to be the best in the county: such, at least, is the opinion of the choristers themselves, and he must be a bold man who should say to the contrary. They are no doubt very sincere when they say that they never heard any better than themselves; for, to judge from their singing, one would not imagine that they had ever heard any one else. Snatcham church does not boast an organ, and it is well it does not, for if it did, the whole choir would insist upon playing on it all at once; but instead of an organ it has a band of music, which has been gradually increasing for some years past. It commenced about thirty-five years ago, with a pitch-pipe, which was presently superseded by a flute. It was soon found, however, that the dulcet notes of a single flute were quite lost amid the chaos of sounds produced by the vocal efforts of the choir, so a second flute was added by way of re-enforcement; but all the flutes in the world would be no match for the double bass voice of Martin Grubb the Snatcham butcher, under whose burly weight and hurly-burly notes the whole music gallery trembled and shook. To give pungency to the instrumental department, therefore, a hautboy was added; but the vocalists felt it a point of honor to outscreech the instruments, and the miscellaneous voice of James Gripe, the miller’s son, who sang tenor, treble, or counter-tenor, just as it happened, was put into requisition for extra duty to match the hautboy. James Gripe could sing very loud; but the louder he sang, the more you heard that kind of noise that is produced

by singing through a comb. It used to be said of him that he sang as if he had studied music in a mill during a high wind. To the two flutes and the hautboy were added two clarionets, because two of Gripe's younger brothers were growing up, and had a fancy for music. Young Grubb, the son of the butcher, began soon to exhibit musical talents, and accompanied his father at home on the violoncello, which instrument, with the leave of the rector, was added to the church band in a very short time—a time too short, I believe, for the perfection of the performance.

The rector, dear good man, never refused his leave to anything, especially what the singers asked; they might have had leave to introduce a wagon and eight horses if they had asked: but still the rector did not like it, and every time he was called upon to christen a child for one of his parishioners, he trembled lest the young one should have a turn for music, and introduce into the gallery some new musical abomination. It was next discovered that only one bass to so many treble instruments was not fair play, so to the violoncello was added a bassoon, and to the bassoon a serpent. What next?—nothing more at present; but if the movement party retains its ascendancy, triangles and kettle-drums may be expected. The present state of Snatcham Choir is as follows. In the first place, there is Martin Grubb, the butcher, a stout robust man of about fifty years of age, having a round head and a red face, with strong, strait, thick brownish-gray hair, combed over his forehead, and reaching to his very eyebrows. He is the oldest, the wealthiest, and the most influential man in the choir. He sings bass, and is said to be the life and soul of the party, though there are no great symptoms of life and soul in his face, which is about as full of expression as a bullock's liver. Then there is young Martin Grubb, who is a bit of a dandy, with black curling hair, and whiskers of the same pattern, pale face, thin lips, long chin, and short nose; his instrument is the violoncello. James Gripe is leader of the treble voices, with occasional digressions, as above noticed. And, in addition to the two younger Gripes, Absalom and Peter, who play the two clarionets, there are Onesiphorus Bang, the shoemaker, who plays the first flute; Issachar Crack, a rival shoemaker, who plays the second flute; Cornelius Pike, the tobacco-pipe maker, who plays the bassoon; Alexander Rodolpho Crabbe, the baker, who plays the hautboy; Gregory Plush, the tailor, who plays the serpent: together with divers others, men, boys, and girls, who make up the whole band.

This renowned choir has for a long time considered itself the *ne plus ultra* of the musical profession, and consequently equal to the performance of any music that was ever composed. The old-fashioned psalm tunes are, therefore, all banished from Snatcham church, to the great grief of the worthy rector, whose own voice is almost put out of tune by hearing Sternhold and Hopkins sung to the tune of "Lovely nymph, assuage my anguish," and such-like Vauxhall and Sadler's Wells music. The members of the choir, too, like other political bodies, have not much peace within, unless they have war without. If any attack be made upon their privileges, they stick together like a swam of bees; but at other times they are almost always at loggerheads one with another. Old Martin Grubb wields a precarious sceptre; for James Gripe is mightily tenacious of his rights, and resists, tooth and nail, the introduction or too frequent use of those

tunes which superabound with bass solos. Grubb and Gripe, by way of an attempt at compromising the matter, have latterly been in the habit of taking it by turns to choose the tunes, and their alternate choice puts one very much in mind of the fable of the fox and the stork, who invited one another to dinner, the fox preparing a flat dish, of which the stork could not avail himself, and the stork in return serving up dinner in a long-necked bottle, too narrow to admit the fox's head. When James Gripe chooses the tune, he flourishes away in tenor and treble solos, leaving the butcher as mute as a fish: but when the choice devolves on Martin Grubb, he pays off old scores by a selection of those compositions which most abound in bass solos. And in such cases it not unfrequently happens that Martin, in the delighted consciousness of a triumph over his tenor, treble, and counter-tenor rival, growls and roars with such thundering exultation, that the gallery quivers beneath him, while his son saws away at his violonecello as though he would cut it in half from very ecstasy. Cornelius Pike and Gregory Plush also spend as much breath as they can spare, and perhaps a little more than they can spare conveniently, in filling the vast cavities of their respective serpent and bassoon.

All this disturbs and distresses the feelings of the worthy pastor, who thinks it possible, and feels it desirable, that public devotion should be conducted with a little less noise. It appears, indeed, and no doubt the choristers one and all think so, that Snatcham church and Sternhold and Hopkins' psalms were all made to show forth the marvellous talents of the Snatcham choristers. They think that all the people who attend there come merely for the music, and that the prayers and the sermon have no other use nor object than just to afford the singers and other musicians time to take breath, and to give them an opportunity of looking over and arranging their books for the next outbreak of musical noise. So little attention do the Snatcham choristers pay to any other part of the service than that in which themselves are concerned, that during the whole course of the prayers, and in all the sermon time, they are whispering to one another, and conning over their music books, sometimes almost audibly buzzing out some musical passage, which seems to require elucidation peradventure to some novice; and Master Grubb the younger is so delighted with his violonecello, that he keeps hugging the musical monster with as much fondness and grace as a bear hugs its cubs, and every now and then, in pleasing anticipation of some coming beauties, or in rapturous recollection of some by-gone graces, he tickles the sonorous strings with his clumsy fingers, bringing forth whispers of musical cadences loud enough to wake the drowsy and to disturb the attentive part of the congregation. And then the good rector casts up to the music-gallery a look, not of reproof, but of expostulation, and thereupon Master Grubb slips his hands down by his sides, and turns his eyes up to the ceiling, as if wondering where the sound could possibly come from.

The supplicatory looks of the music-baited clergyman are on these occasions quite touching and most mutely eloquent: they seem to say—"Pray spare me a little;—suffer me to address my flock. I do not interrupt your music with my preaching, why should you interrupt my preaching with your music? My sermons are not very long, why will you not hear them out? I encroach not on your province, why will you encroach on mine? Let me, I pray you, finish my days on earth as pastor of this

flock, and do not altogether fiddle me out of the church." But the hearts of the "village musicianers" are as hard as the nether millstone: they have no more bowels than a bassoon, no more brains than a kettle-drum.

Another grievance is, that the Snatcham choristers have a most intense and villanous provincialism of utterance: it is bad enough in speaking, but in singing they make it ten times worse; for they dilate, expand, and exaggerate their cacophony, till it becomes almost ludicrous to those who are not accustomed to it. The more excited they are, whether it be by joy or anger, the more loudly they sing; the more broadly they blare out their provincial intonations: and it is very seldom indeed that they ascend their gallery without some stimulus or other of this nature. If they be all united closely in the bonds of amity and good-will; if Martin Grubb have suspended his jealousy of Gripe, and if Gripe no longer look with envy and hatred upon Grubb; if some new tune be in preparation wherewith to astonish and enrapture the parishioners; if there be in the arrangement tenors and trebles enough to satisfy the ambition of Gripe, and bass enough to develope the marvellous powers of Grubb:—there is a glorious outpouring of sound and vociferation, which none but the well-disciplined ears of the Snatcham parishioners can possibly bear. The walls of Snatcham church must be much stronger than those of Jericho, or they would have been roared to rubbish long ere this. But if the agreement of the choir be the parent of noise, their disagreement is productive of much more. More than once the Gripe and Grubb factions have carried their animosity so far as to start two different tunes at the same time. And what can be done in such a case? Who is in the wrong? If the Grubb faction were to yield, they would betray a consciousness that they had not acted rightly in their selection of a tune; and if the Gripe faction were to withdraw from the contest, or to chime in with the Grubbs, they would seem to show the white feather; so they battle it out with all their might and main, and each party must sing and play as loudly as possible, in order to drown the noise of the other. After church-time the Grubbs throw all the blame upon the Gripes, and the Gripes retort the charge upon the Grubbs, and a man had need have the wisdom of a dozen Solomons to judge between them. So excited with passion, and puffing, and singing, and playing, have the parties sometimes been after a *flare-up* of this kind, that they have looked as tired as two teams of horses just unharnessed from two opposition stage-coaches;—nay, the very instruments themselves have appeared exhausted, and an active imagination might easily believe that the old big burly bassoon, standing in a lounging attitude in one corner of the gallery, was panting for want of breath. Such explosions as these, however, do not frequently occur, and it is well they do not; when they do, a reconciliation generally takes place soon after, and an apology is made to the good pastor, more, perhaps, from compassion to his infirmities than out of respect to his office or his years; and his mild reply is generally to the following effect: "Ah! well, my good friends, I think another time you will find it more easy to sing all one tune. I marvel much that ye don't put one another out by this diversity of singing."

There is also another mode in which the parties manifest their discrepancy of opinion, or discordancy of feeling, and that is, by the silence of half the choir. Now one would think that such an event would be a joy and a relief to the good man, who loves quiet; and so it is physically, but

not morally : for though his ears are relieved from one-half of the ordinary musical infliction, yet he is mentally conscious that evil thoughts are cherished in the breasts of the silent ones ; that they who sing are not praising God in their songs, and that they who sing not are not praising him by their silence.

But the climax of the abominations of the Snatcham choristers I have yet to record, and I hope that by their follies, other choirs, if there be any so absurd, will take warning. It has been already said that this celebrated Snatcham choir made it a great point to obtain leave from their rector for all the abominations and absurdities which they were accustomed to inflict upon the parish under the guise of music ; but the arrogant importunity of their solicitation was such that they seemed to bid defiance to refusal, so that their asking leave was after the fashion of the beggar in *Gil Blas*, who held his musket in the direction of the donor's head. At a large town in the county in which Snatcham is situated there had been a musical festival, the directors of which, in order to give *eclat* to their advertisements, had used all manner of means to swell the number of the performers. For this purpose they had sought every hedge and ditch, and high-way and by-way in the county, to pick up every individual who had the slightest pretension whatever to musical talent. In such a search, of course the Snatcham choir could not by any possibility be overlooked. They were accordingly retained for the choruses, in consequence of which they underwent much musical drilling ; nor were they a little pleased at the honor thus thrust upon them. They of course distinguished themselves, though I must say that the wisest thing chorus singers can do is not to distinguish themselves ; but the Snatcham choir, it is said, actually did distinguish themselves, especially in the Hallelujah Chorus, and so fascinated were they with that chorus, and their own distinguished manner of singing it, that they resolved unanimously to perform it at Snatcham church. This was bad enough ; but this was not the worst, for nothing would serve them but they must have it, of all the days in the year, on Good Friday !

On the evening of the day before, the whole body of the choristers, vocal and instrumental, went up to the rectory, and demanded an audience of their worthy pastor. The good man trembled at their approach, and his heart sank within him at the announcement that they had something very particular to say to him. He thought of harp, flute, psaltery, dulcimer, sackbut, and all kinds of music, and his ears tingled with apprehension of some new enormity about to be added to the choir, in shape of some heathenish instrument. It was a ludicrous sight, and enough to make the pastor laugh, had he been at all disposed to merriment, to see the whole choir seated in his parlor, and occupying, after a fashion, every chair in the room ; for if they were never harmonious in any thing else, they were perfectly harmonious as to their mode of sitting ; they were all precisely in the same attitude, and that attitude was—sitting on the very outward edge of the chair, with their hats carefully held between their knees, their mouths wide open, and their eyes fixed upon vacancy. At the entrance of the clergyman they all rose, bowed with simultaneous politeness, and looked towards Martin Grubb as their mouth-piece. Martin Grubb, with his broad heavy hand, smoothed his locks over his forehead, and said—"Hem !"

"Well, Mr. Grubb," replied the rector, "you and your friends, I understand, have something particular to say to me."

"Why, yes, sir," said Mr. Grubb, "we are called upon you by way of deputation like, just to say a word or two about singing; and for the matter of that, we have been practising a prettyish bit of music out of Handel, what they sung at the musical festival called the Hallelujah Chorus; and as our choir sung it so well at the festival as to draw all eyes upon us, we have been thinking, sir, with your leave, if you please, and if you have no objection, that we should just like to sing it at church."

"At church?"

"Yes, sir, if you please, at church, to-morrow. The Hallelujah Chorus you know, sir, being part of the Messiah, we thought it would be particular appropriate; and we are all perfect in our parts, and here's two or three chaps out of the next parish that are coming over to Snatcham to see their friends, and they'll help us you know, sir; and every thing is quite ready and rehearsed and all that; and we hope, sir, you won't have no objection, because we can never do it so proper as with them additional voices what's coming to-morrow, and there will be such lots of people come to church on purpose to hear us, that they will be all so disappointed if, we don't sing it."

Here James Gripe, somewhat jealous of his rival's eloquence, and taking advantage of Martin's pausing for a moment to recover breath, stepped forward, saying—"No, sir, we hope you won't refuse us your leave, because all the people so calculate upon hearing it, that they will go away in dudgeon if so be as they are disappointed, and mayhap they will never come to church again, but go among the methodishes or some of them outlandish sexes; and it would be a pity to overthrow the established church just for the matter of a stave or two of music."

The rector sighed deeply, but not audibly, and replied, saying, in a tone of mild expostulation—"But to-morrow, my friends, is Good Friday, a day of extraordinary solemnity, and scarcely admitting even the most solemn music in its service."

"Exactly so," interrupted Martin Grubb, "that's the very thing I say, sir, and therefore the Hallelujah Chorus is the most peculiar appropriate: it's one of the most solumest things I ever heard—it's quite awful and grand—enough to make the hair of one's head stand upright with sublimity."

"'Tis indeed, sir," added James Gripe: "you may take my word for it, sir."

"Perhaps," returned Martin Grubb, "your reverence never heard it: now if so be as you never heard it, mayhap you don't know nothing about it, in which case we can, if you please, with your permission, sing you a little bit of it, just to give you an idea of the thing."

The poor persecuted pastor looked round upon his tormentors in blank amazement, and saw them with their ruthless mouths wide open, and ready to inflict upon him the utmost penalty of their awful voices. In tremulous tones the worthy man exclaimed, "No, no, no, pray don't—pray don't—don't trouble yourselves—I beg you will not. I know the piece of music to which you refer, and I think, if you could perform it on any other day than Good Friday"—

Singers are a peculiarly irritable class of persons, and the slightest opposition or contradiction irritates and disturbs them, so that at the very moment that the rector uttered a sentence at all interfering with their will,

they all surrounded him with clamorous and sulky importunity, and set to work with all diligence to demolish his objections.

"Please, sir," said Martin Grubb, shaking his big head with a look of dogged wilfulness, "I don't see how it is to be done. The Hallelujah Chorus requires a lot of extra voices what isn't to be got every day; and if we tells them chaps as is coming over to-morrow to help us, that we don't want their help, they may take tiff, and never come over to Snatcham again."

"But, perhaps," the pastor meekly replied, "they may assist you in the grave and sober singing of some serious and well known psalms, in which all the congregation may unite."

On hearing this, the broad-faced butcher expanded his features into a contemptuous sort of a grin, and said—"Come, now, that is a good one, as if reg'lar scientific singers would come all the way to Snatcham just to sing old psalm tunes!"

Mr. Gripe also said—"He! he! he!"

"He! he! he!" is a very conclusive kind of argument! and so the rector of Snatcham felt it to be, for he could not answer it, nor refute it, nor evade it. He looked this way and that way, up to the ceiling and down to the floor, towards Mr. Gripe and towards Mr. Grubb; but neither ceiling nor floor, nor Gripe nor Grubb, afforded him any relief from his painful embarrassment. The exulting singers saw that he was posed, and that now was the time to push home their victory, and overwhelm the rector by their united importunities. So they all crowded round him at once, and almost all at once began to assail him with such a torrent of reasons and argumentation that he had not a word to say for himself.

"Please, sir," said Onesiphorus Bang, "I ha'n't got nothing else ready to play."

"Nor I, neither," said Issachar Crack.

"Please, sir," said Alexander Rudolpho Crabbe, "we never like to do nothing without your leave, and we hope you won't compel us to do so now. My wife says she'll never come to church again, if the Hallelujah Chorus is not performed to-morrow."

"And I declare," said Gregory Plush, "that for my part, I never wish to touch the serpent again, if we mayn't to that piece of music."

Absalom and Peter Gripe also said the same as touching the clarionets; and James Gripe then looked at the rector with a quaintly interrogative aspect, which, without uttering a word, seemed to say—"There, sir, what will you do without Absalom and Peter's clarionets." Now, for his own part, the worthy pastor would have been glad to get rid of the whole clamor of their music, for these choristers were always at loggerheads either with one another, or with all the rest of the parish.

The rector, thus overwhelmed with argument and eloquence, with pathos and importunity, found himself compelled to yield, which he did with the worst grace imaginable. Away went the choristers, rejoicing in the triumph of music, and full of glee at the thought of the wonderful figure they should cut on the morrow, when, assisted by the "chaps from the next village," they should astonish the natives with the Hallelujah Chorus.

That night neither the singers nor the rector slept: the former were kept awake by the anticipation of musical glory, and the latter was made restless by the dread of musical absurdity. Good Friday came: the whole

village looked more like a scene of festivity than of fasting. The "chaps from the next village," as Martin Grubb called them, were as gay as so many larks; and there was such a display of blue coats and yellow buttons as never was seen before. The singing gallery was full to suffocation, and the church itself was crowded. The squire of the parish was present, and his family also were with him, and the singers were so happy that they could hardly contain themselves. They did not mind the prayers: they had heard them before, and did not think them half so well worth hearing as the Hallelujah Chorus. There was such a rustling of leaves of music books, and such a buzz of whispering voices, that the worthy rector could hardly be heard. The choristers had arranged that the Hallelujah Chorus should be sung immediately before the sermon, and they thought that the prayers would never be over: they were as impatient as a young horse in harness.

At length the prayers were finished, and the merciless choristers let loose upon the congregation to inflict whatever musical torture they pleased. Away they burst with relentless and resistless fury. There was such scraping, and blowing, and roaring, and growling, and screaming, as never was heard; the powers of every voice, and of every instrument, were exerted to the utmost of their capability;—there was such an infinite variety of articulation of Hallelowyah, Holleluyear, Allyluger, and Ahmen, and Awmen, and Ameen, that none but the initiated could form a guess what the singers were about. The patient and afflicted rector sat still in the pulpit, waiting till the storm should be over: he knew that it could not last for ever, and that they must soon sing themselves hoarse or out of breath. There is an Irish proverb which says, "Single misfortunes never come alone:" this was verified in the present case; for a misunderstanding occurred, which produced a double infliction of the music. Messrs. Grubb, Gripe, Crabbe, Bang, Crack and their friends, when performing at the cathedral, had observed that one or two parts of the performance had been encored by a signal from his Grace the Duke of —, who was present as patron, and this signal consisted of the silent waving or lifting up of a white pocket handkerchief. Now, unfortunately, just as the band was bringing its mighty performance to a close, the squire of the parish most innocently drew his handkerchief out of his pocket; but happening to draw it forth with a peculiar grace, or with what Mr. Grubb and his friends thought a peculiar grace, they were most graciously pleased to take it for granted that it must be a signal for a repetition of the chorus, and therefore, just at the moment when the good rector was pleasing himself with the thought that the absurd display was over, they all burst forth again with renewed vigor. He thought that they were absolutely mad: he looked; he sighed; he shook his head; but he was only answered by Holleluyear, Allyluger: and when they had finished the second time, he was half afraid that they would begin again, and sing it the third time. When the service was over, the good man took the liberty to hint to his musical practitioners, that he thought they had performed a work of supererogation in performing the chorus twice. They themselves felt that they had somewhat encroached, but they laid the blame upon the squire, whose slightest wish, they thought, should be obeyed. The squire was very sorry when he found what mischief he had inadvertently done, and promised that he would take care, in future, not to pull out his handkerchief again in singing time.

PETER'S DENIAL OF OUR LORD.

BY THE EDITOR.

The manner in which the sacred records are written has always been considered a strong argument in proof of their genuineness and credibility. Written, as they are in the simplicity of truth, they are their own witness. They present no parade of narrative—no pomp of circumstance—all is simple, all is natural, all is living.

Our Saviour's advent is related with no apology for its startling and unheard-of magnificence, and with no expressions of sudden surprise at its glory. The whole history of His life, full as it is of such thrilling incidents and supernatural wonder, is related with the most surprising calmness. The solemn story of His sufferings follows naturally, without preface and without after-reflections, in all the simple majesty of historical truth.

In the same way the lives and acts of our Saviour's disciples are written. There is no effort at effect, no attempt to make capital in their favor. Their virtues and their sins, their honor and their shame, their faithfulness and their failings, are all put down with the same steady hand. There is no praising of their virtues, no apology for their errors, no extenuation of their weaknesses.

How clearly does this show that they were no impostors. Impostors, who are not acting out their true characters, always overstrain the matter, and thus weaken their pretensions in the eyes of discerning men. They are at pains to hide their own defects, and to present themselves as faultless; for how, say they to themselves, shall we recommend our mission by acknowledging and publishing our own defects and weaknesses. The sacred writers, as true men, record their own errors penitently, and their own virtues modestly, and hence we feel that we have before us, in their narratives, a true picture of human life. We see them in the pit of sin,—we see them struggling out of it, and we see them at length on firm ground. While they are relating to us their own trials and triumphs in the simplicity of truth, they exhort us to follow bravely and undismayed in the same path. We feel that this faithful exhibition of their own struggles and victories, is to us the best exhortation and encouragement; and their own final standing upon the firm ground of deliverance, is the best evidence that the salvation which they preach, is true, good, and attainable.

How strikingly is the truth of these remarks verified in the history of poor, weak, fallen, but at last penitent Peter. *His praise is in all the churches—so is his shame!* His faithfulness as well as his failings, is recorded with the same steady hand. His fall and denial of our Lord, is written for our warning; his penitence and return to the Saviour for our encouragement, and for the praise of God's recovering and sustaining grace.

This denial took place on the night of that Passover, which immediately preceded our Saviour's arrest. This was the same night in which the Last Supper was celebrated, and in which He was, by Judas, betrayed into the hands of his enemies. After the Holy Supper, our Saviour and the eleven went out to Gethsemane, at the foot of Olivet, where Judas and his band took him, and led him to the High-priest's house, where this remarkable denial took place.

Peter followed the crowd which took our Saviour to the judgment hall, "afar off." He did not go in, but stood back in the rear in the court, among the servants and the crowd, but still in sight of Jesus. Here he was recognized by some persons among the crowd as one of the Saviour's friends and followers, and was thrice charged with holding such relation to the arraigned man; but he, as often, stoutly, and at length with an oath, repelled the charge; saying repeatedly, "I know him not whence he is!" When he had the third time, so desperately, so wickedly, and no doubt with a loud emphasis, denied him, the cock crew. This seems to have arrested both his attention, and also that of the Saviour. "Then the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter. And Peter remembered the word of the Lord, how he had said unto him, Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. And Peter went out and wept bitterly!"

Let us look now at the character of this denial.

1. It is an *astonishing* denial.

Consider, that Peter had been so long his disciple. The Saviour had taken him from a fishing boat, and called him to the apostleship. For more than three years they had journeyed together, and had shared each other's confidence, friendship and sympathy.

Peter had also received many distinguishing favors at the Saviour's hands. He had been wonderfully delivered from death on the sea of Tiberias, on that fearfully tempestuous night when he was about to sink in the troubled waves. He was one of the favored three who were admitted into the room, to behold the miracle, when the centurion's daughter was raised from the dead. On the mount of transfiguration, he was again selected as one fit to go up with the Saviour to behold the excellent glory of the Lord. Peter was the one who, on that occasion, exclaimed in raptures of joy, "It is good to be here: let us make three tabernacles." Even in the Garden of Gethsemane, he was one of the three whom the Saviour permitted to be witnesses of his sufferings and sorrows!

Besides all this, he had so repeatedly, so publicly, and so solemnly professed and exhibited his strong attachment to his Saviour and His cause. When, on one occasion, Jesus asked his disciples, "Whom say ye that I am?"—Peter exclaimed with emphasis, and as the voice of all the rest, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." On the evening of this same night, while the Saviour and his disciples were on their way from the upper room, where they had communed in the Last Supper, towards the Garden of Gethsemane, Peter had declared, in the most solemn manner, "Lord, I am ready to go with thee, both into prison, and to death." But a short time before this scene of denial, this same Peter had lifted up his sword and smote in the Saviour's defence. This was but a few hours before he denied him!

When we consider all these things, how astonishing! How are we forced to exclaim, "Lord, what is man!"—There, among the rabble, the

taunt of servant girls, raving and swearing, is one whose speech proclaims him as a Galilean. See!—he is charged three times with knowing Jesus, but he answers with gruff and angry impatience, “I know not what thou sayest! I know not the man, whence he is!” Is that Peter? “How art thou fallen, thou son of the morning.”

2. This was a very *aggravated* denial.

It has nothing to excuse it, but every thing to increase and aggravate its wonderful wickedness.

When charged with knowing the Saviour, he pretends that he does not even know what those persons who made the charge alluded to. “I know not what thou sayest!” It is as much as if he had said: I am here like the rest—have just come, drawn here by the crowd—desire merely to see what is going on, and I know not yet the meaning of this trial. Your allusion to the person arraigned, and your charge that I know him, are perfectly unintelligible to me—“I know not what thou sayest.” Here is the flattest, and the most positive prevarication. Ah! Peter! thou art far gone.

It can scarcely be supposed that his faith was gone at this time; for he had had the clearest and strongest evidence, during three years, that Jesus was all that he professed to be. He had frequently expressed his firm and unwavering confidence in that fact. So firm was his faith, that he at other times felt willing to die for his doctrines, and in his service. His denial was therefore a sin against the clearest light.

Besides, it has no parallel, except in Judas, for boldness. It appears from other places where this melancholy history is related, that it was done in the presence of John and the Saviour; and after John had gone to him and solicited him to come forward to the place where he and the Saviour were. John 18: 16, 17. There is no doubt that both John and Christ heard his oath of denial and saw his restless anger, at those whose questions and charges had discovered his presence in the crowd. Thus in his presence, and in his face, did he deny him! How bold! It seems that he had lost all reverence for Christ, and all respect for his presence, and his feelings. Add to all this, the fact that “he began to curse and to swear, saying, I know not the man!” It seems that he had become desperate in evil, intending, no doubt, earnestly and forever to cast away the Saviour and his cause. Satan was indeed sifting him as wheat.

It must be remembered also that this denial took place in the most solemn and trying circumstances. The Saviour was, at this time in the hands of his enemies, about to be treated in the most unjust and shameful manner. Peter had often professed the strongest friendship for him; now, therefore, would have been his time to show it; for “a friend in need is a friend indeed.” At this time Peter was bound by every thing that is sacred in friendship to stand by him. Once, on the sea of Tiberias, the Saviour had saved his life; and now he is bound by all the claims of gratitude to stand up in defence of his benefactor, whom he knew to be an innocent man. But hear him: “I know not the man!” He did not even sustain him by his prayers and his sympathy, but with cursing and bitterness, he showed to all that he wished not to be identified with him, and his cause. He did not even wish to be regarded as knowing him. He is bent on his point—and nothing shall shake his fearful purpose. They even argue with him: Is it possible that you should pretend to know nothing of him, and that you are not his disciple! Why, your very speech bewrayeth

thee. Thou art a Galilean, and surely thou art one of them, and thy effort to put him away is vain, since the matter is so clear. "Did I not see thee in the garden with him?" But Peter, nothing daunted, persists, "I know him not!"

What puts a climax on this aggravated denial is, that it was so short a time after the last Communion. Perhaps not four hours before, Peter sat with the Saviour and the rest of the disciples in the upper room, in the most awfully solemn service in which a mortal can engage, perhaps mingling tears of sympathy and love with the adorable Jesus! Think of it! From the Communion table to cursing, and swearing, and denying the Lord, in a few hours! Oh, Peter, is that indeed you!—He had also an example before him in Judas, which, we should have thought, would have frightened him back forever from an act of the kind. He had just seen how the treachery of Judas had wounded the heart of the Lord; but in the face of it he goes and does nearly the same thing, and strikes a fresh stroke into the wound which he had already received in the house of his friends!

In addition to all this, Peter had every thing to encourage him to own the Saviour. He had no reason to think that the Saviour would forsake him. He had said to him but a short time before, "I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." He had warned him also against this very thing. All the Saviour's conduct toward him previously, furnished him with the most abundant assurance of his faithfulness to him in all his promises. Of his willingness and power to deliver both himself and His disciples in every emergency, Peter could have had no doubt. And besides this, had he stood faithfully by the Saviour's side, he would not have been alone. There was John, who had gone in with Him, into the judgment hall: he had his example to encourage him. But no; it is all to no purpose. Hear him yonder, among the profane and blood-thirsty rabble, an angry and cursing disciple! I know not the man! And that is Peter!

HARMONY, PENNSYLVANIA.

BY SELDOM.

In about the beginning of the present century, there came to this country from Wittenberg, Germany, a man by the name of F. Rapp. He was a weaver by trade, and though he had but a common education, was one of those persons, whose strong native character will always command influence. As it would seem, he was under the power of a deep, religious life; though his personal piety was of a peculiar, mystic and irregular type. This had already broken fellowship with the established Church at home, and he came to America mainly to enjoy religious freedom in his own way.

About that time there were others in that part of Germany who felt similarly dissatisfied with the national (Lutheran) Church. The State clergy, it was claimed, were strongly rationalistic, and lacked personal piety and moral earnestness in their holy office. So these people, unwilling longer to be regulated by the National Church; and, under the influence of the books of the mystic writers on religious subjects, finally refused to

bring their children to be baptized by such pastors, and themselves refused the holy communion.

Such a state of things soon brought them into collision with the State authorities. And as a relief at once from all the troubles of the case, most of them resolved to immigrate to free America. As a colony therefore they proposed to settle together, and in the same community enjoy their common religious notions untrammelled by outside restrictions. They had probably been in communication with Mr. Rapp, who had doubtless given them glowing reports of the religious toleration and other great advantages to be found and enjoyed in our land. At all events, he went to Philadelphia and Baltimore to meet them, most of whom came over in the Summer or Autumn of 1803.

Ohio had just then been formed into a state; and the tide of immigration, under the somewhat extravagant descriptions of its soil and climate, had already strongly set in that direction. It was accordingly proposed to locate the expectant colony in the neighborhood of what is now Columbiana and Salem, Ohio. For their use, they designed to secure a body of land sufficiently large—probably some thousands of acres. As already somewhat acquainted with American life and customs, it was thought Mr. Rapp could materially assist the colonists in finding a suitable locality and securing the desired quantity of lands. It does not seem that they at first, “had all things in common;” for some who preceded the main body had already bought their own farms, in the region where they proposed to settle as a body. Communism, as well as many other peculiarities, came in afterwards.

Mean while Mr. Rapp had been brought into negotiations for some lands in Western Pennsylvania, which had been ceded by the general government to the State, in payment for some revolutionary claims, and were now in the hands of some Philadelphia bankers. Some thousands of acres were in Butler and Allegheny counties. A portion of these was finally purchased and preparations speedily made for the colony to take possession of their new, wild home; which to many became a scene of sorrow, toil and want. But perhaps this was not owing to any thing connected with the selection of this particular locality. Doubtless their experience in any other place, under their peculiar circumstances, would have been similar. Those who had before settled in Ohio, sold out there and removed to this place.

Having *assumed*, by a sort of common consent, in the selection of their proposed home, as well as in some other matters, a sort of leadership for the whole community, Mr. Rapp's personal influence soon raised him to a position of importance in the general control of their affairs. Some men are born to command, and true leadership must be in-born, in whatever character it is to hold sway.

Care and responsibility, however, came along with office; whether formally given, or informally assumed. So Mr. Rapp found it. In the out-start there was much need of organizing and administrative talent. In even voluntary societies there must be a governing head. When, therefore, in 1804, the settlement began to be formed, all was found at loose ends, and some one must govern and organize the whole. Many of the people were without means; and even those who had money could not get for themselves and other needy ones, the common necessities of life. In the midst of want and suffering, common to all new settlements, there was need

for a controlling spirit, to inspire hope, to beget patience, to infuse fortitude and to invent relief.

Here was Mr. Rapp's opportunity. He set them to work to build temporary sheds for dwellings; yet the means for even these were so limited, that for the first year, as many as seven families were sheltered by a one-board shed on the main street of what is now Zelienople. The new and unsubdued lands were to be cleared out. The rich bottom lands along the Connoquenessing were not yet planted and productive. And, altogether, the people were little better off than if they had been cast upon a distant desert. Those who had means, however, for the time being, freely helped, as far as money could, those who were poor; and out of this necessity, most probably, grew the final and fuller community of goods, which afterwards distinguished their polity.

Under the steady control of their master mind, farms were cleared, fields planted, houses built, and sufferings from physical want began to grow less. Weaving-loom were set up, carpenter and blacksmith shops were opened, and finally a mill was set running; so that, with rigid economy and unceasing industry, material prosperity dawned upon them. Their previous hard schooling in adversity had also taught them to be content with less than what many others think indispensable to their happiness; so that production soon became greater than consumption, and thus the community increased its wealth.

Gradually the town of Harmony, Butler County, Pennsylvania, grew up, with its large sturdy-looking brick buildings, having high gables and ancient-looking windows, and few front doors. A severe storm, some ten years ago, blew down most of those old high gables of the main houses; and the church, which is now occupied as their place of worship by the Reformed congregation. So that the queer-looking town has lost some of its peculiar looks, as originally belonging to its character.

Plan and plat of town, as all its surroundings, grew out of the peculiar mystic thought and habits of its founders. After the plan of the New Jerusalem are its streets and entrances. Three main streets, running east and west, are crossed at right angles by three main streets running north and south; so that there are three entrances (gates) on the east, three on the south, three on the west, and three on the north. Here was the final gathering of the nations to be! How they would all get into that town, the good Lord only knows! Perhaps they would indefinitely extend the streets lengthwise; but that would leave four large and long angular open spaces, lying between the nearest eastern and southern gates, as also between the nearest southern and western, and so on. But as to matter of fact, the town with its not very magnificent distances, as to plan, was never either all built up, nor to its full limits occupied. Its largest population was not much above perhaps seven hundred, certainly not, as an old intelligent neighbor thinks, at any time, one thousand inhabitants. The date of its founding may be set down at 1804; but not much of its building was done till the year following, and some of its more substantial part as late as 1810..

During the period falling between these two dates, most of the peculiarities of Rapp's system were by degrees developed. They had obligatory industry—of which, beside husbandry, the principal interest was weaving.

They had schools for the children; and a building for a sort of public

worship, at which the female portion were the principal attendants, and Mr. Rapp, unordained Pontifex maximus. They had no special ministry, neglected the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, but had, instead of this last, a love feast. In all their religious character the humanly mystic, not divinely mysterious element, preponderated. They were good, quiet, honest and industrious people, and were generally well liked by their outside or gentile neighbors. They held all their material wealth in a common fund for the general good.

Rapp became, not only their presidential head in temporal matters, but also their spiritual leader and guide. Without any ordination or even formal appointment thereto, he became, to all intents and purposes to them, a Pope. He ruled and governed all things with absolute authority; and the dissent and opposition, whenever such arose, could never unseat him in the general mind of the people.

Finding the family relations obnoxious to his plans, he abrogated the marriage vows between husband and wife, broke up the order of the family, and arranged the domestic affairs of the community to suit his views. It is said that he introduced the Confessional, and the auricular revelations made to him, gave him power, especially through the women, to reach those who disregarded the new rules of household relations, which made him the only head of their common family.

Every aggrieved party had no other redress, than to withdraw from the society, and start the world anew, with empty hands. Those, who had been used to all the comforts of life, in Germany, whose means had all been absorbed into the general wealth; who had their little allowance of flour doled out stintedly, for their daily or weekly rations; and carried in their little pokes their measured living from the general store—if they, in the end, became dissatisfied, could go back to the world, without receiving their own, or even their common proportion of the common wealth. Thus Rapp prevailed in Harmony, though there was begotten thereby much disharmony.

Large pleasure gardens, fancifully ornamented, were laid out adjoining Mr. Rapp's residence. One had labyrinthic walks hedged in, through which it was not easy to find the right way into the richly canopied pavilion at the centre. In this, it is said, the young people of the neighborhood, were delighted, after the property came into profane hands, to lose themselves in love rambles among the thickly hedged avenues. What mystic purpose it served, apart from Mr. Rapp's enjoyment in the sacred meditations of his pavilion, does not seem to be known.

Just beyond the winding stream, rises a high knoll or mount, from the top of which a fine view is had of the whole surrounding valley. The abrupt front of this was dressed into a stone-walled, terraced vineyard; through which a winding stone stairway, cut out of the soft rock, ascended to the highest point. Here, a kind of throne or episcopal seat was quarried out of the rock, with a flat rocky canopy projecting overhead. The seat and rocky covering remind one in shape and size of a somewhat enlarged buggy seat and top. Here, it is said, Rapp used to sit and oversee (as *ἐπισκοπος*) the laborers in the fields.

To the front of this, south-east-ward in a field, is their burying ground. They had the good sense to leave the native forest trees stand to shade and shelter the resting place of their departed ones. Tradition has it,

that Mr. Rapp's only son, who is said to have died from the effects of his father's fanaticism, lies buried there with many others, who departed during their ten years' sojourn at Harmony. Before they removed, they covered the whole surface of the grave-yard with stones to a thickness of some three or four feet; so that when the fence enclosing it shall in after ages no longer stand to mark the place, it will be so unfit for the plough-share as to save it from profane cultivation. To the north-west of this same hill in another grave-yard lie the remains of Rev. Jacob F. Dieffenbacher, one of the most faithful pioneer laborers of the Reformed Church in western Pennsylvania, who died in Harmony some twenty odd years ago, whose smouldering dust is perhaps not so sacredly guarded.

Various reasons, to themselves doubtless satisfactory, though probably the real ones are not generally known, led them, at the end of a ten years' sojourn, to sell out their whole real estate to the Zieglers and remove to the state of Indiana. On the banks of the Wabash a New Harmony was founded in 1814; where the society remained till 1826, when the remaining part followed those already two years before removed, and settled finally on the banks of the Ohio River at Economy, Pa. The principal cause of their last removal from the Wabash, was the unhealthiness of the climate there, by which their number was considerably reduced by death. They now number perhaps less than three hundred souls, and have millions of wealth.

Judging by what has here been brought together entirely from the outside, there must be something interesting and instructive in the history of the people who settled and built Harmony. The town, as it now stands along side of Zelienople, the seat of the Orphans' Home established by Rev. Dr. Passavant, seems still to cast long shadows of memory, from the unreal of the mystic looms and schemes of fancy sought to be established on its early foundation. The project of the mystic, in breaking up families, has an offset here in the "Home" founded on the eternal principle enshrined in the family relation—so that "the solitary" orphan is set together with others "in families." The Real, takes the place of Fancy. Faith and good works, take the place of mystic dreams. In the Lord, and so in His Church, faithful fellowship outlives and surmounts the dull schemes of human appointments for self-exaltation; starting in pious (?) schism.

Eighteen years ago Rapp died: the fragments of his *society*, what was left after the split and division by his most successful rival, a German count from Prussia, are now mainly held together by their immense and increasing material wealth.—Each waiting to be of the last few who shall inherit the whole. The time will come for writing the history of this movement. Its internal struggles, troubles, disturbances, and such like experience, would doubtless make a most interesting chapter. And when it is so written, the world will learn something instructive from the early history of the quiet little town of Harmony.

HOW TO DIE WELL.—The only way to die well, and be at peace with God, is to live well. It is a foolish thing to rely upon what is very improperly called a death-bed repentance, to which God hath made no promise. Repentance consists in a reformation of life, and what an absurd thing it is for a man to pretend to reform his life, when his life itself is just at an end.

THE LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER.

Among all the poems on this little child's prayer, we have not found any thing more touching than this, which we take from the Springfield Republican, where it appears without a name.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

In the quiet nursery chambers,
Snowy pillows yet unpressed,
See the forms of little children,
Kneeling white-robed, for their rest.
All in quiet nursery chambers,
While the dusky shadows creep,
Hear the voices of the children,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

In the meadow and the mountain
Calmly shine the winter stars,
But across the glistening lowlands
Slant the moonlight's silver bars.
In the silence and the darkness,
Darkness growing still more deep,
Listen to the little children
Praying God, their souls to keep.

"If we die,"—so pray the children,
And the mother's head drops low,
(One from out her fold is sleeping
Deep beneath this winter's snow,)
"Take our souls:" and past the casement
Flits a gleam of crystal light,
Like the trailing of his garments
Walking evermore in white.

Little souls, that stand expectant
Listening at the gates of life,
Hearing, far away, the murmur
Of the tumult and the strife;
We, who fight beneath those banners,
Meeting ranks of foemen there,
Find a deeper, broader meaning,
In your simple vesper prayer.

When your hand shall grasp this standard,
Which, to-day, you watch from far,
When your deeds shall shape the conflict
In this universal war;
Pray to Him, the God of battles,
Whose strong eye can never sleep,
In the warring of temptation,
Firm and true our souls to keep.

When the combat ends, and slowly
 Clears the smoke from out the skies,
 When, far down the purple distance,
 All the noise and battle dies;
 When the last night's solemn shadows,
 Settle down on you and me,
 May the Love that never faileth,
 Take our souls eternally.

ENIGMAS.

There are some enigmas which have puzzled the learned heads of many generations. Here is the ancient one of Alelia Lælia Crispus. There are two exemplars of it: one found nearly two hundred years or more ago near Bologna; the other in an ancient manuscript written in Gothic letters, at Milan. It is controverted between the two ancient cities, which is to be reputed the more authentic.

THE BONONIAN ENIGMA.

D. M.


Alelia Lælia Crispus,
 Nec vir, nec mulier,
 Nec androgyna;
 Nec puella, nec juvenis,
 Nec anus;
 Nec probus, nec improbus;
 Sed omnia:
 Sublata
 Neque fame, nec ferro,
 Neque veneno;
 Sed omnibus:
 Nec coelo, nec terris,
 Nec aquis,
 Sed ubique jacet.
 Lucius Agatha Priscus,
 Nec maritus, nec amator,
 Nec necessarius;
 Nec moerens, nec gaudens,
 Neque flens;
 Hanc,
 Nec molem, nec pyramidem,
 Nec sepulcrum,
 Sed omnia,
 Scit et nescit, cui posuerit.

That is to say, "to the god's manes, Alelia Lælia Crispus, neither man nor woman, nor hermaphrodite; neither girl nor young woman, nor old, neither virtuous nor unchaste, but all these: killed neither by hunger, nor steel, nor poison; but by all these: rests neither in heaven nor on the earth, nor in the waters, but every where. Lucius Agatho Priscus, neither her husband nor lover nor friend; neither sorrowful nor joyful, nor weeping, nor certain nor uncertain, to whom he rears this monument, neither erects her a temple, nor a pyramid, nor a tomb, but all these." We find nearly fifty solutions, among others, rain water falling into the sea, the philosopher's stone, a law-suit, love, a shadow, music, friendship, privation, Pope Joan, and Lot's wife.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1866.

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN will enter upon its XVIIth volume, on the first of January next. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. It remains under the editorial management of its founder, Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN will continue to be published by **S. R. Fisher & Co.**, Philadelphia, Pa. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. Though paper still commands an advanced price, they promise to use a superior quality; and shall do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—
“Life—Light—Love.”

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future, if permitted to take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

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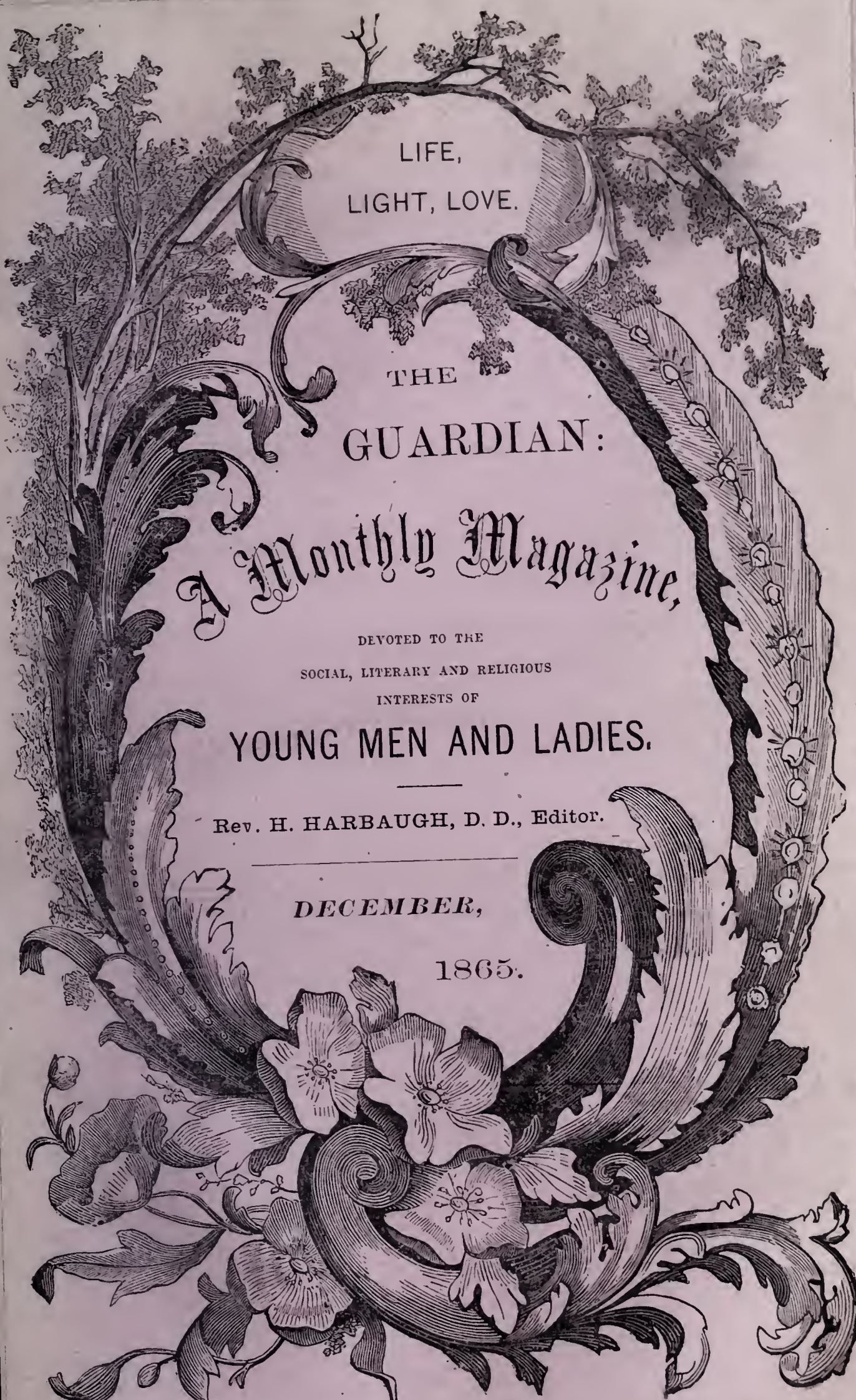
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ADDRESS—

S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers,

No. 54 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.



LIFE,
LIGHT, LOVE.

THE
GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
INTERESTS OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., Editor.

DECEMBER,

1865.

S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.
J. B. RODGERS, PR.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XVI.—DECEMBER, 1865.—No. 12.

THE BEAUTY OF NATURE.

A Tribute to the Goodness of God.

BY REV. T. P. BUCHER.

“The world is full of beauty” is an old remark. It dates back to the earliest studies of God’s “wonderful works.” It has been often and amply confirmed in the experience of him,

“Who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms,”

and will be verified in its highest, most perfect sense in that “new heavens and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.”

But why has God wrought such marvellous loveliness into this present realm of Nature? There was no constraining necessity outside of his own benevolent mind; no limit or narrowness of plan, by which He was forced to inwork those charming elements of beauty into the material universe. All nature might have been adapted to the necessities merely of simple animal existence, with no provision for the higher elements of the soul, which must ever find their satisfaction in the graces that greet the eye, in the fragrance that is wafted in the breeze, and in the sounds that float in the continued harmonies of “music in the air.” But God has not done this. His care for his children could neither exhaust nor satisfy itself in the creation and development of things, which only have reference to the narrow ends of physical being. Utility is adorned and ornamented. There are in every structure, exquisite arrangements and orderings and relations whereby deeper and purer emotions are kindled—finer senses fed, and a

better part of us than the mere material enriched and ennobled. Of every work of Nature it may be said there is grace in the "fashion of it." To form, to motion, to color—all of which we behold in great variety, there attaches a distinct and distinguishing loveliness. If we look out on the fields, we see them strewn in all their length and breadth with blooms of beauty. The melodious murmur of the babbling brook which irrigates the plain, the whisperings of the rustling corn, the attractive comeliness of broad acres of waving grain, have in them a worth the husbandman may, or may not think of, and for which he does not toil. Upon every valley there is lavished a wealth of surpassing loveliness. The little hills and the mountains stand forth, not in naked grandeur, but clothed in garments of constantly changing vegetation, new every morning and fresh every night, a real joy forever. The seas are dyed with enrapturing hues. The depths are inlaid with pearly mosaics. The heights with stars and gems of cloud are frescoed. And the general effect of the whole, has been infinitely heightened by the blendings, and contrasts, and fine relations of each particular object of beauty to all the rest. As we look abroad, therefore, we are forced to exclaim with the poet Wordsworth, that we are indeed,

"In a bright and breathing world,"

and that it is not a few objects only which are adorned with beauty, or are susceptible of beauteous pencellings, but

. "The sun can fling
Colors as bright over exhalations bred
By weedy pools, or pestilential swamps,
As by the rivulet sparkling where it runs,
Or the pellucid lake."

The reason of all this wealth of beauty enriching and ennobling God's wonderful works is thus told by the poet:

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty: thine this universal frame
Thus *wondrous fair*: thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable! who sittest above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works: yet these declare
Thy *goodness* beyond thought, and power divine."

The beauty of the world, then, is an indication, I do not say proof—but indication, of God's goodness.

I have read this elevating lesson, as I never before read it, during a recent summer trip to the North-West.

We may read it every where in the visible forms of Nature. God is seen in all his works. And his goodness may be traced in that wealth of beauty with which He has enriched them all. We may go out into our own familiar fields, which have been made beautiful as well as productive, and read it there. We may go into our orchards, and read it there in the preliminary enriching of spring with its beautiful displays of fresh and fragrant blossoms, and in the overshadowing of summer with myriads of green leaves and waving branches, and in every bough of autumn hanging with ripe and mellow fruit. We may read it in our forests filled with the purple glories of Autumn; and in our streams inwrought with those

charming elements of grace, which make them seem like the interbraiding of silver and gems inlaid in the variegated garment of earth; and in those golden cloud-chariots, coursing their majestic way through the heavens and watering the thirsty ground with drops of moisture wrought into globules of most exquisite symmetry and taste; and in the clear sky, its sweet and strange attractiveness filling us with longings after the Infinite. and lifting us, at times, up into companionship with the serene peace and purity of the heavens.

“There’s beauty all around our paths,
If but our watchful eyes
Can trace it mid familiar things.”

“He hath made every thing beautiful,” (Eccles. iii. 11,) that each and every object of Nature may bear its tribute to his most excellent goodness.

But we read this lesson very forcibly sometimes in scenes unfamiliar; in those arrangements and orderings of Nature which impress the beholder with their beauty, and inspire gratitude and praise to God “for his goodness and for his wonderful works.” Of such there are not a few in this broad land of ours.

Leaving the Miami valley, one of the most picturesquely beautiful, as well as highly cultivated portions of Ohio, in July, just at the beginning of harvest, the sight of yellow grain fields almost every where greeted the eye, and the sound of busy reapers improving the smiling harvest-hours, fell upon the ear like the first swellings of an anthem of praise to the great Giver of the harvest. Journeying north-westward these sights and sounds became familiar. It was like valley calling unto valley, and prairie answering to prairie. The beauty of these waving fields of golden grain is often lost sight of, however, in the gladdening thought that for another year we will have “bread enough and to spare.” But when one looks abroad upon those virgin prairies, as yet unbroken by plough, or hoe, the utilitarian is lost in the grace and grandeur that stretches out before the eye. It was my privilege to pass through a prairie, thirty miles in length and as many in width, without a single house to modify the view and with but one grove in a cup-like hollow of the mead discernible. The whole vast field presented the undulating appearance of the sea, and rimmed, as it were, with the blue of the sky into which it melted with trembling lines of beauty.

The scenery along the Upper Mississippi is in striking contrast with the prairies of northern Illinois. This is grand sometimes, but always beautiful. The bluffs are the first, and the last and the most prominent features. They continue in ever-varying form for hundreds of miles along both sides of the river, bearing a resemblance, it is said, to the banks of the Rhine. Sometimes they form the shore of the river, then they recede, leaving a foreground of level prairie skirted with clumps of small oak and water willow. They rise to the height of from 100 to 150 feet by gentle ascent generally, occasionally by sharp precipice like the “Aiguilles” of the Alps. In appearance they are unique, with now and then a striking image of something seen before. One is pointed out as the “Stone face,” another as the “Gable end” of a stone bank barn, another as “the remains of some old baronial Castle,” and still another “a jumping-off-place,” the “Maiden’s Rock” of Indian legend. In response to an inquiry, “What is this legend?” the second officer of the steamer replied, that it is now somewhat

mixed. But in substance it is about this: "Winona, a beautiful daughter of a powerful chief, was betrothed to a noble young warrior. It was the pleasure of the old chief, however, to give her to another warrior of greater repute and prowess whom she did not love. And at a council of the tribe on the plateau of the bluff, where the nuptials were to be celebrated, this maiden passed out from the assembled company, ran to the edge of the rock singing the death-song, and cast herself headlong into the purple waters beneath." The veracity of the officer is unquestioned, though the exact character of the legend is obscure. Save where these bold rock faces appear, and they are not numerous, the bluffs are covered with a rich prairie turf, and tall waving grass, beautifully embroidered with flowers. In most places they are planted with oak up to the summit, in long serpentine rows and now again in copses, which, in the language of a travelling friend, look like "a gigantic orchard."

Probably one of the finest views along the river is at the confluence of the Wisconsin. The bluffs here are remarkably precipitous, filling one with a sense of the presence of world-creating power. To the northward, far as the eye can reach, are foliage-crowned islands begirt with the silver lines of the water, gleaming in the moonlight, while the distant hills, which form the back ground, are lost in the blue haze of heaven. As we were sailing along through this rich, resplendent scenery with evidences of God's wisdom, power and goodness all around, enough to make the infidel ashamed of his unbelief, I could not but feel that that was a rare place, and that silent hour of night a rare hour, for holding communion with Him who is above, the enraptured mind becoming its own highest thanksgiving to the Power that made it.

We reached St. Paul at midnight, so that I had not the pleasure of seeing this apostolic city, "crown of the hills" from its water approach. That it is beautifully situated may be seen from any point. And all visitors agree that that portion of the city, occupying St. Anthony's Hill, and Dayton's Bluff, affords a most pleasant retreat from heat and dust, and a most delightful abiding place while July and August last.

During a sojourn here of two months, I traversed the regions round about within a radius of 35 miles, and breathed in their quiet inspirations.

From St. Anthony's Hill looking southward, and 18 miles off, is a vast prairie bright with blooms, on the border of which is "Castle Rock," standing solitarily and alone, like an ancient watch tower commanding a view of all approaches south and south-east. Looking westward, and following up the line of the Minnesota River ("clear water") is one of the richest valleys in the state, waving with wheat and corn, and overhung with a clear and mellowing sky, that imparts a peculiar richness to the scene. Looking a little north of west, about 33 miles distant, is one of those beautiful inland lakes with which Minnesota abounds. It is called Lake Minnetonka ("deep water") 60 miles long, of irregular widths, and so thickly inset with islands, that the canoe voyageur must mark his bearings well, if he would not waste his strength in trying to find the way back to the landing. A few miles from this lake is "Lake of the Isles," and to the north-east of this, are those twin lakes, "Calhoun and Harriet," perfect gems of beauty in themselves, quietly ensconced in a wreathing of aspen, oak and tamarack. The beautiful chain beginning at Lake Minnetonka, which connects it with these other three lakes and forms their proper

outlet into the Mississippi, is the Minnehaha creek ("Laughing water"). This is the little creek famed in song, not over 20 feet wide, that, in its effort to reach the "Father of Waters," tumbles down over a precipice 60 feet high with childish grace, laughing at the gambol, and then almost loses itself in a dell of "rushes and birch trees," before quite reaching its destination. There is a bridge spanning the stream a few rods from the falls. I have stood on it, fancying I could see where dwelt the "arrow maker and his lovely daughter, the bride of Hiawatha," while I could really hear and see the "laughing waters,"

"Gleaming, glancing through the branches."

A lady of General Grant's party exclaimed, as she came in full view of the scene, "How beautiful!" "That is it," was my first thought. It is not grand, it is beautiful.

In dry summer, the water fall becomes thin, almost like a lace veil. We went behind this veil under the shelving rock, and looked out through its misty folds, and down into the hooded ravine, having forms of beauty all around us, and a partial rainbow wreathing the spray at the foot of the falls. Looking northward, 15 miles distant by way of Fort Snelling, and 6 miles above Minnehaha, are the celebrated "Falls of St. Anthony." As we approach these, in the language of Longfellow, we

"Hear a rushing and a roaring
Calling to us from the distance."

But I was disappointed in the character of the falls. They should be called Rapids. The difference in the height of the Mississippi above and below the falls is but 17 feet. Once, doubtless, they were veritable falls dashing down over the ledge of rocks at one leap; but time and flood have pushed many of the rocks from their places and washed away the cement; that now, it is rather the dashing, leaping of the water from rock to rock until the level below is reached. "What a splendid water power to turn a mill!" exclaimed an enterprising Yorker looking up at the Niagara. Here, in reality, is the finest water power on the continent. And already we can hear the clatter of factories and saw mills mingling their noises with the roaring of the dashing current.

Three miles below St. Anthony, a tiny stream noiselessly passes across the county road, which is another water beauty; one that is seldom noticed by excursionists. It is the "weeping water," called such from the fact, that where it empties into the Mississippi, it falls over a rock down into a dell 40 feet below, and falling that height, the little stream, but a yard wide and a few inches deep, loses its adhesiveness. It is separated into so many pearly globules which, like tear drops, bedew the foliage of the dell.

We stopped to contemplate this display of beauty, this almost hidden treasure of loveliness. It was the last object of note on our route, but we could not withdraw abruptly. Our hearts were moved while associating with this in our minds the other scenes enjoyed on this day's ride. Never did I feel so deeply before the infinite pains God has taken to write his letterings of love on earth, and air and sky. Never did I realize so forcibly, that, in the very arrangements and orderings of things, He has made the exquisite and surpassing beauty of the world so conspicuous as almost to compel every human being, however stolid, or morbid, or miserly he may be, to say of it all, "How gloriously beautiful hath it been wrought!"

All that I saw on that trip, all that I saw before, and afterward, of charming scenery, made the thought still clearer and deeper, that *there is in this single element of the world's beauty, a tribute to the goodness of God toward his creatures*; that there is in this lavish expenditure and display of divine love which we behold all around us, solid reason for profound gratitude to Him "by whom are all things," and for an affectionate recognition of our Father's care and regard for our good. We can find here an incentive to lead a noble life. We can find here an impelling inspiration to live more in harmony with the sublimity of the river, the purity of the sky, and the calm sweet beauty of the green field.

THE FIVE LITTLE RABBITS.

BY AMY WARD.

Once upon a time there were five little rabbits, who lived with their father in a nice house in a wood. It was not a house built of bricks and mortar, with doors and windows to it, such as you, my little readers, live in; but it was dug out underground, and was called a warren or burrow. They were all pretty and good-tempered little rabbits, but all, except one of them, had one very great fault. They thought they were wiser than their father and mother, and so they were not always obedient as good children ought to be. It was this fault that brought all their misfortunes upon them, as I will presently tell you.

One morning the father and mother of these little rabbits called them together, and said "Children, we are going out to-day, and do not expect to be home till late in the evening. If you are good and obedient, and do exactly as we tell you, no harm can happen to you; but if you are naughty and will not mind, you will surely be sorry for it."

They all promised to be very good and obedient, and their father went on with his directions.

"You must not, on any account," said he, "go further away from home than the large oak tree on one side and the little beach sapling on the other. You must run into the house at the slightest noise you hear, without waiting to find out what has caused it, and you must not have any thing to say to strangers, nor let any one scrape acquaintance with you. I need not tell you not to quarrel with each other, for that is something you never do; but I must warn *you*, Fatty, not to make yourself sick by eating too much, and you, Frisky, must try not to forget every word I have said before your mother and I are out of sight." The little rabbits promised again to do just as they were told, and their father and mother kissed them good-by and left them.

When the little rabbits found themselves alone, they ran out of doors and began to chase each other around the soft, green grass. They played very happily together for some time, and then Frisky and Spotty challenged their brother Bunny to race with them as far as a fallen tree, a

little distance beyond the beach sapling. "I will run as far as the sapling," said Bunny; "but I can't go any further, because papa told us not to." "Nonsense," answered Frisky, "the sapling is so near that we could reach it in three jumps. *That* is no race." "It is as far as I can go," said Bunny, "and I wish, my dear brother and sister, that you would stay with me." But Frisky only laughed at him, and Spotty promised to come back as soon as he had reached the fallen tree. So off they started, while poor Bunny stood and watched them with the tears in his eyes.

In a few moments they reached the tree, Spotty having won the race. *He* turned back, but Frisky began to play in some long grass which was there, and Bunny and Spotty soon lost sight of her.

In the mean while, Bunny's favorite sister Pinkeye, had stayed quietly beside Fatty, who was nibbling a piece of apple, which a little boy who had passed with his father the day before, had dropped there. Bunny was very glad to see how good and quiet they were, and when Fatty asked him to come and taste her apple, he thanked her, but said that he did not want any, because it was so soon after breakfast. "And take care yourself, sister Fatty," said he, "or you may be ill again, as you were last week, and have to take more of those nasty bitter leaves that you disliked so much."

"Oh, I will be careful," said Fatty, as well as she could speak with her mouth full. "I am big enough, I am sure."

"You certainly are the largest of us all," said Bunny, good-humoredly, "and I did not mean to interfere with you; but indeed I am afraid that piece of stale apple is not good for you. Come and play with Pinkeye and me for a little while."

"Don't bother me," replied Fatty. "You know I don't like to be disturbed while I am eating."

So Bunny let her alone, for Fatty, though not actually cross, was not so good-natured as any of her brothers and sisters because she was generally uncomfortable from having eaten too much.

Just then Spotty came rushing up in a state of the greatest excitement.

"What do you think?" she said; "there is a horrid man on the other side of the great oak, and I know he is in some mischief, he is so quiet. I wonder what he is doing."

"Nothing that concerns us," answered Bunny, "since he is on the other side of the tree. Let him mind his business and we will mind ours. If he comes near us, or makes any noise, we must run home, as father told us. You know what a gun is, Spotty, for you saw a wicked man kill a poor little bird with one yesterday. Has he a gun with him? If he has, we must run in at once."

"Oh, no!" replied Spotty, "he has no gun; he has a strange-looking thing, like nothing that I ever saw before, which he hid away in the grass. I wonder what it is. Suppose we go and see as soon as he goes away."

"Indeed I will not," said Bunny; for father told us not to go beyond the oak tree on any account."

"Well, I will," said Spotty. "I lost my fun to please you once to-day, and I don't mean to do it again."

Now Bunny was no older than his brothers and sisters, and his parents had not told him to try and keep them in order, so he did not say any more, though he felt very sorry when he saw how obstinate Spotty was.

Spotty always was meddlesome, and fond of prying into other people's affairs, and his parents had often told him that he would get into trouble, if he did not break himself of this bad habit.

Fatty had now finished her apple, and was looking around for something else to eat. She saw some bright, glossy leaves, growing on, a sort of vine, which clung to the trunk of a tree near her.

A pretty little black and white dog, with curly hair, and long ears and tail, now came running up, and asked the little rabbits to let him play with them for a little while.

"I will not hurt you," said he. "In the first place, I am not a hunting dog, and in the next I am too little to do you any harm, even if I were. You may believe what I say, for dogs always tell the truth."

"I know that," said Bunny. "Father and mother have often told me so; and I should love to play with you, but I cannot to-day. Come and see us to-morrow, when our parents are at home, and, if they are willing, I should be delighted to have you for a friend, for I know by your looks that you are good, and I love you already."

"Then let him stay and play with us now," said Pinkeye. "Do stay, pretty little dog, and if brother Bunny is afraid of you, I am not."

"I am not afraid of you, little dog," said Bunny, "but I must not break my word." And so saying, he ran away into the warren, so that he should not be tempted any more.

He stayed there for some time, when he heard the little dog barking and crying, as if he were in the greatest distress.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" cried the little dog, as soon as he saw Bunny. "What shall I do? What shall I do?"

"What is the matter?" asked Bunny.

"I don't know," answered the little dog, whose name was Tiny, "but I am afraid I have killed poor Pinkeye. We were playing very happily together, and I gave her, in fun, a tiny little bite on the back of her neck, and she fell right down, and I can't make her move. You don't know how sorry I am. Indeed I did not mean to hurt her. I would not do so for the world."

And poor Tiny began to cry and howl again.

Bunny did not know what to do, he felt so sorry, and he sat down beside Tiny and cried too. He had no handkerchief, so he took a large plantain leaf and wiped his eyes on that. All at once he remembered that, if Pinkeye was not really dead, this was not the way to help her, so he and Tiny went to look at her. There poor Pinkeye lay, cold and dead.

Bunny and Tiny sat crying over her for a long time, and then Bunny began to wonder what had become of his brother and his other sisters. But he could not go and look for them without disobeying his father, so he asked Tiny to go instead. Tiny was very glad to be able to do any thing to oblige him, so he ran off at once; for a long time he could not find any of them, though he looked for them in every direction. At last he went to the other side of the oak tree, where you remember Spotty had gone to see what the man was doing. Poor little fellow! he had found out to his cost, for there he was caught in a trap; and in his struggle to get out he had hurt himself so badly that he was breathing his last when Tiny found him. He had only time to send his love to Bunny, and to say how sorry he was that he had not taken his advice, when he fell over on his side and died.

Tiny knew that it would make Bunny still more unhappy than he was already to hear of Spotty's fate, so he thought that he would go and find Frisky and Fatty first, so that he might have *some* good news to carry; but when he did find Fatty, she was lying dead, too, at the foot of the tree on which grew the vine whose leaves she had been eating. It was a poisonous vine, and she had paid the great penalty of her gluttony with her life.

This was too much for Tiny, so he ran back to Bunny, without waiting to look for Frisky, and told him how badly his poor little sister and brother had fared. Bunny cried again when he heard it, and Tiny sat down beside him and howled in the most dismal manner.

At last Tiny told Bunny that he would go and look for Frisky.

"Where did you see her last?" he asked Bunny.

"In that long grass, yonder," answered Bunny, pointing out the place.

"Very well; I will do my best to find her," said Tiny. "If I do not, it will not be for want of looking. Good-by!" and off he ran, leaving Bunny again alone.

"Bunny!" said a little voice overhead.

Bunny looked up and saw a little robin sitting and swinging on a branch of the oak tree.

"Did you speak to me?" asked Bunny.

"Yes," said the robin, putting his head on one side.

"What have you to tell me?" asked Bunny.

"Tiny will never find Frisky," said the robin. "I saw a great ugly wild-cat, who was prowling around, kill her and carry her off."

Bunny would not believe the robin, at first, for he could not bear to think that all four of his brothers and sisters were dead through their own faults; but when, after waiting a long time for Tiny, he saw him come back alone, he ran into the house without waiting to hear the news, for he could tell by the way his tail was hanging between his legs that he had been unsuccessful.

When Bunny's father and mother came home, they found him sitting by himself in a corner, and looking very disconsolate. "Where are your brothers and sisters?" asked his mother, who had been looking round anxiously for them ever since she came in. Poor Bunny could only answer with his sobs. "Is any thing the matter with them?" she continued, becoming more alarmed every moment.

"They have been disobedient and have got into trouble, have they not?" asked his father.

But still poor Bunny could not answer, and his father and mother were growing more and more anxious and impatient every moment, when they heard a gentle bark at the door, and when the father went to see who it was, there stood Tiny.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Rabbit," said he, "for intruding upon you; but I knew that poor Bunny would not like to tell you how good he was himself, and how naughty his brothers and sisters were while you were away." So then he told the whole story himself, and Mrs. Rabbit came and listened too. When he had done, they called Bunny, and told him not to grieve any more, and said that they had rather have one good child like him than twenty naughty ones, and so, as it is not the nature of rabbits to fret long about any thing, they were soon all very happy again.

Tiny stayed to tea with them, and Bunny was glad to find that his father and mother approved of the friendship between them.

. After this, Tiny used to come every day and play with Bunny, always taking the greatest care not to hurt him, and by-and-by, when some more little brothers and sisters were born, their parents used to tell them to mind Bunny, and follow his example in every thing, and you may guess how happy this proof of their confidence made him, and how careful he always was to try and deserve it.

LIFE PICTURES FROM CHURCH HISTORY.—No. 24.

ANSELM OF CANTERBURY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF F. R. HASSE.

BY L. H. S.

A knight, by the name of *Gundulf*, of somewhat dissolute habits, settled at Aosta, in Piedmont, about the year 1030, and married Ermonberga, a virtuous girl of that town. From this marriage proceeded a daughter, Richera, and a son—Anselm, who afterwards became a distinguished light for the Church and for Science. His aspirations were directed heavenwards from an early period. In his dreams, he delighted in climbing Alpine heights to discover, if possible, the dwelling place of the great King, of whom his mother had said that He was enthroned in heaven, and ruled the world. When scarcely fifteen years old he desired to be a monk, and consulted an Abbot, with whom he was acquainted, on the subject. But as the Abbot gave him no encouragement, because he had not his father's consent, Anselm prayed God that He would grant him a severe illness, so that he might certainly secure his desire (in accordance with the prevailing custom that a dying man should be denied nothing), because he looked upon the monastic life as a gate of heaven. In fact, he was taken quite ill. Still the Abbot would not receive him, and Anselm was driven to opposite pursuits: instead of books and devotional exercises, he devoted himself to knightly practices and plunged into secular occupations. His mother at first tried to restrain his love for these; but this restraint soon proved of no account, and the vessel of his heart drifted about on the stormy waves of the world without an anchor to hold it secure. God permitted a family difficulty to befall him: he quarrelled with his father, and finding it impossible to remain in the neighborhood, resolved at length to leave his house. He wandered through Burgundy and France for three years. Finally he came to Avranches, in Normandy, where he heard of the great reputation which Lanfranc, one of his countrymen, had obtained as a teacher of theology in the neighboring cloister of Bec. Thereupon the

old love of study was again stirred up in him; he betook himself to Bec, where he devoted himself diligently to books. This occupation also made him again a friend of monasticism. What would its hardships be to him, who had already denied himself so many things. But, where should he become a monk? In Bec, he could attain no distinction alongside of Lanfranc; but in Cluny, or any other more important cloister, there was still less chance of distinction, since every thing had already been done for the best in them. Indeed to him the monastic life appeared then only as a brilliant sphere of activity; he was in the habit of saying afterwards, when reflecting on this portion of his life, "I knew nothing of humility: the world still was master over me." "But what," he interrogates himself, when he began to consider the subject earnestly, "is this being a monk, when one desires only to satisfy his ambition? Is not humility the first requisite of a disciple of Christ? And where can I better practise myself in this virtue than in Bec, where I shall always have Lanfranc over me?" In this way he resolved to remain at Bec, and entered the cloister (1060) in his twenty-seventh year.

This was really one of the most prominent cloisters then in existence. Twenty years before, it had been founded by Herluin, a knight from Normandy, who, in the midst of a brilliant life at court, had become anxious for the salvation of his soul, and, knowing no other mode of securing his heart's desire than by becoming somewhat more intimately acquainted with monastic life, with two companions of like minds, began to build a cloister on one of his estates (Borneville). On account of the utter destruction of the cloisters in his neighborhood, he could find none to answer as a model, and was obliged to construct his as best he could. Nevertheless, its arrangement corresponded almost exactly with that which St. Benedict had introduced before in his cloisters, and which had afterwards obtained in the "congregation of Cluny." Three years thereafter (1040) Herluin, in consequence of a fire, removed his cloister to another place, by the side of a brook (Bach) from which it received the name of Bec, in a lateral valley of the river Rille; and an assistant joined him here in 1042, who, by the learning he introduced in the cloister, invested it with additional distinction. This was Lanfranc, originally a lawyer of Padua, who had devoted himself to the study of Dialectics, and through it had been attracted to Philosophy, upon which he had delivered lectures in Avranches since 1040, when he left his native town. Through Philosophy he was drawn to Theology, and this brought him to a consciousness of the *vanity* of all his past labors, so that he left Avranches suddenly in 1042, with the view of finding a place where he might live a godly life in solitary meditation. Having reached the neighborhood of the Rille, one evening, in the course of his travels, he was set upon by robbers, who stripped him to the skin, and then bound him to a tree, some distance from the road. He was obliged to spend one entire long night in this painful position, which became the more painful when he discovered, to his horror, that, despite all his learning, he was not able to secure any strength for himself by prayer, or even by a spiritual song. When he was released, the next morning, by some travellers passing by who had heard his shrieks, he inquired of them where was the poorest cloister in that neighborhood. It proved to be Bec. He passed the first three years in the deepest seclusion, putting aside all mere scientific studies, and devoting himself to pious ex-

ercises, so that he might learn the art of praying. When he believed that the vanity of his heart had been sufficiently mortified, he began again to exercise the calling of Teacher, and in accordance with the wish of Herluin, who had made him Prior in 1046, he took charge of a school in the cloister, which soon became a prominent seat of learning, attracting towards it scholars from all the neighboring countries.

Anselm entered this school and cloister, as we have said, and so quickly familiarized himself with its reigning spirit that, when Lanfranc was called, in 1063, to be the Abbot of a newly founded cloister at Caen, Herluin appointed him Prior in place of the latter. In this position he manifested the richest activity for the further advancement of the cloister, both in a religious and scientific character. He directed his labors especially towards youth. As wax must neither be too hard nor too soft to receive an accurate impression from a seal—if too hard, an impression cannot be made at all, and if too soft, it instantly disappears—so is mankind, which, in full age, having occupied itself only with the things of this world, has become too much hardened to understand the hidden things of the kingdom of heaven; while, in its immaturity, it is much too soft for impressions to be permanent. Youth is the proper period for influencing the nature, because self-reliance and susceptibility are then found present in happy combination. Anselm would know nothing of the rigid discipline which was practised in the cloisters, in those times. It is necessary to give young people, just like young trees, liberty of growth, if they are to grow up without deformity. Hence, he was accustomed to indulge his pupils, at first, in many things, so that he might win their confidence. When this was obtained, he would become more stern and exacting, until he could be able at length to combat that which he had tolerated at first. Through the youth he acted, also, on the older members of the cloister, who, in the beginning, were not well disposed towards him, because they thought that he had been made Prior too soon; but these, also, trusted themselves to his directions when they remarked what a keen knowledge of the human heart he possessed, so that he was always ready with the proper advice for every man. In time, applications for “spiritual counsel” were made to him from without. Applications were not only made from strange cloisters “to break the bread of life,” but he received almost daily visits and letters from persons of all positions, who consulted him for consolation, advice and encouragement. Whence a pastoral zeal was excited, which “might rather produce weariness on the part of others in listening to him, than weariness on his part in admonishing and instructing them.” It could be said of him, as of Saint Martin: “Christ, righteousness, everlasting life—these were something more than empty words to him.” Yet this active care for souls, which he exercised with such zeal, at times not devoted to instruction, did not so claim his sympathy that he overlooked rendering assistance to bodily suffering. He visited the hospital daily, inquired of each patient as to his ailments, and personally administered the proper remedies. “To those in health he was a father, to the sick a mother, or rather to both sick and well he was father and mother at the same time. Despite the number of engagements which occupied him, he still managed to find time for that which best corresponded with his own inclination—theological meditation. The day was usually occupied with the engagements already mentioned, but the night was the time when he surrendered himself to

the dearest delight of his soul. Watching through the night was as common to him as fasting, to which he had been so accustomed for years, that, even after a long period of abstinence, he scarcely experienced the sensation of hunger. Scarcely ever did he retire to bed before the morning service: the brothers, who had to get ready for this service, found him on his knees in the Chapter instead of being in the dormitory. And even after this hour he sometimes remained out of bed; this, indeed, being the time that he either devoted to quiet devotional exercises or studied the Holy Scriptures or the Fathers, or passed in meditation and the study of the great problems of learning, which had presented themselves in the course of his instruction during the day. From the latter came those productions which made him the founder of a new era in Theology,—and which, indeed, had as their aim the furtherance of the knowledge of Faith, in which such a view of that mystery is afforded, as before his time had not been entertained by the Church.

After Herluin's death in 1078, Anselm was unanimously elected Abbot of the cloister. Now the management of its external affairs fell upon him, and, although he intrusted this in great part to some trusty brothers, whilst he preferred to direct its internal affairs, especially instruction and discipline, still he did not withdraw entirely from these, but was often obliged to personally treat things that were far enough from his natural bent. And even there he rarely found his match. For instance, he was obliged to represent his cloister on the court-days of the province, where sometimes there was a great deal of contention, and when the litigants endeavored to carry their point by loud screaming, he was accustomed to sit perfectly quiet, and, even in the midst of the tumult, to carry on conversation with those around him, or, if no one was willing to listen to him, to take a short nap: still he was able, when his turn came, to present the case in a few words, placing it in the right light, and putting the tricks and artifices of the contestants to shame. He did not trouble himself much about the worldly affairs of the cloister, which now depended upon him. Indeed, the cloister was so poor that they were often in doubt as to food for the morrow. To all the complaints of the steward and butler, his common answer was: "Trust in the Lord, He will provide." Often, on such days, there would come presents from the rich neighbors, or ships would arrive in the Seine with presents from England, or some one would join the cloister, presenting it with all his worldly goods, &c. The most self-sacrificing hospitality reigned in Bec. "The Spaniards and Burgundians," says a contemporary, "as well as the nearest neighbors, can testify to this; for the doors of the people of Bec were open to every one that knocked." When Anselm made a journey on business of the cloister, he made it profitable not only for the spiritual benefit of the cloister, but also for the families of the laity he visited. Every where he was a welcome guest, for he came not in the style of a teacher, but of a friend, a member of the family: he gave them no insipid rules, but employed examples taken from life, striking pictures, apposite proverbs; in short, his discourse was full of parables. Hence he obtruded himself upon no man, but accommodated himself, as far as conscience would allow, to the manners of the different classes, relaxing somewhat of the severity of Monasticism, rather than repelling by severity, and seeking, with the Apostle, to be all things to all men, that he might win some. In this way he best advanced

the interests of his cloister. Every one showed some zeal in giving it assistance. Even King William, the Conqueror—that otherwise terrible potentate, was numbered among its patrons, and the Popes of that day showed him special favors:—Urban II., for example, exempted him from Episcopal supervision. Anselm had been acting as Abbot in charge of the cloister for fifteen years (1078–1093), having previously served also fifteen years (1063–1078) as Prior of the same, and it had attained a wonderful degree of prosperity. Herluin, in his forty years of control, had added one hundred and thirty-six monks, while Anselm had added one hundred and eighty in fifteen years. It was looked upon as the model cloister on both sides of the Channel, and had sent forth spiritual colonies in various directions, and Episcopal and arch-Episcopal chairs had been filled from it.

The circumstances attending Anselm's removal, in 1093, from the cloister, were as follows: The cloister having several estates in England, Anselm was obliged to travel thither frequently, and he soon won the hearts of all. The arch-Episcopal chair of Canterbury had been vacant since 1089, and its re-occupation was so much the more necessary since William Rufus, successor of William, the Conqueror, since 1087, was sorely oppressing the English Church. Assistance could only be expected through a Primate of great energy, and hence all those who had the welfare of the Church at heart, had been directing their eyes for some time towards Anselm. But, heretofore, William Rufus was indisposed to have the vacant chair filled, inasmuch as he received its revenues during the vacancy. About the end of the year 1092, as though in derision, he allowed an appeal to God to fill the vacant chair, that is that prayer should be offered up to this end; but he labored to keep the whole in his own hands. But in February, 1093, he became seriously ill, and, in the anguish of death, he promised to give a shepherd to the principal and mother Church of the land. Fortunately, Anselm happened just then to be in the neighborhood of the royal sick-bed. Immediately he was summoned, and it was proposed to the King to give the shepherd's staff to Anselm. In vain he struggled against it; the crozier was forced upon him, regardless of his remonstrances. Anselm was forced to yield to the general call, although he clearly perceived that the most trying struggles awaited him, since he felt himself obliged to consider the re-establishment of the freedom of the Church as the first duty devolved upon him by his new office.

Indeed these conflicts began shortly after his consecration, September 25th, 1093. The King had hardly recovered his health before he resumed his old tone of feeling, treating the Church in the basest manner, because he looked upon it as a means of filling his ever-empty treasury. "The bread of Christ is the bread of fatness," he used to say, and "the Crown has lost half its revenue by the Church; and why shouldn't I obtain compensation for this loss?" He was angered at the new archbishop, because the latter sent him as tribute a sum (five hundred pounds of silver) which the king considered much too small, nor could he be moved by threats to increase it. The King had treated the other episcopates and abacies, in like manner with his treatment of the arch-episcopate of Canterbury, and whenever they became vacant he prevented their being filled so that he might enjoy their incomes. Anselm demanded that these offices should be filled, and insisted upon the assembling of a General Synod to

take measures against the lawless decay of morals, which had been gaining ground. The King peremptorily refused both, and Anselm was determined to appeal to the Pope, with the view of succeeding through his authority: the King tried to deprive him of this recourse, inasmuch as the schism which had arisen on account of the elevation of a rival Pope by the Emperor, Henry IV., in the year 1080, gave him an opportunity of declaring who should be considered as the legitimate Pope in England. The King, up to this period, had declared for *neither* of the two Popes, in order to act as he might please without any control from the Church; while Anselm had held, from the very first, to Urban II. Finally (1095) the King was brought to a recognition of *this* Pope, and all the intrigues that he had carried on against Anselm were frustrated. Nevertheless, the measures of reform, that were projected by Anselm, were not carried out. At first the occupation of Normandy, which, after the death of William the Conqueror, had fallen to his eldest son (Robert III.), who placed it for three years in charge of his younger brother—the King of England—so that he might take a part in the first Crusade,—the occupation of Normandy served the King as a pretext to postpone Anselm's plans; and afterwards, when he returned to England (1097), there was a sedition to be suppressed in Valais. When this was ended, every one hoped that the King would give ear to the Archbishop. But, on the other hand, he threatened him with a prosecution on account of the pretended bad conduct of the troops sent by the archbishopric to the war. In short, the King absolutely refused the Archbishop an audience, and Anselm then resolved, since the Pope was now again recognized in England, to see him in person, so as to secure his intervention in the matter. The King, however, declared that he considered Anselm deposed, and the archbishopric again vacant. But Anselm preferred to sacrifice worldly goods rather than the dignity and liberty of the Church, wherefore he set out on his journey, November, 1017. He was taken sick at Lyons, and only reached Rome in May, 1018. Here he was received with much honor by the Pope, who forwarded immediately a letter to the King, demanding full freedom of action for Anselm. An answer to this could not be expected for some time, and the Pope therefore requested Anselm to remain in the mean time in the neighborhood, with the view of ascertaining the result of the letter. On account of the intense heat in Rome, Anselm accepted the invitation of a former Beccenser, the Abbot John of St. Salvator, in Telesi, who gave him a property of the cloister called *Scavia*, which had a high and airy situation, and possessed a widely-extended view of *Campagna felice*, as his residence. In this charming solitude he passed the summer of 1098, and completed one of his most celebrated works, which was devoted to the explanation of the most difficult question that can be propounded to faith, viz.: the question *Cur deus homo?* During his residence he descended to the plain but once, when the Norman princes in Lower Italy, who were then besieging rebellious Capua, desired to form his acquaintance. He made them a visit in the midst of their camp, and created a deep impression upon the Saracens of Duke Roger of Sicily. In October he accompanied the Pope to a Council at Bari, where, chiefly through *his* influence the Latin doctrine of the procession of the Holy Spirit was victorious over the Greek doctrine. He returned with the Pope to Rome, and there at last received the King's answer to the Pope's letter. It read like a refusal, whereupon the Pope

threatened the King with excommunication in case he did not reinstate the Archbishop of Canterbury in his See by Michaelmas Day, 1099. But, in the mean time, Urban II. died (July 29, 1099), and his successor, Pascal II., was not willing to renew the contest with the English crown, at the very commencement of his Pontificate. Moreover, Anselm had left Rome about the end of April, 1099, and found a home with an old friend, Archbishop Hugo, of Lyons. During the following year 1100, the King was killed (during a hunt in the New Forest near Winchester); Henry I., his younger brother, who succeeded him, immediately recalled the Archbishop from exile, and promised a removal of all existing abuses. Nevertheless, he also quarrelled with Anselm, because the latter, in accordance with a decree of the Roman Synod—which he had attended in April, 1099—forbidding the reception of a spiritual office from the hands of the laity as well as the administration of oaths to the clergy by the laity, refused to be invested in his office by the King and to take the usual oath of allegiance to the same, although he stood firm by the King when Duke Robert (III.) returned from the East in September, 1100, and claimed the succession to the throne of England. Whilst all the barons were disposed to desert to Robert III., Anselm held with all his might for Henry I. But he would not be recognized as a vassal of the King, because such a relation would seem to conflict with the freedom of Church government, whilst, on the other hand, the King considered the security of the temporal power imperilled, unless the clergy stood in a dependent relation to him. Towards the end of the year 1100, Henry sent one of his confidential attendants to Rome, to secure, if possible, some alteration of this Synodal decree, and when this one returned, without having accomplished his object, at Easter, 1101, it was resolved, on the part of the government, to dispatch a second embassy to the Pope, which should repeat the same demands in the most urgent manner. At its return in May, 1102, it was found that the Pope's letter differed from the message which had been orally given by him. Whilst this, in fact, absolutely denied to the King the right of investiture of Church dignitaries, yet Pascal II. had orally expressed the opinion that the King might always exercise such right, if he would only bestow offices upon proper persons. With such contradictory opinions a third embassy was sent to Rome, and it returned in March, 1103, with a confirmation of the former *written* answer; but the King still was unwilling to lay aside his rights, and imposed upon Anselm himself a journey to Rome, to procure a more favorable decision. The circumstances were such that one might be allowed simply to present the facts of the case to the Pope, refraining from exercising any influence on the Papal decision, and Anselm determined upon such a plan of operations during his journey, although he very well knew that it would simply insure his banishment. And this was soon shown to be the special object. For when the Pope persevered in refusing the King the right of investiture, then the royal ambassador, who had accompanied Anselm to Rome, announced that his master would not suffer the latter to return to England. Once more Anselm was obliged to take refuge in a foreign country, finding it with his friend, the Archbishop of Lyons. In vain he strove to change the sentiments of the King by letter from this retreat: after the third letter the correspondence was broken off. But he awaited an interference on the part of the Pope also in vain. It is true that Pascal excommuni-

cated the Bishops, who had suffered themselves to be invested by kings, as well as the King's counsellors, by a Lateran Council held about the beginning of 1105; but he delayed action from time to time against the King, because he continued to send ambassadors to him. After eighteen months had passed in this way, Anselm determined to employ extreme measures to end the whole difficulty. In May, 1105, he betook himself to the neighborhood of Normandy, where the King (being at war with his brother Robert) was then staying, to pronounce excommunication upon him. Having communicated his intention to a sister of the King—the Countess Adele von Blois, an old patroness of the Cloister of Bec, she hastened to communicate it to her brother. The King was not willing to be brought to such an ultimatum. He agreed to a meeting with Anselm (in the Castle *L'Aigle*) in July, 1105, and announced himself as ready to renounce the right of investiture, if he would only recognize the feudal oath. Anselm, however, was not disposed to grant this: the Pope, who had been selected as arbitrator, took sides with the King, and Anselm was obliged to yield. At a second conference, held at Bec, in August, 1106, all the other points of dispute were settled; and, amid general rejoicing, Anselm returned to England. The best understanding was then existing between him and the King. Henry agreed to all the measures proposed by Anselm; indeed he nominated him once as Regent, when he was compelled to be absent from England for a long time. The Church was once more high in honor, and the struggle that was then every where carried on between it and the State had, at least in England, found its first peaceable solution.

As there was external freedom, so there was within unity of ecclesiastical government, to the restoration of which Anselm devoted himself most zealously. By his firmness he was able, indeed, to bring back the English Bishops, who had endeavored, under William Rufus, to make themselves as independent as possible, to a proper relation of subordination to the Chair of Canterbury; and even compelled the Archbishop of York to do the same.

But the strengthening of ecclesiastical power, either as regards its relation to the State, or in the management of its own internal affairs, was only as means for an end. For what lay most at his heart was the restoration of Christian morals and discipline throughout the land. Wherefore, from the beginning, he insisted with so much zeal upon the invocation of a General Synod, because it alone could enact general disciplinary measures. He had the pleasure of having such a synod organized under Henry I. in 1102, and another afterwards in 1108. A series of vigorous resolutions was adopted; the clergy were reminded of their *spiritual* calling; the riotous habits of the laity which, especially in the form of sensuality, and among the Normans, had attained a fearful magnitude, were treated with the sternest punishments. But Anselm very well knew, that not a great deal could be accomplished with these disciplinary means, unless the ruling *sentiment* should be improved, and, since only practical example, through direct models, could produce any effect on it, he directed his chief care towards the reformation of the English cloisters. In his opinion these should be sources of light and life, exhibiting Christian piety in its most perfect form, and, fashioning and training through such exhibition, react upon the world. He paid the greatest possible attention

to the cloisters, not only seeking to secure well-qualified principals for them, but taking a direct interest himself in the management of their inner life, and directing them pastoral letters from time to time, full of paternal exhortations, warnings, counsels, &c.

With the same heart-felt faithfulness that he showed as Primate of the whole English Church (and the Primacy of Canterbury then extended over Ireland, Scotland, and the neighboring islands), he cared for the Diocese over which he more immediately presided, viz., that of Kent. He was always engaged in tours of visitation, to examine the condition of affairs in separate parishes, and to regulate necessary alterations in the most exact manner. His principal activity was shown towards the Cloister, which was united with the Cathedral and was the training school for the Clergy of the Diocese, whilst the elder members constituted the Archbishop's Chapter. In this Cloister he reproduced that of Bec; here he "took breath," when he was worn down with the temporal duties which the administration of the affairs of the archiepiscopate imposed. There was no want of these, and they constituted the most burdensome that his office imposed upon him, so that he was accustomed to say, at times, "that he would rather be a boy in the Cloister, trembling before the rod of his master, than an occupant of an Episcopal chair." Hence it was recreation for him when he joined the young in the Cloister, or could, indeed, withdraw to a quiet corner of a room for the purpose of meditation. Reflection on the truths of faith were to him the most precious pastime; and he published, from time to time, theological tracts as the fruit of such reflection.

Still he remained faithful to the ascetic mode of life, which had become, as it were, a second nature, since his residence in a cloister. Yet this was given up at last. In consequence of a long series of fasts and watchings, a morbid sleeplessness and loss of appetite were produced, which sometimes were accompanied with chills. He experienced a very violent attack in the year 1106, in the 73d year of his age: this was repeated in the Spring of 1107, and so debilitated him that he was no longer able to make his journeys on horseback, but was obliged to be carried in a litter. A third attack of sickness in July, 1108, completely prostrated him. All kinds of food became loathsome; an effort was required in eating. He became weaker and weaker, each day, until at last, in the Spring of 1109, he could no more be carried to the Church. He lay, after that, quietly on his bed, and addressed words of pious admonition, with tremulous voice, to all who sought his side. On Palm Sunday, one of his attendants said that it seemed as though he would celebrate Easter in the courts of a Lord and Master who was not of this earth. He replied, "Yes, it is likely, and I shall gladly obey his call; yet I would esteem it also something for which to be thankful, if he would permit me to remain a little while with you, and would give me a solution of a question that has occupied my whole attention, the origin of the soul." Afterwards he added, "If I could only eat, I should be well again: excepting bodily debility, I feel no pain." On the following Tuesday evening it was not possible to understand him, his voice had become so unintelligible. Then Bishop Radulf, of Rochester, asked him whether he did not wish to bless once more his flock, the King and Queen, as well as all the people of the country over which his spiritual supervision extended. Immediately he raised himself up,

made the sign of the Cross with his right hand, and then his head sank towards his breast. After midnight, when the brothers sang matins in the Cathedral, one of those watching with him, took the Book of the Gospels and read from it the text which they were accustomed to read that day at Mass. When he reached the words, "Ye are they which have continued with me in my temptations. And I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto me; that ye may eat and drink at my table in my kingdom" (Luke xxii. 28-30), Anselm began to breathe more feebly, and, with the break of dawn (April 21, 1109), Wednesday before Easter, he fell asleep, entering that kingdom to which his soul already belonged, and which his works illustrated.

DER KRISTKINGLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

O du lieber Kindheit's Christag!
 Lebst noch wack'rig in meim Hertz;
 Denk ich an dich, was en Pulsschlag
 Fühl ich—was en Hämweh-Schmertz!
 Dunkle Wolka sehn ich henka
 Zwischa mir un seller Zeit;
 Du scheinst awer in meim denka,
 Beschtes Licht der Kindheit's Freud.

Ya, ich sehn der Christbaam funkla—
 Schmunzla an der Stuba Wand;
 Was en Licht war sell im dunkla—
 Himmel schön im Erdeland.
 Wer kann zähla die Geschenka—
 Nüss und Zucker allerlei;
 Mus m'r stauna, mus m'r denka,
 Wer schaft all die Sacha bei!

Des war sure der gut Kristkingle,
 Er hot alles des gemacht;
 Hörst du net sei Bellakingle
 In der stillen Christennacht?
 Ueber Berga, Hiwel, Fensa,
 Yagt er mit seim Schlitta bei;
 Stoppt am Haus, un kriecht ganz sacht
 Mit seim Sack am Scharnsta nei.

'S is alles still!—die Kinner stecka
 Snug im Bett un Träuma schön;
 Sancta Claus werd sie net wecka,
 Er thut all sei Sach alleh:
 Hänkt der Baam mit schöne Sacha;
 Schleicht herum im ganza Haus;
 Legt sei Gaba raus mit Lacha,
 Und dann—Whew!—zum Scharnsta naus!

Möcht den Wundermann mol sehna,
 Doch er is zu schlicht un schlau!
 Schmoked un lacht er wie Leut mehna?
 Is sei Bart sehr lang un grau?
 Hot er Backa roth wie Aeppel?
 Is sei G'sicht so bräd und fett?
 Hängt sei lang Haar im e Zäppel?
 Is er so gar kreislich nett?

Un sei Rennthier,—acht im Schlitta!
 Ach! ich möcht ihn sehna geh;
 Das is g'fahra, das is g'ritta—
 Ueber Frost, un Ice, un Schnee!
 Er thut bei sich selwer lacha;
 Net weil 's fahra geht so gut,
 Awer weil er so viel Sacha,
 Uf der Kinner Christbaam thut.

Deel Leut mehna des wer Fabel,
 Es wer ken Kristkingle so;
 Vögel pfeifen nach dem Schnabel,
 Slowe Christa glaaba slow.
 Ich hab ihn noch nie geseha,
 In der heil'gen Christennacht;
 Doch, sehn ich der Christbaam funkla,
 Sag ich er hot des gemacht.

Sei gegrüst du schönes Männle,
 Bleibe immer frisch un yung;
 Deine Güte, deine Wunder,
 Singt ein yede Kinder Zung!
 Komme wieder—komme ewig,
 Komme freudig, sanft un sacht;
 Zier den Christbaam für die Kinner,
 In der heil'gen Christennacht.

PUBLIC DISHONESTY AND CORRUPTION.

BY SELDOM.

Fowler, the phrenologist, remarked, in a lecture, just before the war, that the development of the human race in the present age, had reached about as high up in the brain as the organ of acquisitiveness. It is not necessary to be a believer in the claims of phrenology to the ranks of science, in order to see what is contained in this assertion of its great American advocate. Nor must we adopt the infidelity of the New York school of Materialists, if we admit any of the partial truths which they hold in very gross unrighteousness.

That we may reach, therefore, the idea sought to be set forth in the illustration of Fowler, we must premise the following: The region of the human head, in which the organ of acquisitiveness is located, according to

the system called phrenology, is not half way up the side of the head—a little forward and upward from the top of the ear. The base or lower part of the brain or head, is also said to be the seat of the lowest animal propensities. Above these, in regular gradation as we ascend toward the top and front of the head, are represented the organs of the social, the selfish, the moral, and the intellectual parts of the brain.

Well, then, according to this planning or mapping of the head, man, in this conception of human perfectability, was, in the earlier ages of the human race, little above the level of the brute. Animality was his characteristic trait. If he had higher powers of endowment, they were as yet not drawn out; so the life of man, in a general way, was only down on a plane or level with the base of the brain. When this age was, historically, we have no clear record in the historic period! The nearest conception we can have of it, in the way of example, is to be found in the purely savage state—of which there are well known facts recorded.

Having, however, made some progress towards perfection in the ideal of human life, if the animal be the starting-point from which as a standard his after stages can be measured, then man may be expected to go on past his present stage of advancement in the idea of property and possession. His materiality will be more refined, by mechanical training, till it reaches a more intellectual and moral state! Such is the theory. Animality is surmounted by materiality—and this is in turn by sociality, which gives way to morality; and intellectuality will, in the end, crown all.

Alas! for human perfectibility, on this wise! So far as we know, human nature is, *cæteris paribus*, always the same. Cain murdered; and so did Booth. Absalom was a politician and usurping rebel; and so was Jeff. Davis. Judas was a traitor; and so were a whole spawn of that ilk—Yancy, Toombs, Floyd, Slidell, Thompson and the rest. Achan appropriated the wedge of gold to himself, and Gehazi, the prophet's servant, lied for the two talents of silver in bags and two changes of raiment; so have the shoddyites and corrupt political contractors fattened on the calamities of our country.

If there is one fact developed more plainly than any other by the terrible scourge of war, from which we as a nation have suffered, it is the rottenness of public honesty, as seen in political corruptions, frauds, defalcations, briberies, intrigues, and moral dishonesty of many who aspire to places of trust in the government.

Perhaps one of the worst symptoms in this horrible disease of the public morals, is the fact that the gross corruption of public officials is not only generally known and not rebuked, but even, by consent, excused, allowed, and even apologized for by the party in whose name these dishonest things are done. Blinded by party bigotry, even the honest portion of the people wink at the corruptions known to belong to their party leaders. The public corruption of politicians is so common, that it is thought to belong to the trade. It is even taken as an evidence of smartness, adroitness, and so of qualification for place and power, if their man in these parts excels the one set up by the other party.

Moral honesty in a public man is now rather a hinderance to political success, than a virtue. He must not be too particular, his friends think, as to the means used to secure nomination and election. He must buy drinks, fee his friends, pledge and promise any thing, in order to get into

place; and then he is expected to make up for all it cost him to get there, not by the moderate salary generally received, but by the "stealings," the "pickings, or the briberies" that his influence can command. It is a well known fact that almost all legislation is bought. Every act of incorporation or privileged franchise, where gain is beyond, is paid for; so that every such law has its price, either for enactment or repeal, and for signature or veto. Not so much, then, for the honest salary, as for the "extras," these men desire office. On their salary alone, spending what they do for their election or appointment, they would starve. But as matters now go, many grow rich. They actually fatten in one term, and retire, almost satisfied, at the end of a second. Men of broken fortunes usually take this means to recover; and if they are "smart," and not too honest, they generally succeed.

A few examples will illustrate this point. It was found necessary, a few years ago, to prevent certain legislative action, which, it was thought, would be in the way of the interests of liquor dealers. Forthwith they raised a hundred thousand dollars, the sum they thought sufficient to buy up the legislature. They sent their borers to the capitol, and did their whole business for thirty-five thousand dollars! Two facts here are astonishing: first, that the Legislature of the State were so cheaply bought; and secondly, that the borers did not keep the larger surplus amount.

Large swindles pay the best. If a mammoth incorporation can save from seven hundred thousand to one million dollars a year, it can easily afford to not only buy the members of the Legislature, but give fifty or a hundred thousand to charitable objects, and be praised as exceedingly generous.

East and west the same spirit rules. Take the following, cut from a daily paper:—

REMARKABLE CONCURRENCE OF OPINION.

All the papers of Chicago, Democratic and Republican, concur in the opinion, that the late Legislature of Illinois was the most corrupt body of men ever convened. The only difference is, that the *Times* charges the corruption upon the "Abolitionists," while the other papers assert that the Democratic members were as ready as any to sanction all its corrupt action. These papers charge bribery by the wholesale, and dishonesty in every form upon that honorable body.

Here is another:—

GROSS CORRUPTION OF OFFICIALS.

London, with a population of two and a half millions, is admirably governed for about \$12,000,000 a year. Paris, with a population of a million and a half, is kept in perfect order for about \$10,000,000 per annum. But New York, which has a population of only eight hundred thousand, pays about \$17,000,000 a year, and is miserably misgoverned and in the vilest disorder.

When Wood was first elected Mayor, six millions were enough for the city of New York.

If it be at its worst, we may hope for a change, and that cannot but be for the better. This clip from a daily, seems to think so:—

HARD ON GOTHAM.

It is thought the census they are now taking in New York, will show the population of that city to be one million. This would give the city twenty-eight (instead of seventeen) of the 128 members of the General Assembly. The *Sun* thinks "the effect of this increase will be truly deplorable, as an increase in the number of rascals is generally followed by a corresponding increase in roguery." The *Tribune* differs from the *Sun*, and thinks that though the number be doubled or trebled, "it will not be possible to render the average more mercenary, more profligate, more unprincipled and disgraceful than it has been for the last five or six years."

It is not confined to our country. Europe has a touch of the same disease. One of our papers thus compares England with ourselves :

DISGRACE OF AN ENGLISH LORD CHANCELLOR.

"On the 3d day of July the English House of Commons passed a vote of censure upon Lord Westbury, the Chancellor of the realm, and on the following day he tendered his resignation, which was accepted. The scandal with which this eminent official was charged, was, stated in brief, the prostitution of his office for money. One item of this grave offence was the conferring of a pension upon a certain Mr. Welch, who had paid the Chancellor's son £1,050 in consideration of the favor. The vote of the House of Commons was a declaration that the Chancellor was believed to be cognizant of the bribe taken by his son. A strenuous effort was made to save him by the Lord Advocate and the Attorney-General, and even Lord Palmerston, with his accustomed adroitness, attempted to wheedle the House into forgiving the iniquity, by a recital of the legal reforms which had been introduced by the Chancellor. But sophistry was too patent. The honor of the English nation was in a measure at stake, and the House, with a sturdiness and promptitude which did it infinite credit, negatived all motions to shield the guilty officer, and adopted the resolution of censure without a division.

We are accustomed in this country to discourse eloquently about our superior virtues as a people, but it must be said to our shame, that we do not deal with respectable delinquents in the same vigorous fashion that the English House of Commons has just displayed. Official misdemeanors with us are almost invariably made party questions, and if there be sufficient partisan strength to protect a criminal, it is generally exercised in his behalf. It is not pleasant for us to make this assertion, but it is a serious fact, and there is no kind of use in attempting to gloss it over. The American people will tolerate pretty nearly any thing from a successful man. A public man who is for the time popular, may do things which, perpetrated by an obscure person, would invoke at once the attention of District Attorneys, and the kindly services of a dozen "true and lawful" jurors. That we are getting to regard, with questionable latitude, the morals of those who represent us in official stations, is a melancholy fact. In the large cities the corruption of officials is a standing subject of comment by the press, and in our legislative bodies there is too much reason to fear the same loose notions of integrity prevail."

During the war, the most astounding dishonesties have come to light. Men have made colossal fortunes on a single contract. Look at the his-

tory of the clothing contracts, horse contracts, ship contracts, arms, agencies, and the like. If all who had dealings with the general government, had been honest, it is safe to say, our enormous national debt would have been many millions less for the people to bear. If "Honest Old Abe" were at the head, there were certainly very many under him who had no special claim to that title. From cabinet officials down through the departments, generals, inspectors, purveyors, contractors, agents, and middle men, to the lowest under-strappers, the same sad facts come here and there to the surface. The Government, writhing in agony of efforts for life, and the soldiers nobly offering their blood in the cause, and the people freely bestowing of their material means to uphold the flag—all, all were exposed to harpies, swindlers, and worse than rebel brethren.

Time was, when an attempt, in a public official, to defraud the Government or swindle the people out of a few thousands, was enough to damn any one so dishonest to eternal infamy. But now the enormity of millions scarcely awakens common alarm. Corrupt men are neither ashamed nor afraid of public opinion, nor do they much dread the penal laws.

Just let them have a short chance at the public crib, and they can then well afford to take part of their dishonest gains, to subsidize newspapers of the partisan press, and make so much public opinion out of their party, as to escape the infamy of a conviction for their crimes. Notoriously such things are so; and because they are common the public sense of justice is so blunted as to tolerate such a state of things. Public rascals and political criminals, government defaulters and cotton speculating generals, bribing contractors, and bribed dishonest officials,—all stalk abroad in open day, with no fear of arrest before their eyes. They roll in their very ill-gotten wealth, and their ignominious pomp is an insult to honest, patriotic citizens.

Great public odium rests on those who sold and bought slaves; but the substitute broker and those who bartered the life and blood of men for gain, are permitted to hold up their heads in society! Rebels and traitors in the South are held up to the execration and scorn of the nation, and yet the men among us who, taking advantage of the Government's necessities, made our calamities the occasion of their dishonest emoluments, by defrauding the national treasury, filching the soldier, the orphan and the widow, and increasing the burdens of the people, are allowed to claim the protection of our country's laws, and enjoy all its blessings. These men go unwhipt of justice, and are not generally regarded as traitors and enemies to the life of the nation; nay, some of them are among the most blatant of pretended patriots! Men who have made large fortunes, as if by magic, out of this war, whether by fat contracts or in other more direct frauds, have little of which to boast or be proud. That stain is as dark and damning as treason or rebellion. Honest public servants, while in the pay of the Government, like Aristides, are not likely to increase in wealth.

Reform is needed just here in public sentiment; before we can reform public morals, the general sense of the people must be awakened to the evil. A healthy sense of what is right and wrong, must not only be found in matters belonging to private life, but also in public duties the same integrity must be expected and required to prevail. Some of the most corrupt politicians claim to be honest in their private and personal matters

with their fellow-men. But how can there be two sets of moral laws—one for private and one for public life? Honesty and integrity may not be laid aside the moment a man enters public political life. Let it be once fairly understood that a public man owes as much, to say the least, to honesty, in the faithful discharge of his official duties, as can possibly be claimed of the most correct private citizen.

Certainly, in places of power or trust, there is even an increased responsibility; and just in proportion to this is it binding also that a man be honest to the general good. The first and smallest deviation from the right, in a public man, is a sin against the common weal, and merits thorough exposure and condign punishment. Let the public discredit and discard any man who fails to serve in official duty with the strictest integrity. Public disgrace, as burning as the crime is flagrant, ought to follow every public man who is tainted with official corruption. It is the people's own fault, if corrupt public men are intrusted with official duties; and it becomes the people's crime, when they are continued from time to time, after they are known to be corrupt and unworthy of trust.

Now, more than at any time in the history of our nation, is it important to have trustworthy public servants. After the storm of battle, our political affairs may be expected to clear up. We need honest men in office. Public opinion ought to be regenerated. Tricksters and demagogues have nothing to do in these earnest days. Self-devotion has room for work. Public interests in the hands of honest integrity, may be brought into a healthy condition. But, above all, let there be an end to corrupt public men. Simple honesty is better than shrewd rascality. Economy, frugality and stern integrity must be demanded by the people of all their public servants. It is treasonable and a long stride towards ingulfing ruin, to intrust our national or state politics to those who are dishonest and corrupt. Let the sober, honest people feel that this matter is first of all in their hands. Take the first step in reform by correcting public sentiment, and expose a scoundrel, even if he belong to your party.

Support no man for office who cannot be trusted with the most solemn interests of the country. See to it, that the bribed villains are not nominated and elected merely because they belong to this or that party. Make public opinion correct, and few men will run in the face of that. One need not vote or brawl about the election polls to serve this holy cause, so dear to the well-being of our great republic.

To the young, will belong the future of our nation. If the primitive integrity of our fathers can be brought again to rule, in an honest democracy and in a pure Republicanism, our regenerated and glorious Union will throw off the festering corruptions of the body politic, and stand forth as the joy and beauty of freedom throughout the world. In order to this, sound Christian morality must control public opinion. In the light of the gospel, and under the banner of the cross, our youthful Republic may yet rise to that more glorious destiny which our forefathers hoped to gain, and our martyred heroes died to secure.

CHRIST THE ALPHA AND OMEGA.

NOTES OF A SERMON BY DR. NEVIN, BY A HEARER.

"And I heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet, saying, I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last," *REV. 1: 10, 11.*

These words were spoken by the Saviour, after His resurrection, to John in the Isle of Patmos. And the reference here, is to His relation to human existence,—to what he was and had become for mankind. The general sense of the proposition shows Jesus Christ as the principle and end of the universal constitution of the world.

This constitution may be considered on three leading aspects.

1. The system of nature, rising through inanimate nature through the organic kingdom up to man.

2. The system of history. Morality unfolding itself through human society and government. This rests upon the first.

3. The system of Divine revelation. God descending into the bosom of human history, with redemption, elevating human life to a higher form of existence.

The thought in the text is, that Christ is the soul of the whole.

1. This is brought out in the Old Testament clearly. By the word of the Lord were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of His mouth. The same idea prevails in the New with reference to Him, who is called the first-born of every creature; for by Him were all things created that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by Him, and for Him.

2. The same is shown in man, whose nature He took, and for whose redemption He came.

Throughout the whole Bible this truth is manifested. Extending from Eden down through Patriarchs and Prophets, the revelation to Moses, to the advent of Christ himself. All constitute one single whole. Thus wide is the truth as an object of faith, resting upon the Scriptures that Christ is the foundation of the universal constitution of the world.

From this thought, we are brought to certain practical conclusions. (1.) If Christ be the principle and end of the universe, then Christianity must include the last and highest sense of the world. The order of nature and grace must not be inharmonious, although there are seeming differences between ideas in the Scriptures, and the facts of the world and is science. A heresy has arisen supposing that the God of nature and of Revelation (of the O. T. and N. T.) were different Beings. A number of sects attempted to plant themselves on this ground—the idea that these orders were distinct, and thus opening away for infidelity. Since God

cannot contradict Himself, therefore we must judge of Revelation from nature, and where want of harmony exists, Revelation must be set aside. Men have gone so far as to justify licentiousness, because God has implanted passions, lusts, appetites in man, hence these must not be suppressed. This idea is still more dangerous in the department of Science and Art, where there seem to be laws different from those of the Gospel. And it sometimes has attained the form "that the chief end of man is to be obtained by perfecting the every day life of man."—In opposition to all these errors, is the general truth now contemplated, which shows that there is no want of harmony.

(2.) If the relation of Christianity be as stated, the want of harmony must be understood by studying the higher, and not the lower spheres of natural history. The latter mode is rationalism or naturalism, pretending that the higher sphere can be interpreted from the lower. Seeing that Christ is the sense of the whole, the lower can only be understood through the light of Revelation. This thought is of prime importance—that Christianity, whilst it is not magic, and not at variance with the constitution of men, is higher—supernatural. It comes from Christ, and is something higher than all. This is Revelation, the coming down of a higher order of things,—a something beyond all imagination, science and poetry, which can only be understood because it comes to us.

From all this we see that the Revelation must be something living. More must be admitted than that Revelation consists in the written word. Such word would be no Revelation to men. It is the coming down of life into the bosom of one common life.

(3.) The relation of Christ to nature and also to Revelation, thus presents the truth that He must be looked upon as the centre of both the other systems, which were employed to pave the way for Him. The whole creation becomes prophetic and typical of His coming.—The whole of nature is even prophetic of man's coming; and History itself has no meaning outside of the incarnation. It prepared the way negatively by showing the imperfections of human life without Him. And in Scripture, there is a constant preparation for His coming. All the words of the O. T. are continual preparation for the Advent. All this is anticipated in the O. T. as the light of the morn—the Aurora anticipates the appearance of the Sun. The light comes from the Sun below the horizon. If there were no Sun, there could really be no morning dawn, no auroral hues. The O. T. represents this light coming through centuries,—an efflux from the divine word.

Thus Christ is the Alpha and Omega. The Gospel can only be apprehended in this way. Starting with His birth, there runs through all His history, to the time when He rises from the grave, takes possession of the throne of the universe until the second advent, and until He shall be fully triumphant,—one grand fact. "I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore." Christ can only be thus apprehended in the Creed, and hence the importance of this symbol. Accept the proposition in the text, and all this is necessary.

If all this be true, there is only one stand-point from which we can understand the world. Now there are different stand-points assumed by men. Some begin with nature, as though the whole mystery of the world could be solved by physical study, as though even mind could be reached from matter rather than the converse way.—Others try it from

the human stand-point, but the laws of the human spirit will not lead us to understand the high problem. Of these Socrates was one of the greatest. Others have tried the theological. Plato tried it from thinking on the idea of God. All failures.

For us there must be a Christological stand-point. It is the only sufficient stand-point, from which to judge of all moral, intellectual and spiritual knowledge,—and that is the fact, that the word became flesh, God and man were united. This challenges our faith.

How irresistible the conclusion! Strange that any other thought should ever present itself! Christianity can only be understood by starting with the person of Christ. Landscape can only be properly seen from one position. So men failed to understand the physical constitution of the universe, by starting with the earth, although many important results were obtained by their study; when the true position of the sun as the grand centre was understood, then all became clear. Christianity must be studied from the person of Christ, and not from the nature of man.

Faith in Christ, this is the grandest act of intelligence a man can exercise in the world.

It is of vital importance that we begin with the Creed and its statement of the central fact, and then all else will assume the proper relation to the Creed. The ground of all our knowledge is the word made flesh, coming into humanity, and winding up the grand drama in the second advent.

If Christ be the stand-point of all Christian knowledge, the central power of all Christian life and all religion, Christianity is not a mere system of rules, not a mere bundle of religious motives. Mere man may do many things under common religious motives, but the struggle is unequal. Philosophers and fanatics have tried it.

In opposition to this, "Christ is the power of God and the wisdom of God." We must begin there and stay there, if we have any proper religion in the true sense of the word. All power must come from the Son of God. By this is not meant a mere spiritual influence through his agency, but that it must come from His person, contemplated through faith. Conviction, prayer, conversion, springing from any other source, are defective. Faith must accept the first great mystery, in its own self-evidencing character. This must be so, if he be the Alpha and Omega. The central truth is Christ, and all others are lighted by Him. The truth of Christianity cannot be settled before Christ is embraced. He must be embraced first.

All evidences are only valuable when the spirit of Peter permeates them: Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. This cry didn't come from a study of prophecies, or from speculations. The apostles were attached to Him, and by constant association, they felt that to be sundered from Him, was a sundering from life. There is no key to solve the mystery of life but Christ, and this draws out that Benediction—"Blessed art thou, Simon," etc.


Such words are not figurative. The grand conclusion is, that Christ is the life. This faith is the most child-like thing in the world. The habit of looking at Him is the beginning of faith and intellect. The more we look at Him, the more attraction will come from him to us. Where else should we look?

If you would grow in grace, be animated to run the race of life, "look unto Jesus, the author and finisher of faith."

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